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PIERCE'S
SUPEREROGATION;

OR,

A New Praise of the Old Ass.

A PREPARATIVE TO CERTAIN LARGER DISCOURSES,

INTITLED

NASH'S S. FAME.

GABRIELL HARVEY.

Il vostro malignare non giova nulla.

LONDON:
IMPRINTED BY IOHN WOLFE.
1593.

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THE
A N S W E R
TO
LETTERS AND SONNETS COMMENDATORY.

To my very gentle and liberal Friends, M. Barnabe Barnes, M. John Thorius, M. Antony Chewt, and every favourable Reader.



LOVING M. Barnabe, M. Iohn, and M. Antony, (for the rest of my partial commenders must pardon me, till the print be better acquainted with their names) I have lately received your thrice-courteous letters, with the overplus of your thrice-sweet Sonnets annexed: the liberalest gifts, I believe, that ever you bestowed upon so slight occasion, and the very prodigalest fruits of your flourishing wits. Whose only default is, not your, but my default, that the matter is nothing correspondent to the manner; and myself must either grossly forget myself, or frankly acknowledge my simple self an unworthy subject of so worthy commendations: which I cannot read without blushing, repeat without shame, or remember without grief, that I come so exceeding short in so excessive great accounts; the sums of your rich largess, not of my poor desert; and percase devised to advertise me what I should be, or to signify what you wish to be; not to declare what I am, or to

insinuate what I may be. Eloquence and courtesy were ever bountiful in the amplifying vein: and it hath been reputed a friendly policy to encourage their loving acquaintance to labour the attainment of those perfections, which they blazon in them, as already achieved. Either some such intention you have, by way of stratagem to awaken my negligence, or enkindle my confidence; or you are disposed by way of civility to make me unreasonably beholding unto you for your extreme affection, which I must either leave unrequited, or recompense affection with affection, and recommend me unto you with your own stratagem, fitter to animate fresher spirits, or to whet finer edges. Little other use can I, or the world reap of those great-great commendations, wherewith you, and divers other orient wits have newly surcharged me, by tendering so many kind apologies in my behalf, and presenting so many sharp invectives against my adversaries: unless also you purposed to make me notably ashamed of my confessed insufficiency, guilty of so manifold imperfections, in respect of the least semblance of those imputed singularities. Whatsoever your intendment in an overflowing affection was, I am none of those that greedily surfeit of self-conceit, or sottishly hug their own babies. Narcissus was a fair boy, but a boy: Suffenus a noble braggard, but a braggard: Nestor a sweet-tongued old man, but an old man; and Tully (whom I honour in his virtues, and excuse in his oversights) an eloquent self-lover, but a self-lover. He that thought to make himself famous with his overweening and braving *Il'e, Il'e, Il'e*, might perhaps nourish an aspiring imagination to imitate his *Ego, Ego, Ego*, so gloriously reiterated in his gallant Orations. Some smirking minions are fine fellows in their own heads, and some crank Princocks jolly men in their own humours: as desperate in resolution as the doughtiest rank of errant knights; and as coy in phantasy as the nicest sort of simpering damsels, that in their own glasses find no creature so beautiful, or amiable, as their delicious selves. I

have beheld, and who hath not seen some lofty conceits, towering very high, and coying themselves sweetly on their own amounting wings, young feathers of old Icarus. The gay peacock is wondrously enamoured upon the glittering fan of his own gorgeous tail, and weeneth himself worthy to be crowned the prince of birds, and to be enthronished in the chair of supreme excellency. Would Christ, the green poppinjay, with his newfangled jests, as new as Newgate, were not as much to say, as his own idol! Quaint wits must have a privilege to prank up their dainty limbs, and to fawn upon their own tricky devices. But they that unpartially know themselves, severely examine their own abilities, uprightly counterpoise defects with sufficiencies, frankly confess the greatest part of their knowledge to be the least part of their ignorance, advisedly weigh the difficulties of the painful and toilsome way, the hard maintenance of credit easily gotten, the impossible satisfaction of unsatisfiable expectation, the uncertain fickleness of private phantasy, and the certain brittleness of public fame, are not lightly bewitched with a fond doting upon their own plumes. And they that deeply consider upon the weakness of inward frailty, the casualty of outward fortune, the detraction of envy, the virulency of malice, the counter-policy of ambition, and a hundred-hundred impeachments of growing reputation: that as well divinely, as philosophically have learned to love the gentleness of Humanity, to embrace the mildness of Modesty, to kiss the meekness of Humility, to loathe the odiousness of Pride, to assuage the eagerness of Spite, to prevent the vengeance of Hatred, to reap the sweet fruits of Temperance, to tread the smooth path of Security, to take the firm course of Assurance, and to enjoy the felicity of Contentment: that judiciously have framed themselves to carry minds, like their bodies and fortunes, as appertaineth unto them, that would be loath to overreach in presumptuous conceit; they, I say, and all they that would rather underly the reproach of Obscurity, than overcharge their

mediocrity with an illusive opinion of extraordinary furniture, and I wot not what imaginary compliments, are readier, and a thousand times readier to return the greatest praises, where they are debt, than to accept the meanest, where they are alms. And I could nominate some, that in effect make the same reckoning of letters, sonnets, orations, or other writings commendatory, that they do of meat without nourishment, of herbs without virtue, of plants without fruit, of a lamp without oil, a link without light, or a fire without heat. Only some of us are not so devoid of good manner, but we conceive what belongeth to civil duty, and will ever be pressed to entertain courtesy with courtesy, and to requite any friendship with friendship: unfeignedly desirous, rather to recompense in deeds, than to gloss or paint in words. You may easily persuade me to publish that was long sithence finished in writing, and is now almost dispatched in print: (the amends must be addressed in some other more material treatise, or more formal discourse: and haply *Nash's S. Fame* may supply some defects of *Pierce's Supererogation* :) but to suffer your thrice-affectionate letters and sonnets, or rather your thrice-lavish benevolences to be published, which so far surmount not only the mediocrity of my present endeavour, but even the possibility of any my future improvement; I could not be persuaded by any eloquence, or importunacy in the world, were I not as monstrously reviled by some other without reason, as I am excessively extolled by you without cause. In which case he may seem to a discreet enemy excusable, to an indifferent friend justifiable, that is not transported with his own passion, but relieth on the judgment of the learnedest, and referreth himself to the practice of the wisest. In the one, esteeming Plutarch or Homer as an hundred authors; in the other, valuing Cato or Scipio as a thousand examples. I never read or heard of any respective or considerate person, under the degree of those that might revenge at pleasure, condemn with authority, assecure themselves from common obloquy,

or command public reputation (mighty men may find it a policy to take a singular or extraordinary course), so careless of his own credit, so reckless of the present time, so senseless of the posterity, so negligent in occurrences of consequence, so dissolute in his proceedings, so prodigal of his name, so devoid of all regard, so bereft of common sense, so vilely base, or so hugely haughty of mind ; that in case of infamous imputation, or unworthy reproach, notoriously scattered abroad, thought it not requisite, or rather necessary, to stand upon his own defence according to equity, and even to labour his own commendation according to the presented occasion. Discourses yield plenty of reasons ; and histories afford store of examples. It is no vain-glory to permit with consideration that abused Modesty hath affected with discretion. It is vanity to control that, true Honour hath practised ; and folly to condemn that, right Wisdom hath allowed. If any dislike Immodesty indeed, despise Vanity indeed, reprove Arrogancy indeed, or loathe Vain-glory indeed ; I am as forward with tongue and heart as the foremost of the forwardest ; and were my pen answerable, perhaps at occasion it should not greatly lag behind. To accomplish or advance any virtuous purpose (sith it is now enforced to be stirring), it might easily be intreated, even to the uttermost extent of that little-little possibility, wherewith it hath pleased the greatest to endow it. Howbeit Courtesy is as ready to overload with praise, as Malice eager to overthrow with reproach. Both overshoot, as the manner is ; but malice is the devil. For my poor part, I hope the one shall do me as little harm as fair-weather in my journey ; I am sure the other hath done me more good than was intended, and shall never puddle or annoy the course of the clear running water. Albeit I have studied much, and learned little : yet I have learned to glean some handfuls of corn out of the rankest cockle ; to make choice of the most fragrant flowers of humanity, the most virtuous herbs of philosophy, the most sovereign fruits of government, and

the most heavenly manna of divinity : to be acquainted with the fairest, provided for the foulest, delighted with the temperatest, pleased with the meanest, and contented with all weather. Greater men may profess, and can achieve greater matters ; I thank God I know the length, that is, the shortness of mine own foot. If it be any man's pleasure to extenuate my sufficiency in other knowledge, or practise, to impeach my ability in words or deeds, to debase my fortune, to abridge my commendations, or to annihilate my fame, he shall find a cold adversary of him that hath laid hot passions a watering, and might easily be induced to be the invective of his own non-proficiency. Only he craveth leave to estimate his credit, and to value his honesty, as behoveth every man that regardeth any good : and if withal it be his unfeigned request, that order should repeal disorder, moderation restrain licentiousness, discretion abandon vanity, mildness assuage choler, meekness allay arrogancy, consideration reclaim rashness, indifferency attemper passion, Courtesy mitigate, Charity appease, and Unity atone debate : pardon him. Or in case nothing will prevail with fury but fury, and nothing can win desired amity but pretended hostility, that must drive out one nail with another, and beat away one wedge with another, according to the Latin proverb ; pardon him also, that in the resolution of a good mind will command what he cannot entreat, and extort what he cannot persuade. That little may be done with no great ado ; and seeing it may as surely as easily be done, I am humbly to beseech established Wisdom to wink at one experiment of adventurous Folly ; never before embarked in any such action, and ever to eschew the like with a chary regard, where any other mediation may purchase redress. I will not urge what connivance hath been noted in as disfavoured cases : it is sufficient for me to plead mine own acquittal. Other praise he affecteth not, that in a deep insight into his innermost parts, findeth not the highest pitch of his hope equivalent to the lowest pit of your commendation. And

if by a gentle construction, or a favourable encouragement, he seemeth any thing in others' opinion, that is nothing in his own censure; the lesser his merit, the greater their mercy; and the barrener his desert, the fruitfuller your liberality. Whose unmeasurable praises I am to interpret, not as they may seem in some bounteous conceit, but as they are in mine own knowledge; good words, but unfitly applied; friendly benevolences, but wastefully bestowed; gallant amplifications, but slenderly deserved: what but terms of civility, or favours of courtesy, or hyperboles of love, whose frank allowance I shall not be able to earn with the study of twenty years more: in brief, nothing but partial witnesses, prejudicate judgments, idle preambles, and in effect mere words. And even so, as I found them, I leave them. Yet let me not dismiss so extensive courtesy with an empty hand. Whatsoever I am (that am the least little of my thoughts, and the greatest contempt of mine own heart), *Parthenophil* and *Parthenophe* embellished, the *Spanish Counsellor* englished, and *Shore's Wife* eternized, shall everlastingly testify what you are. Go forward in maturity, as ye have begun in pregnancy, and behold *Parthenopæus*, the son of the brave Meleager, Homer himself; and of the swift Atalanta, Calliope herself: be thou Barnabe, the gallant poet, like Spenser; or the valiant soldier, like Baskerville; and ever remember thy *French service* under the brave Earl of Essex. Be thou John, the many-tongued linguist, like Andrews, or the curious intelligencer, like Bodley; and never forget thy *Netherlandish train* under him that taught the Prince of Navarre, now the valorous King of France. Be thou Antony, the flowing orator, like Dove, or the skilful herald, like Clarentius; and ever remember thy *Portugal voyage* under Don Antonio. The beginning of virtuous proceedings is the one half of honourable actions. Be yourselves in hope, and what yourselves desire in effect, and I have attained some portion of my request. For you cannot wish so exceeding well unto me, but I am as ready with tongue and mind

to wish a great deal better unto you, and to reacquite you with a large usury of most affectionate prayers, recommending you to the divine gifts and gracious blessings of heaven.

May it please the favourable reader to vouchsafe me the courtesy of his patience, until he hath thoroughly perused the whole discourse at his hours of leisure (for such scribblings are hardly worth the vacantest hours): I am not to importune him any farther, but would be glad he might find the whole less tedious in the end, than some parts in the beginning or midst; or at least that one piece might help to furnish out amends for another. And so taking my leave with the kindest farewell of a most thankful mind; I desist from wearying him with a tedious preface, whom I am likely to tire with so many superfluous discourses. Howbeit, might it happily please the sweetest intercessor to ensweeten the bitterest gall of spite, and to encalm the roughest tempest of rage, I could cordially wish that *Nash's S. Fame* might be the period of my invectives; and the *excellent gentlewoman* my patroness, or rather championess in this quarrel, is meeter by nature, and fitter by nurture, to be an enchanting angel with her white quill, than a tormenting fury with her black ink. It remaineth at the election of one whom God endue with more discretion.

The inviolable friend of his entire friends,

*At London,
this 16th of July, 1593.*

GABRIELL HARVEY.

HER OWN PROLOGUE, OR DEMUR.



MUSES, may a woman poor, and blind,
A lion-dragon, or a bull-bear bind?
Is't possible for puling wench to tame
The furibundall Champion of Fame?
He brandisheth the whirlwind in his mouth,
And thunderbolteth foe-confounding shot:

Where such a bombard-goblin, north or south,
With drad pen-powder, and the conquerous pot?

Silly it is that I can sing or say:

And shall I venture such a blustrous fray?

Hazard not, panting quill! thy aspen self:

He'll murder thy conceit, and brain thy brain.

Spare me, O super-domineering elf!

And most railipotent for ever reign.

Si tibi vis ipsi parcere, parce mihi.

Her Counter Sonnet, or Correction of her own Preamble.

SCORN, frump the meacock verse, that dares not sing,

Drooping, so like a flagging flower in rain:

Where doth the Urany, or Fury ring,

That shall enfraight my stomach with disdain?

Shall friend put up such braggardous affronts?

Are milksop Muses such whiteliver'd tronts?

Shall boy the gibbet be of writers all,
 And none hang up the gibbet on the wall?
 If dreary hobbling rhyme heart-broken be,
 And quake for dread of Danter's scarecrow press:
 Shrew prose, thy pluckcrow implements address,
 And pay the hangman pen his double fee.
 Be Spite a Sprite, a termagant, a bug:
 Truth fears no ruth, and can the great dev'l tug.
 ———*Ultrix accincta flagello.*

Her old Comedy, newly entitled.

My prose is resolute, as Bevis' sword:
 March rampant beast in formidable hide:
 Supererogation Squire on cockhorse ride:
 Zeal shapes an answer to the bloodiest word.
 If nothing can the booted soldier tame,
 Nor rhyme, nor prose, nor honesty, nor shame:
 But Swash will still his trumpery advance,
 I'll lead the gagtooth'd fop a new-found dance.
 Dear hours were ever cheap to piddling me:
 I knew a glorious and braving knight,
 That would be deem'd a truculental wight:
 Of him I scrawl'd a doughty comedy.
 Sir Bombarduccio was his cruel name:
 But Gnasharduccio the sole brute of Fame.

L'Envoy.

SEE, how he brays and fumes at me, poor lass,
 That must immortalise the killcow ass.

LETTERS AND SONNETS.

*To the right worshipful, his especial dear friend, M. Gabriell Harvey,
Doctor of Law.*



WEET M. Doctor Harvey, (for I cannot entitle you with an epithet of less value than that which the Grecian and Roman orators ascribe to Theophrastus, in respect of so many your excellent labours, garnished with the garland of matchless Oratory): if at any time either the most earnest persuasion of a dear friend, and unusually most dear and constant, adjured thereunto by the singular virtue of your most praise-worthy and unmatched wit: or the wonderful admiration of your peerless conceit, embraved with so many gorgeous ornaments of divine Rhetoric: or the doubtless successive benefit thereof, devoted to the glory of our English eloquence, and our vulgar Tuscanism (if I may so term it) may work any plausible or respective motions with you, to beautify and enrich our age with those most praise-moving works, full of gallantest discourse and reason, which I understand by some assured intelligence be now glowing upon the anvil, ready to receive the right artificial form of divinest workmanship: then let, I beseech you, nay, by all our mutual friendships I conjure you, (love and admiration of them arming me with the placard of farther confidence) those, and other your incomparable writings, speedily, or rather presently, shew themselves in the shining light of the sun.

That by this publication of so rare and rich discourses, our English ravens, the spiteful enemies to all birds of more beautiful wing, and more harmonious note than themselves, may shroud themselves in their nests of basest obscurity, and keep hospitality with bats and owls, fit consorts for such vile carrions. Good sir, arise, and confound those viperous critical monsters, and those prophane atheists of our commonwealth, which endeavour with their mutinous and serpentine hissing, like geese, not to arm the senators and orators of Rome, but to daunt, astonish, and if it were possible, to overthrow them. And sithence the very thunder-lightning of your admirable eloquence is sufficiently available to strike them with a lame palsy of tongue, (if they be not already smitten with a senseless apoplexy in head, which may easily ensue such contagious catharrs and rheums, as I am privy some of them have been grievously diseased withal) miss not, but hit them surely home, as they deserve with Supererogation. You have been reputed evermore, since first I heard of you in Oxford, and elsewhere, to have been as much given to favour, commend, and frequent such as were approved, or toward in learning, wit, kind behaviour, or any good quality, as may be required in any man of your demerit: an undoubted sign how much you loathe invectives or any needless contentions. I would (as many your affectionate friends would) it had been your fortune to have encountered some other Paranympths, than such as you are now to discipline: most unwillingly, I perceive, but most necessarily, and not without especial consideration, being so manifestly urged, and grossly provoked to defend yourself. But you have ere now been acquainted with patience perforce: and I hope the most desperate swasher of them will one day learn to shew himself honest or wiser. And thus recommending your sweet endeavours, with your graver studies, to the highest treasury of heavenly Muses, I right heartily take my leave with a Sonnet of that Muse that honoureth the Urany of du Bartas, and

yourself: of Du Bartas elsewhere; here of him, whose excellent pages of the French king, the Scottish king, the brave Monsieur de la Nöe, the aforesaid Lord du Bartas, Sir Philip Sidney, and sundry other worthy personages, deserve immortal commendation. I thank him very heartily, that imparted unto me those fewe sheets; and if all be like them, truly all is passing notable and right singular.

SONNET.

THOSE learned orators, Rome's ancient sages,
 Persuasion's pith, directors of affection,
 The mind's chief counsel, rhetoric's perfection,
 The pleasant balms of peace, war's fierce outrages:
 Sweet Grecian prophets, whose smooth Muse assuages
 The Furies' powerful wrath, poison's infection:
 Philosophers, (by causes due connexion,
 Match'd with the effects of Nature) future ages
 Embraving with rich documents of Art:
 The wisest statesmen of calm commonweals:
 The learned general councils, which impart
 Divinest laws, whose wholesome physic heals
 Both church and laity: all in one behold
 Ennobled arts, as precious stones in gold.

Your most affectionate,

BARNABE BARNES.

*From my lodging in Holborn,
 this of June, 1593.*

Having perused my former sonnet, if it may please you, sir, to do as much for your dear friends *Parthenophil* and *Parthenophe*, they shall have the desired fruit of their short exercise, and will rest beholding to your courteous acceptance; which they would be glad to reacquite in the lovingest manner they may, and so most affectionately recommend themselves unto your good self,

whose unblemished fame they will evermore maintain with the best blood of their hearts, tongues, and pens. We will not say how much we long to see the whole praises of your two notorious enemies, the Ass and the Fox.

SONNET.

Nash, or the confuting Gentleman.

THE Muse's scorn; the courtier's laughing-stock;
 The country's coxcomb; printer's proper new;
 The city's leprosy; the pander's stew;
 Virtue's disdain; Honesty's adverse rock;
 Envy's vile champion; Slander's stumbling-block.
 Grand orator of *coney-catcher's* crew;
 Base broaching tapster of reports untrue;
 Our modern viper, and our country's mock;
 True valour's cancer-worm, sweet learning's rust.
 Where shall I find meet colours and fit words
 For such a counterfeit and worthless matter?
 Him whom thou railest on at thine own lust,
 Sith *Bodine* and sweet *Sidney* did not flatter,
 His invective thee too much grace affords.

PARTHENOPHIL.

SONNET.

Harvey, or the sweet Doctor.

SIDNEY, sweet cygnet, pride of Thamesis;
 Apollo's laurel; Mars's proud prowess;
 BODINE, register of realms happiness,
 Which Italy's and France's wonder is:
 HATCHER, with silence whom I may not miss:
 Nor LEWEN, rhetoric's richest noblesse:

Nor WILSON, whose discretion did redress
 Our English barbarism; adjoin to this
 Divinest moral SPENSER: let these speak
 By their sweet letters, which do best unfold
 HARVEY's deserved praise: since my Muse weak
 Cannot relate so much as hath been told
 By these forenam'd: then vain it were to bring
 New feather to his Fame's swift-feather'd wing.

PARTHENOPHE.

THE PRINTER'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

GENTLEMAN READER.



OURTEOUS Gentlemen, it seemed good to M. Doctor Harvey, for brevity sake, and because he liked not over-long preambles, or postambles to short discourses, to omit the commendatory Letters and Sonnets of M. Thorius, M. Chewt, and divers other his affectionate friends of London and both the Universities, which nevertheless are reserved to be prefixed, inserted, or annexed, either in his *Defensive Letters*, enlarged with certain new epistles of more special note, or in his *Discourses of Nash's S. Fame*, already finished, and presently to be published, as these shall like their entertainment; of whose favourable and plausible welcome divers learned and fine wits have presumed the best. Howbeit finally it was thought not amiss, upon conference with some his advised acquaintance, to make choice of some two or three of the reasonablest and temperatest Sonnets, but for variety, and to avoid tediousness in the entrance, rather to be annexed in the end than prefixed in the beginning of the present Discourses; one of the foresaid M. Thorius, another of M. Chewt, and the third of a learned French gentleman, Monsieur Fregeuill Gautius, who hath

published some weighty treatises, as well politic as religious, both in Latin and French, and hath acquainted M. Doctor Harvey with certain most profitable mathematical devises of his own invention. The residue is not added by me, but annexed by the author himself, whom I humbly recommend to your courteous censure, and so rest from overtroubling you with my unpolished lines.

PIERCE'S SUPEREROGATION.



WAS ever unwilling to undertake any enterprise that was unmeet for me, or to play any part, either in earnest, or in jest, that might ill beseem me; and never more unwilling than at this instant, when I must needs do it, or put something in hazard, that I would be loath to commit to the courtesy of adventure. Not because my confuters' swords or my enemies' daggers carry any credit with the wise; or because my letters fear any discredit with the honest; or because I cannot abide to be confuted, that daily confute myself, and condemn every mine own default with rigour: but because silence may seem suspicious to many; patience contemptible to some; a good mind, a bad heart to those that value all by courage; a known forbearer of libellers, a continual bearer of coals; and there is no end of abuses upon abuses, of injuries upon injuries, of contempt upon contempt, where presumptuous Impudency and odious Slander, the two errantest vagabonds in the world, may safe conduct themselves, and frankly pass uncontrolled.

Yet were that either all, or the worst of all, I could still vow silence in brawls, and would still profess patience in wrongs; (I hate brawls with my heart, and can turn over a volume of wrongs with a wet finger) but some cunning men, that carry honey in their mouths, and gall in their hearts, not so sweet in the premises, as bitter in

the conclusion, can smoothly and finely descant upon the least advantage, however so injurious; and certain pretty experiences, by way of sensible instruction, have taught some, that Malice was never such an hypocrite as now; and the world never such a scoggin as now; and the devil never such a knave as now; and what a desperate dissoluteness were it in him, that regardeth his good name, to abandon himself, or to relinquish the dearest thing in this life, (I know no dearer thing than honest credit) to the favour of envy, or to the discretion of fortune.

Gentlemen, he is hardly bestead for a patron, that relieth on the tuition of envy, or reposeth his affiance in the protection of fortune: and he must not take it unkindly to be forsaken of other by the way, that forsaketh himself in the way. Even he that loveth not to be his own defender, much less his own praiser (do him no wrong, my masters, though ye do him no right), yet hateth to be his own traitor; and hath reason to experiment some round conclusions before he offer his throat to the blade of villany, or his forehead to the brand of defamation. And although he be the subject of his own contempt, and the argument of his own satires (surely no man less doteth upon himself, or more severely censureth his own imperfections): yet he in some respects disdaineth to be ruled by the abjects of the world: whose dispraise in some age were a commendation, and whose praise an invective: but this is a quaint world, and needeth no April showers to furnish May games:

I protest I have these many years, not in pride, but in judgment, scorned to appear in the rank of this scribbling generation; and could not have been hired with a great fee to publish any pamphlet of whatsoever nature in my own name, had I not been intolerably provoked, first by one rakehell, and now by another, the two impudentest mates that ever haunted the press; (some have called them knaves in gross, I have found them fools in retail:) but when it came to this desperate point, that I must needs either be

a base writer, or a vile ass in print, the less of the two evils was to be chosen: I was compelled rather to alter my resolution for a time than to prejudice myself for ever. They that list may feed at the manger with the sons of the mule: it is another table philosophy that I fancy.

Howbeit, amongst all the misfortunes that ever happened unto me, I account it my greatest affliction that I am constrained to busy my pen without ground or substance of discourse meet for an active and industrious world. Every man hath his crosses in one accident or other: but I know not a grievouser persecution than a base employment of precious time necessarily enforced. Other crosses may someway edify: this is a plague without remedy; a torment without end; a hell without redemption. As in the course of my study, it was always my reckoning; he loseth nothing, whatsoever he loseth, that gaineth time: so in the task of my writing, or other exercise, it is my account, he gaineth nothing, whatsoever he gaineth, that loseth time. A good matter, delivered in good manner, winneth some estimation with good minds; but no manner sufficient to countenance a contemptible theme: and a rascal subject abaseth any form; or what hath drowned the memory of the trimmest and daintiest trifles that fine conceit hath devised?

Were it mine own election, I might worthily incur many reproofs, and justly impute them to my simple choice; but necessity hath as little free will as law, and compelleth like a tyrant where it cannot persuade like an orator, or advise like a counsellor. Any virtue, an honourable commonplace, and a flourishing branch of an heavenly tree; politic and militar affairs, the worthiest matters of consultation, and the two Herculean pillars of noble states; the private lives of excellent personages in sundry courses, and the public actions of puissant nations in sundry governments, shining mirrors of notable use for the present time and future ages. Were it at my appointment to dispose freely of mine own hours, O, how

willingly and cheerfully could I spend the freshest and dearest part of my life in such arguments of valour! Learning is a goodly and gallant creature in many parts; and divers members of that beautiful body upbraid the most exquisite pen and most curious pencil of insufficiency: no diligence too much, where no labour enough; the fruitfulest sciences require painfulest industry, and some lively principles would be touched to the quick: whatsoever book-case or school-point is found by experience to be essential and practicable in the world, deserveth to be discussed with sharp invention and sound judgment.

I could yet take pleasure and profit in canvassing some problems of natural philosophy, of the mathematics, of geography, and hydrography, of other commodious experiments fit to advance many valourous actions; and I would upon mine own charges travel into any part of Europe to hear some pregnant paradoxes, and certain singular questions in the highest professions of learning, in physic, in law, in divinity, effectually and thoroughly disputed *pro* and *contra*; and would think my travel as advantageously bestowed to some purposes of importance as they that have adventurously discovered new-found lands, or bravely surprised Indies.

What conferences or disputations, what parliaments or councils like those that deliberate upon the best government of commonwealths, and the best discipline of churches—the double anchor of the mighty ship, and the two great luminaries of the world? Other extravagant discourses not material, or quarrelous contentions not available, are but wasting of wind, or blotting of paper. What should exercise or study burn the sun or the candle in vain? or what should I do against myself in speaking for myself, if outward respects did not inwardly gripe, and a present exigence lay violent hands upon me? Though extremity be powerable, yet an unwilling will is excusable. Philosophers and lawyers can best

argue the case of involuntary acts ; but what so forcible as compulsion, or so pardonable as a passive action ?

Blame him not, or blame him gently, that would be a little loath to be dieted at the rack of the *old ass*, or to be bitten of the *young dog*. He is no party in the cause, that pleadeth thus against Aristogiton. Sweet gentlemen, imagine it to be a speech addressed unto yourselves. “ Peradventure the viper did never bite any of you, and the Gods forbid it should ever bite you ; but when you espy any such pernicious creature, you presently dispatch it : in like manner, when you behold a sycophant, and a man of a viperous nature, look not till he hath bitten some of you, but so soon as he starteth up, pull him down.” And again, in another place of the same sententious and politic Oration : “ He that maintaineth a sycophant, is by nature and kind an enemy of the good ; unless somebody imagine that the seed and root of a naughty sycophant ought to remain in the city, as it were for store or good husbandry.” Demosthenes was as deeply wise as highly eloquent, and hath many such notable sentences, as it were caveats or provisoes against the dangerous enemies of that flourishing city, and especially against calumniators, whose viperous sting he could by no means avoid : albeit, otherwise such an orator, as could allure hearts with persuasion, or conjure minds with astonishment.

I would no other city loved figs, or must another city of necessity love figs, because it is grown another Athens, a mother of eloquence, a nurse of learning, a grandam of valour, a seat of honour, and, as Aristotle termed Athens, a garden of Alcinous, wherein one fruit ripeneth upon another, one pear upon another, one grape upon another, and one fig upon another. The Sycophant be his own interpreter ; and if he may be licensed, or permitted to be his own carver too, much good may it do him, and sweet digestion give him joy of his dainty fig. I must have a little care of one that cannot easily brook unreasonable sauciness ; and would be

loath to see the garden of Alcinous made the garden of *Greene*, or *Motley*.

It was wont to be said, by way of proverb, He that will be made a sheep shall find wolves enough ; but forsooth this exceeding wise world is a great ass-maker ; and he that will suffer himself to be proclaimed an ass in print shall be sure never to want load and load enough. Who so ready to call her neighbour a scold as the rankest scold of the parish ; or who so forward to accuse, to debase, to revile, to crow-tread another, as the arrantest fellow in a country ? Let his own mouth be his passport, or his own pen his warrant : and who so lewd as his greatest adversary, Modesty ; or so honest as his dearest friend, Villany ; or so learned as his learnedest counsel, Vanity ; or so wise as his profoundest author, young Apuleius ? What familiar spirit of the air or fire, like the glib and nimble wit of young Apuleius ? Or where is the eloquence that should describe particular perfections of young Apuleius ? Prudence may borrow discretion ; Logic, arguments ; Rhetoric, colours ; Phantasy, conceits ; steel, an edge ; and gold, a lustre of young Apuleius !

O the rare and quaint inventions ! O the gallant and gorgeous elocution ! O the brave and admirable amplifications ! O the artificial and fine extenuations ! O the lively portraitures of egregious praises and dispraises ! O the cunning and strange mingle-mangles ! O the pithy jests and marvellous girds of young Apuleius ; the very prodigality of art and nature ! What greater impossibility than to decypher the high and mighty style of young Apuleius, without a liberal portion of the same elevate spirit ? Happy the old father that begat, and thrice happy the sweet Muses that suckled and fostered young Apuleius. Till Admiration hath found out a smother and tricksier quill for the purpose, Desire must be content to leave the supple and tidy constitution of his omnisufficient wit undisplayed. Only it becometh gentle minds to yield themselves thankful, and

to tender their bounden duty to that inestimable pearl of eloquence, for this precious glimpse of his incomprehensible valour : one short maxim, but more worth, than all the axioms of Aristotle, or the ideas of Plato, or the aphorisms of Hippocrates, or the paragraphs of Justinian.

He knoweth not to manage his pen, that was not born with an ass in his mouth, a fool in his throat, and a knave in his whole body. Simple men may write against other, or plead for themselves ; but they cannot confute cuttingly, like a huckster of Queenhithe, or bellow lustily like the foreman of the herd. I go not about to discover an ass in an ox's hide ; he needeth no other to pull him by the famous ears that is so hasty to descry, and so busy to bestir his wisest parts : but what a notable ass indeed was I that sought the wings of a mounting Pegasus or a stying Phenix, where I found the head and feet of a braying creature. Some promises are desperate debts ; and many threatenings empty clouds ; or rather armies fighting in the air, terrible visions. Simplicity cannot double, and plain dealing will not dissemble. I look either for a fine witted man, as quick as quicksilver, that with a nimble dexterity of lively conceit and exquisite secretaryship, would out-run me many hundred miles in the course of his dainty devices ; a delicate minion, or some terrible bombardier of terms, as wild as wildfire, that at the first flash of his fury would leave me thunder-stricken upon the ground, or at the last volley of his outrage would batter me to dust and ashes. A redoubted adversary ! But the trim silk-worm I looked for (as it were in a proper contempt of common fineness) proveth but a silly glow-worm ; and the dreadful engineer of phrases, instead of thunder-bolts, shooteth nothing but dog-bolts, and cat-bolts, and the homeliest bolts of rude folly. Such arrant confuting stuff, as never print saw compiled together, till Master Villany became an author, and Sir Nash a gentleman.

Printers, take heed how ye play the heralds ; some lusty gentle-

men of the maker, can no sooner bare a goose-quill, or a woodcock's feather in their shield, but they are like the renowned Lobbelinus, when he had gotten a new coat ; and take upon them, without pity or mercy, like the only lords of the field. If ever esquire raved with conceit of his new arms, it is *Danter's* gentleman, that mightily despiseth whatsoever he beholdeth from the high turret of his crest, and cranckly spitteth upon the heads of some, that were not greatly acquainted with such familiar entertainment. His best friend be his judge ; and I appeal to my worst enemy, whether he ever read a more pestilent example of prostituted impudency ? Were he not a kinsman of the foresaid viper, a dog in malice, a calf in wit, an ox in learning, and an ass in discretion, (time shall chronicle him as he is,) was it possible that any man should have bestowed some broad and loud terms as he hath done ? Who could abide it, without actual revenge, but he, that entertaineth spite with a smile, maketh a pastime of strange news, turneth choler into sanguine, vinegar into wine, vexation into sport, and hath a salve for a greater sore ?

Come, young Sophisters, you that affect a railing in your disputations, and with a clamorous hoot would set the philosophy schools *non plus* ; come, old cutters, you that use to make doughty frays in the streets, and would hack it terribly ; come, he and she-scolds, you that love to plead it out invincibly at the bar of the dunghill, and will rather lose your lives than the last word ; come, busy commotioners, you that carry a world of quarrelous wits and mutinous tongues in your heads ; come, most redoubted Momus, you that will sternly keep heaven and earth in awe ; come, running heads and giddy pens of all humours, you that dance attendance upon oddest fashions, and learn a perfect method to pass other and to excel yourselves, such a new devised model as never saw sun before, and may make the gayest mould of antiquity to blush ! Old Archilochus and Theon were but botchers in their railing faculty ;

Stesichorus but a gross bungler ; Aristarchus but a curious and nice fool ; Aristophanes and Lucian but merry jesters ; Ibis against Ovid, Mevius against Horace, Carbilius Pictor against Virgil, Lavinius against Terence, Crateva against Euripides, Zoilus against Homer, but rank sowters. Sallust did but dally with Tully ; Demades but toy with Demosthenes ; Pericles but sport with Thucydides, and so forth. For examples are infinite ; and no exercise more ancient than Iambics amongst poets, invectives amongst orators, confutations amongst philosophers, satires amongst carpers, libels amongst factioners, pasquils amongst malcontents, and quarrels amongst all.

But the old age was an infant in wit, and a grammar scholar in art. Lucian's Rhetor, never so bravely furnished, will be heard with an echo ; Julian will rattle Christendom ; Arius will shake the church ; Machiavel will yerk the commonwealth ; Unico Aretino will scourge princes ; and here is a lusty lad of the castle that will bind bears, and ride golden asses to death. Were the pith of courage lost, it might be found in his pen ; or were the marrow of conceit to seek, where should wit look for wit but in his ink-bottle ? Art was a dunce, till he was a writer ; and the quickest confuter a drowsy dreamer till he put a life into the dead quill, and a fly into the wooden box of forlorn Pandora. A point for the satirist, whose conceit is not a ruffian in folio ; and a fig for the confuter, that is not a swashbuckler with his pen.

Old whimwhams have plodded on long enough, fresh invention from the tap must have his frisks, and his careers another while ; and what comparable to this spout of yarking eloquence ? Give me the fellow that is as *Peerless* as *Pennyless* ; and can oppose all the libraries in Paul's Churchyard with one wonderful work of *Supererogation* ; such an unmatchable piece of learning, as no books can countervail but his own, the only records of the singularities of this age. Did I speak at a venture, I might deceive, and be de-

ceived ; but where experience is a witness, and judgment the judge, I hope the error will not be unreasonably great.

There was a time, when I floated in a sea of encountering waves, and devoured many famous confutations with an eager and insatiable appetite, especially Aristotle against Plato, and the old philosophers ; divers excellent Platonists, endued with rare and divine wits, (of whom elsewhere at large,) Justinus Martyr, Philoponus, Valla, Vives, Ramus, against Aristotle. Oh, but the great master of the schools, and high chancellor of universities, could not want pregnant defence. Perionius, Gallandius, Carpentarius, Sceggius, Lieblerus against Ramus. What ! hath the royal professor of eloquence and philosophy no favourites ? Talæus, Ossatus, Freigius, Minos, Rodingus, Scribonius, for Ramus against them ; and so forth, in that hot contradictory course of logic and philosophy. But alas ! silly men, simple Aristotle, more simple Ramus, most simple the rest, either ye never knew what a sharp-edged and cutting confutation meant, or the date of your stale oppositions is expired, and a New-found-land of confuting commodities discovered by this brave Columbus of terms, and this only merchant-venturer of quarrels, that detecteth new Indies of invention, and hath the winds of Æolus at commandment ! Happy, you flourishing youths, that follow his incomparable learned steps ; and unhappy we old dunces, that wanted such a worthy precedent of all nimble and lively dexterities.

What should I appeal infinite other to their perpetual shame, or summon such and such to their foul disgrace ? Erasmus in Latin, and Sir Thomas More in English, were supposed fine and pleasant confuters in their time, and were accordingly embraced of the forwardest and trimmest wits ; but, alack, how unlike this dainty minion ! Agrippa was reputed a giant in confutation, a demi-god in omnisufficiency of knowledge, a devil in the practice of horrible arts : oh, but Agrippa was an urchin, Copernicus a shrimp,

Cardan a puppy, Scaliger a baby, Paracelsus a scab, Erastus a patch, Sigonius a toy, Cuiacius a bauble to this termagant; that fighteth not with simple words, but with double swords; not with the trickling water of Helicon, but with piercing aquafortis; not with the sorry powder of experience, but with terrible gunpowder; not with the small shot of contention, but with the main ordnance of fury.

For brevity, I over-skip many notable men and valorous confuters in their several veins; had not affection otherwhiles swung their reason, where reason should have swayed their affection. But partiality was ever the busiest actor, and passion the hottest confuter, whatsoever plausible cause otherwise pretended; and he is rather to be esteemed an angel than a man, or a man of heaven, not of earth, that tendereth integrity in his heart, equity in his tongue, and reason in his pen. Flesh and blood are frail creatures and partial discoursers; but he approacheth nearest unto God, and yieldeth sweetest fruit of a divine disposition, that is not transported with wrath or any blind passion, but guided with clear and pure reason, the sovereign principle of sound proceeding. It is not the affirmative or negative of the writer, but the truth of the matter written, that carrieth meat in the mouth, and victory in the hand. There is nothing so exceeding foolish, but hath been defended by some wise man; nor any thing so passing wise, but hath been confuted by some fool. Man's will, no safe rule, as Aristotle saith: good Homer sometime sleepeth; S. Augustine was not ashamed of his retractions; S. Barnard saw not all things; and the best chart may eftsoons overthrow. He that taketh a confutation in hand, must bring the standard of judgment with him, and make wisdom the moderation of wit. But I might as well have overpassed the censure as the persons; and I have to do with a party that valueth both alike, and can fancy no author but his own fancy. It is neither reason nor rhyme, nor wit, nor art, nor any imitation, that he re-

gardeth; he hath builded towers of *Supererogation* in his own head, and they must stand whosoever fall.

Howbeit, I cannot overslip some without manifest injury, that deserve to have their names enrolled in the first rank of valiant confuters; worthy men, but subject to imperfections, to error, to mutual reproof, some more, some less, as the manner is. *Harding* and *Jewell* were our Eschines and Demosthenes; and scarcely any language in the Christian world hath afforded a pair of adversaries equivalent to *Harding* and *Jewell*, two thundering and lightning orators in divinity, but now at last infinitely overmatched by this hideous thunderbolt in humanity, that hath the only right terms invective, and triumpheth over all the spirits of contradiction. You, that have read *Luther* against the Pope; *Sadolet*, *Longolius*, *Omphalius*, *Osorius*, against *Luther*; *Calvin* against *Sadolet*; *Melancthon* against *Longolius*; *Sturmius* against *Omphalius*; *Haddon* against *Osorius*; *Baldwin* against *Calvin*; *Beza* against *Baldwin*; *Erastus* against *Beza*; *Travers* against *Erastus*; *Sutcliff* against *Travers*, and so forth; (for there is no end of endless controversies: nor *Bellarmino* shall ever satisfy the Protestants; nor *Whittaker* content the Papists; nor *Bancroft* appease the Precisians; nor any reason pacify affection; nor any authority resolve obstinacy): you that have most diligently read these, and these and sundry other, reputed excellent in their kinds, cast them all away, and read him alone; that can school them all in their terms invective, and teacheth a new found art of confuting, his all-only art. *Martin* himself but a meacock, and *Pap-hatchet* himself but a milk-sop to him, that inditeth with a pen of fury and the ink of vengeance, and hath cart loads of paper-shot and chain-shot at commandment.

Tush; no man can blazon his arms but himself. Behold the mighty champion, the double sword-bearer, the redoubtable fighter with both hands, that hath robbed William Conqueror of his surname, and in the very first page of his strange news choppeth off the head

of four letters at a blow. He it is that hath it rightly in him indeed, and can roundly do the feat, with a witness. Why, man, he is worth a thousand of these piddling and dribbling confuters, that sit all day buzzing upon a blunt point or two; and with much ado drizzle out as many sentences in a week as he will pour down in an hour.

It is not long since the goodliest graces of the most noble commonwealths upon earth, eloquence in speech, and civility in manners, arrived in these remote parts of the world: it was a happy revolution of the heavens, and worthy to be chronicled in an English Livy, when Tiberis flowed into the Thames; Athens removed to London; pure Italy and fine Greece planted themselves in rich England; Apollo, with his delicate troop of Muses, forsook his old mountains and rivers, and frequented a new Parnassus and another Helicon, nothing inferior to the old, when they were most solemnly haunted of divine wits, that taught rhetoric to speak with applause, and poetry to sing with admiration. But even since that flourishing transplantation of the daintiest and sweetest learning that humanity ever tasted, Art did but spring in such as Sir John *Cheeke* and M. *Ascham*; and wit but in such as Sir Philip *Sidney* and M. *Spenser*, which were but the violets of March or the primroses of May; till the one began to sprout in M. ROBERT GREENE, as in a sweating imp of the evergreen laurel; the other to blossom in M. PIERCE PENNILESS, as in the rich garden of poor Adonis; both to grow to perfection in M. THOMAS NASH, whose prime is a harvest, whose art a mystery, whose wit a miracle, whose style the only life of the press, and the very heart-blood of the grape. There was a kind of smooth, and cleanly, and neat, and fine elegance before, (proper men, handsome gifts); but alack, nothing lively and mighty, like the brave *vino de monte*, till his frisking pen began to play the sprite of the buttery, and to teach his mother-tongue such lusty gambols, as may make the gallantest French, Italian, or

Spanish galliards to blush, for extreme shame of their ideot simplicity.

The difference of wits is exceeding strange, and almost incredible. Good Lord, how may one man pass a thousand, and a thousand not compare with one? Art may give out precepts and directories in *communi forma*, but it is super-excellent wit, that is the mother-pearl of precious invention, and the golden mine of gorgeous elocution. Nay, it is a certain pregnant and lively thing without name, but a quaint mystery of mounting conceit, as it were a knack of dexterity, or the nippitaty of the nappiest grape, that infinitely surpasseth all the invention and elocution in the world; and will bung Demosthenes' own mouth, with new fangled figures of the right stamp, maugre all the thundering and lightning periods of his eloquentest orations, forlorn creatures. I have had some pretty trial of the finest Tuscanism in grain; and have curiously observed the cunningest experiments, and bravest compliments of aspiring emulation, but must give the bell of singularity to the humorous wit, and the garland of victory to the domineering eloquence.

I come not yet to the praise of the old ass; it is young Apuleius that feedeth upon this glory; and having inclosed these rank commons to the proper use of himself and the capricious flock, adopteth whom he listeth without exception; as Alexander the Great had a huge intention to have all men his subjects, and all his subjects called Alexanders. It was strange news for some to be so assified; and a work of *Supererogation* for him, so bountifully to vouchsafe his golden name; the appropriate cognisance of his noble style.

Good night, poor rhetoric of sorry books; adieu, good old humanity: gentle arts and liberal sciences content yourselves: Farewell, my dear mothers, sometime flourishing universities; some that have long continued your sons in nature, your apprentices in

arts, your servants in exercise, your lovers in affection, and your vassals in duty, must either take their leaves of the sweetest friends, or become the slaves of that domineering eloquence, that knoweth no art but the cutting art, nor acknowledgeth any school but the courtesan school. The rest is pure natural, or wonderful supernatural. Would it were not an infectious bane, or an incroaching pock. Let me not be mistaken by sinister construction, that wresteth and wriggles every syllable to the worst. I have no reference to myself, but to my superiors, by incomparable degrees. To be a Ciceronian, is a flouting stock : poor Homer, a woful wight, may put his finger in a hole, or in his blind eye : the excellentest histories, and worthiest chronicles, (inestimable monuments of wisdom and valour,) what but stale antiques ? the flowers and fruits of delicate humanity, that were wont to be daintily and tenderly conserved, now preserved with dust, as it were with sugar, and with hoar, as it were with honey. That frisking wine, and that lively knack in the right capricious vein, the only book that holdeth out with a countenance ; and will be heard when worm-tongued orators, dust-footed poets, and weatherwise historians, shall not be allowed a word to cast at a dog.

There is a fatal period of whatsoever we term flourishing ; the world runneth on wheels, and there must be a vent for all things. The Ciceronian may sleep, till the Scogginist hath played his part ; one sure *Coney-catcher* worth twenty philosophers ; a phantastical rhymester more vendible than the notablest mathematician ; no profession to the faculty of railing ; all harsh or obscure that tickleth not idle phantasies with wanton dalliance or ruffianly jests ; Robin Good-fellow the meepest author of Robin Hood's library ; the less of Cambridge or Oxford, the fitter to compile works of *Supererogation* ; and we, that were simply trained after the Athenian and Roman guise, must be content to make room for roisters, that know their place, and will take it. Titles and terms are but words

of course; the right fellow, that beareth a brain, can knock twenty titles on the head at a stroke, and with a juggling shift of that same invincible knack, defend himself manfully at the paper bar.

Though I be not greatly employed, yet my leisure will scarcely serve to moralize fables of bears, apes, and foxes; (some men can give a shrewd guess at a courtly allegory;) but where lords in express terms are magnificently contemned, doctors in the same style may be courageously confuted. Liberty of tongue and pen is no bondman; nippitaty will not be tied to a post; there is a cap of maintenance called impudency; and what say to him, that in a superabundance of that same odd capricious humour, findeth *no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these golden asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dunghill for carrion.* A frolic mind and a brave spirit to be employed with his stripping instrument, in supply of that only want of a divine Aretine, the great rider of golden asses. Were his pen as supererogatory a workman as his heart, or his lines such transcendents as his thoughts, Lord, what an egregious Aretine should we shortly have; how excessively exceeding Aretine himself, that bestowed the surmountingest amplifications at his pleasure, and was a mere hyperbole incarnate! Time may work an accomplishment of wonders; and his grand intentions seem to prognosticate no less than the uttermost possibilities of capacity or fury extended. Would God, or could the devil, give him that unmeasurable allowance of wit and art, that he extremely affecteth, and infinitely wanteth, there were no encounter but of admiration and honour.

But it may very well beseem me to conceal defects; and I were best to let him run out his jolly race, and to attend his pleasure at all assays, for fear he degrade me, or call me a letter-monger. Oh! would that were the worst. Gallant gentlemen, did you ever see the blades of two brandished swords in the hands of a Fury? See

them now; and, lo, how the victorious duellist stretcheth out the arms of his prowess, to run upon those poor letters with a main career. *Aut nunc, Aut nunquam*: now the deadly stroke must be stricken; now, now he will surely lay about him like a lusty thrasher, and beat all to powder that cometh in the mighty swing of his double flail. But I know not what astonishing terror may bedim my sight; and peradventure the one of those unlawful weapons is no sword, but a shaken firebrand in the hand of Alecto. All the worse; and he twice woe-begone, poor soul, that is at once assaulted with fire and iron, the two unmerciful instruments of Mars enraged. God shield quiet men from the hands of such cruel confuters; whose arguments are swords, whose sentences murdering bullets, whose phrases cross-bars, whose terms no less than serpentine powder, whose very breath the fire of the match: all exceedingly fearful, save his footing, which may haply give him the slip.

He that standeth upon a wheel, let him beware he fall not. I have heard of some feat stratagems, as sly as the sliest in Frontine or Polyen; and could tell you a pretty tale of a slippery ground, that would make somebody's ears glow; but he that revealeth the secret of his own advantage, may have scope enough to beshrew himself. The Egyptian Mercury would provide to plant his foot upon a square; and his image in Athens was quadrangular, whatsoever was the figure of his hat; and although he were sometime a ball of fortune, (who can assure himself of fortune?) yet was he never a wheel of folly, or an eel of Ely. The glibbest tongue must consult with his wit, and the roundest head with his feet, or peradventure he will not greatly thank his tickle devise. The wheelwright may be as honest a man as the cutler, the drawer as the cutter, the deviser as the printer, the worst of the six as the author; but some tools are false prophets, and some shops fuller of sophistry than Aristotle's Elenches; and if never any witty deviser did subtly undermine himself, good enough. I can tell you, the wheel was an ancient

hieroglyphic of the most cunning Egyptians, and figured none of their highest mysteries of triumph, or glory.

But when again I lift up mine eyes, and behold the glorious picture of that most threatening slasher, is it possible so courageous a confuter should be less terrible than the basilisk of Orus Apollo, that with his only hissing killed the poor snakes, his neighbours? Can any letters live, that he will slay? Were not patience, or submission, or any course better than farther discourse? What fonder business than to trouble the print with pamphlets, that cannot possibly live whilst the basilisk hisseth death? Was I wont to jest at *Elderton's* ballading, *Gascoigne's* sonneting, *Greene's* pamphleting, *Martin's* libelling, *Holinshed's* ingrossing, somebody's abridging, and what-do-ye-call-it's translating; and shall I now become a scribbling creature with fragments of shame, that might long sithence have been a fresh writer with discourses of applause? The very whole matter, what but a thing of nothing? the method, what but a hotch-pot for a gallimaufry? By the one, or other, what hope of public use, or private credit? Socrates' mind could as lightly digest poison, as Mithridates' body; and how easily have the greatest stomachs of all ages, or rather the valiantest courages of the world, concocted the harshest and rankest injuries? Politic Philip, victorious Alexander, invincible Scipio, triumphant Cæsar, happy Augustus, magnificent Titus, and the flower of the noblest minds, that immortality honoureth, with a sweet facility gave many bitter reprehensions the slip, and finally rid their hands of roughest obloquies. Philosophy professeth more; and the philosopher of emperors, or rather the emperor of philosophers, Marcus Antoninus, when he deserved best, could with felicity hear the worst.

Cherish an inward contentment in thyself, my mind, and outward occurrences, whom they will not make, shall not mar. It is a great praise to be discommended of the dishonest, as to be commended of the virtuous: say, affirm, confirm, approve, justify what

you can, the captain-scold hath vowed the last word : none so bold to adventure any thing, as he hath no good thing to lose ; let him forge, or coin ; who will believe him ? Lay open his vanity, or foolery, who knoweth it not ; yet who so eager to defend, or offend, with tooth or nail, by hook or crook ? The art of figs had ever a dapper wit, a deft conceit, a sleek forehead, a smug countenance, a stinging tongue, a nipping hand, a biting pen, and a bottomless pit of invention, stored with never-failing shifts of counterfeit cranks ; and my betters, by many degrees, have been fain to be the godsons of young Apuleius.

Divers excellent men have praised the old ass ; give the young ass leave to praise himself, and to practise his minion rhetoric upon other. There is no dealing, where there is no healing. To strive with dirt, is filthy ; to play with edged tools, dangerous ; to try masteries with a desperate adversary, hazardous ; to encounter Demosthenes' viper, or Apollo's basilisk, deadly. To intend your own intentions with an inviolable constancy, and to level continually at your own determined scope, without respect of extravagant ends, or cumbersome interruptions, the best course of proceeding, and only firm, cheerful, gallant, and happy resolution. Every by-way, that strayeth or gaddeth from that direct path, a wandering error ; and a perilous or threatening by-way, a forest of wild beasts. Hand, touch not the rankling bile, and throw away the lancing instrument.

I could conceive no less than thus, and thus, when I began first to survey that braving empress : and ever, methought, *aut nunc, aut nunquam*, seemed to prognosticate great tempests at hand, and even such valorous works of supererogation as would make an employed man of Florence, or Venice, to break day with any other important business of state or traffick. I went on and on, still and still looking for those presaged wonderments : and thought it Plato's great year, till I had run through the armed pikes, and felt

the whole dint of the two vengeable unlawful weapons. But I believe, never poor man found his imagination so hugely mocked as this confuting juggler cozened my expectation without measure, as if his whole drift had been nothing else but a pleasurable comedy, or a mad stratagem (like those of Bacchus and Pan,) quaintly devised to defeat the opinion of his credulous reader, and to surprise simple minds with a most unlikely event. A fine piece of conveyance in some pageants, and a brave design in fit place. Art knoweth the pageants and policy the place. In earnest, I expected neither orator of the stews, nor a poet of Bedlam, nor a knight of the alehouse, nor a quean of the cuckingstool, nor a broker of baggage stuff, nor a pedlar of strange news, nor any base trumpery, or mean matters, when *Pierce* should rack his wit, and *Penniless* stretch out his courage to the uttermost extent of his possibility.

But without more circumlocution, pride hath a fall : and as of a cat, so of *Pierce* himself, howsoever inspired or enraged, you can have but his skin, puffed up with wind, and bombasted with vanity. Even when he striveth for life to shew himself bravest in the flaunt-a-flaunt of his courage ; and when a man would verily believe he should now behold the stately personage of heroical eloquence face to face ; or see such an unseen frame of the miracles of art as might amaze the heavenly eye of astronomy : holla, Sir, the sweet spheres are not too prodigal of their sovereign influences. Pardon me, *S. Fame*. What the first pang of his divine fury but notable vanity : what the second fit but worthy vanity : what the third career but egregious vanity ? what the glory of his ruffian rhetoric and courtesan philosophy, but excellent villany ? That, that is *Pierce's Supererogation* : and were *Penniless* a person of any reckoning, as he is a man of notorious fame, that, that perhaps, in regard of the outrageous singularity, might be supposed a tragical or heroical villany, if ever any villany were so entitled. The present consideration of which singularity occasioneth me to be-

think me of one that this other day very soberly commended some extraordinary gifts in *Nash*; and when he had gravely maintained, that in the resolution of his conscience, he was such a fellow as some ways had few fellows; at last concluded somewhat more roundly.

“ Well, my masters, you may talk your pleasures of *Tom Nash*, who yet sleepeth secure, not without prejudice to some that might be more jealous of their name; but assure yourselves, if *M. Pennyless* had not been deeply plunged in a profound ecstasy of knavery *M. Pierce* had never written that famous work of *Supererogation* that now staineth all the books in Paul’s Churchyard, and setteth both the universities to school. Till I see your finest humanity bestow such a liberal exhibition of conceit and courage upon your neatest wits, pardon me, though I prefer one smart pamphlet of knavery before ten blundering volumes of the nine Muses. Dreaming and snioke amount alike: life is a gaming, a juggling, a scolding, a lowing, a skirmishing, a war; a comedy, a tragedy; the slurring wit a quintessence of quicksilver; and there is no dead flesh in affection or courage. You may discourse of *Hermes’* ascending spirit, of *Orpheus’* enchanting harp, of *Homer’s* divine fury, of *Tyrteus’* enraging trumpet, of *Pericles’* bouncing thunderclaps, of *Plato’s* enthusiastical ravishment, and I wot not what marvellous eggs in moonshine: but a fly for all your flying speculations, when one good fellow with his odd jests, or one mad knave with his awkward gibber-gibber, is able to put down twenty of your smuggest artificial men, that simper it so nicely and coyly in their curious points. Try, when you mean to be disgraced; and never give me credit if sanguine wit put not melancholy art to bed. I had almost said all the figures of rhetoric must abate me an ace of *Pierce’s Supererogation*; and *Pennyless* hath a certain nimble and climbing reach of invention as good as a long pole, and a hook that never faileth at a pinch. ‘It were unnatural,’ as the sweet Emperor Marcus An-

tonius said, ‘ that the fig-tree should ever want juice.’ You that purpose with great sums of study and candles to purchase the worshipful names of dunces and dodipoles, may closely sit, or soakingly lie at your books ; but you that intend to be fine companionable gentlemen, smirking wits, and whipsters in the world, betake ye timely to the lively practice of the minion profession, and enure your mercurial fingers to frame semblable works of *Supererogation*. Certes other rules are fopperies ; and they that will seek out the archmystery of the busiest modernists shall find it neither more nor less than a certain pragmatistical secret, called Villany, the very science of sciences, and the familiar spirit of *Pierce’s Supererogation*. Cozen not yourselves with the gay nothings of children and scholars : no privity of learning, or inspiration of wit, or revelation of mysteries, or art notory, countervailable with *Pierce’s Supererogation* ; which having none of them, hath them all, and can make them all Asses at his pleasure. The bookworm was never but a pick-goose : it is the multiplying spirit, not of the alchemist, but of the villanist, that knocketh the nail on the head, and spurreth out farther in a day than the quickest artist in a week. Whilst others are reading, writing, conferring, arguing, discoursing, experimenting, platforming, musing, buzzing, or I know not what : that is the spirit that with a wondrous dexterity shapeth exquisite works, and achieveth puissant exploits of *supererogation*. O my good friends, as you love the sweet world, or tender your dear selves, be not unmindful what is good for the advancement of your commendable parts. All is nothing without advancement. Though my experience be a cypher in these causes, yet having studiously perused the new art notory, that is, the foresaid *Supererogation* ; and having shaken so many learned asses by the ears, as it were by the hands, I could say no less, and might think more.”

Something else was uttered the same time by the same gen-

tleman, as well concerning the present state of France, which he termed the most unchristian kingdom of the most Christian King, as touching certain other news of I wot not what dependence: but my mind was running on my halfpenny, and my head so full of the foresaid round discourse, that my hand was never quiet until I had altered the title of this pamphlet, and newly christened it *Pierce's Supererogation*: as well in remembrance of the said discourse, as in honour of the appropriate virtues of *Pierce* himself; who above all the writers that ever I knew shall go for my money, where the currentest forgery, impudency, arrogancy, phantasticity, vanity, and great store of little discretion may go for payment, and the filthiest corruption of abominable villany pass unlanced.

His other miraculous perfections are still in abeyance; and his monstrous excellencies in the predicament of chimera. The bird of Arabia is long in hatching: and mighty works of *Supererogation* are not plotted and accomplished at once. It is pity so hyperbolical a conceit, over haughty for the surmounting rage of Tasso in his furious agony, should be humbled with so diminutive a wit, base enough for *Elderton*, and the riff-raff of the scribbling rascality. I have heard of many disparagements in fellowship; but never saw so great impudency married to so little wit, or so huge presumption allied to so petty performance. I must not paint, though he daub. Pontan decypher thy vaunting Alopantius Ausimarchides a-new; and Terence display thy boasting Thraso a-new; and Plautus address thy vain-glorious Pyrgopolinices a-new; here is a brat of arrogancy, a gosling of the printing-house, that can teach your braggarts to play their parts in the print of wonder, and to exploit redoutable works of *Supererogation*, such as never were achieved in Latin or Greek. Which deserve to be looked for with such a longing expectation as the Jews look for their kingly Messias; or as I look for Agrippa's dreadful Pyromachy; for Cardan's

multiplied matter that shall delude the force of the cannon; for Acontius' perfect art of fortifying little towns against the greatest battery; for the Iliads of all courtly stratagems that Antony Riccobonus magnifically promiseth; for his universal Repertory of all Histories, containing the memorable acts of all ages, all places, and all persons; for the new Calepine of all learned and vulgar languages, written or spoken, whereof a loud rumour was lately published at Basil; for a general Pandects of the laws, and statutes of all nations and commonwealths in the world, largely promised by Doctor Peter Gregorius, but compendiously performed in his *Syntagma Juris universi*; for sundry such famous volumes of huge miracles in the clouds.

Do not such arch-wonderments of supernatural furniture deserve arch expectation? What should the sons of art dream of the philosopher's stone, that, like Midas, turneth into gold whatsoever it toucheth; or of the sovereign and divine quintessence, that, like Esculapius, restoreth health to sickness; like Medea, youth to old age; like Apollonius, life to death? No philosopher's stone, or sovereign quintessence, howsoever precious, equivalent to such divine works of Supererogation. O high-minded *Pierce*! had the train of your words and sentences been answerable to the retinue of your brags and threats; or the robes of your appearance in person suitable to the weeds of your ostentation in terms, I would surely have been the first that should have proclaimed you the most singular secretary of this language, and the heavenliest creature under the spheres. Sweet *M. Ascham*, that was a flowing spring of humanity, and worthy Sir *Philip Sidney*, that was a flourishing spring of nobility, must have pardoned me; I would directly have discharged my conscience. But you must give plain men leave to utter their opinion without courting: I honour high heads that stand upon low feet; and have no great affection to the gay fellows that build up with their clambering hearts, and pull down with their

untoward hands. Give me the man that is meek in spirit, lofty in zeal; simple in presumption, gallant in endeavour; poor in profession, rich in performance. Some such I know, and all such I value highly. They glory not of the golden stone, or the youthful quintessence: but industry is their golden stone; action their youthful quintessence; and valour their divine work of *Supererogation*.

Every one may think as he listeth, and speak as he findeth occasion; but in my fancy they are simple the simplest fellows of all other that boast they will exploit miracles, and come short in ordinary reckonings. Great matters are no wonders when they are menaced or promised with big oaths; and small things are marvels when they are not expected or suspected. I wondered to hear that *Kelly* had got the golden fleece, and by virtue thereof was suddenly advanced into so honourable reputation with the emperor's majesty; but would have wondered more to have seen a work of *Supererogation* from *Nash*, whose wit must not enter the lists of comparison with *Kelly's* Alchimy: howsoever he would seem to have the green lion and the flying eagle in a box. But *Kelly* will bid him look to the swoln toad and the dancing fool. *Kelly* knoweth his *Lutum Sapientiae*, and useth his terms of art. Silence is a great mystery; and loud words but a coward's horn. He that breedeth mountains of hope, and with much ado begetteth a molehill, (shall I tell him a new tale in old English?) beginneth like a mighty ox, and endeth like a sorry ass. To achieve it without ostentation is a notable praise: but to vaunt it without achievement, or to threaten it without effect, is but a double proof of a simple wit. Execution sheweth the ability of the man: presumption betrayeth the vanity of the mind. The sun saith not, I will thus and thus display my glorious beams, but shineth indeed: the spring braggeth not of gallant flowers, but flourisheth indeed: the harvest boasteth not of plentiful fruit, but fructifieth indeed. Esop's fellows being asked what they could do, answered they could do any thing; but Esop

making a small show could do much indeed : the Greek sophisters knowing nothing in comparison (knowledge is a dry water), professed a skill in all things ; but Socrates knowing in a manner all things (Socrates was a springing rock), professed a skill in nothing : Lullius and his sectaries have the signet of Hermes, and the admirable art of disputing infinitely *de omni scibili* ; but Agrippa, one of the universallest scholars that Europe hath yielded, and such a one as some learned men of Germany, France, and Italy, entitled the Omniscious Doctor, Socratically declaimeth against the vanity of sciences, and for my comfort penneth the apology of the ass.

Never any of these prating vagabonds had the virtuous elixir, or other important secret : (yet who such monarchs for physic, chyrurgery, spagirique, astrology, palmistry, natural and supernatural magic, necromancy, familiar spiritship, and all profound cunning, as some of these arrant impostors?) he is a Pythagorean, and a close fellow of his tongue and pen that hath the right *magisterium* indeed, and can dispatch with the finger of art that they promise with the cozenage. They that vaunt do it not ; and they that pretend least accomplish most. High spirited *Pierce*, do it indeed that thou crackest in vain, and I will honour thy work that scorn thy word. When there was no need, thy breath was the mouth of Etna ; and, like a Cyclops, thou didst forge thunder in Mongibello : now the warring planet was expected in person, and the fiery Trigon seemed to give the alarm, thou talkest of cat's meat and dog's meat enough ; and will try it out by the teeth at the sign of the dog's head in the pot.

Oh, what a chattering monkey is here ! And oh, what a dog-fly is the dog-star proved ! Elderton would have answered this geer out of cry : or had I the wits of Scoggin, I would say something to it : but I looked for cat's meat in aquafortis, and dog's meat in gunpowder ; and can no skill of these terms, steeped in thy mother's gutter and thy father's kennel. Nay, if you will needs strike it as

dead as a door nail, and run upon me with the blade of cat's meat, and the firebrand of dog's meat, I have done. Or in case your meaning be, as you stoutly protest, to trounce me after twenty in the hundred, and to have a bout with me, with two staves and a pike, like a tall fellow of Cracovia, there is no dealing for short weapons. Young Martin was an old hackster: and had you played your master's prizes in his time, he peradventure durst have looked those two staves in the face, and would have desired that pike of some more acquaintance: but truce keep me out of his hands that fighteth furiously with two staves of cat's meat and a pike of dog's meat; and is resolutely bent the best blood of the brothers shall pledge him in vinegar. Happy it is no worse than vinegar; a good sauce for cat's meat and dog's meat.

Gentlemen, you that think promises a bond, and use to perform more than you threaten, never believe Braggadocio again for his sake. When he hath done his best, and his worst, trust me, or credit your own eyes, his best best is but cat's meat, and his worst worst but dog's meat enough. What should I go circuiting about the bush? He taketh the shortest cut to the wood, and dispatcheth all controversies in a few significant terms; not those of gunpowder, which would ask some charging and discharging, but these of dog's meat, which are up with a vomit. He that is not so little as the third Cato from heaven, or the eight wise man upon earth, may speak with authority; and christen me a dunce, a fool, an idiot, a dolt, a goose-cap, an ass, and I wot not what, as filthy as filthy may be. Dogged impudency hath his proper idiotism; and very clarkly schooleth the ears of modesty to spell fa, fe, fi, fo, fu. Simple wits would be dealt plainly withal: I stand not upon coy or nice points; but am one of those that would gladly learn their own imperfections, errors, and follies, *in specialissima specie*.

Be it known unto all men by these presents, that *Thomas*

Nash, from the top of his wit looking down upon simple creatures, calleth *Gabriell Harvey* a dunce, a fool, an idiot, a dolt, a goose-cap, an ass, and so forth: (for some of the residue is not to be spoken but with his own mannerly mouth:) but the wise man in print should have done well in his learned confutation to have shewed particularly which words in my letters were the words of a dunce; which sentences the sentence of a fool; which arguments the argument of an idiot; which opinions the opinions of a dolt; which judgments the judgments of a goose-cap; which conclusions the conclusions of an ass. Either this would be done (for I suppose he would be loath to prove some asses that in favour have written otherwise, and in reason are to verify their own testimonies): or he must be fain himself to eat his own cat's meat and dog's meat, and swallow down a dunce, a fool, an idiot, a dolt, a goose-cap, an ass in his own throat; the proper ease of the filthiest excrements, and the sink of the famous rascal that had rather be a polecat with a stinking stir, than a musk cat with gracious favour.

Pardon me, gentle Civility; if I did not tender you, and disclaim impudency, I could do him some piece of right, and shew him his well-favoured face in a crystal as true as *Gascoigne's Steel-glass*. But trust him not for a dodkin (it is his own request), if I ever did my doctor's acts, which a thousand heard in Oxford, and some knew to be done with as little premeditation as ever such acts were done: (for I answered upon the questions that were given me by Doctor Cathedræ but two days before, and read my cursory lecture with a day's warning:) or if I be not a *Fawn guest messenger between M. Christopher Bird*, in whose company I never dined or supped these six years, and *M. Emanuel Demetrius*, with whom I never drank to this day. Other matters touching her Highness' affability towards scholars (so her Majesty's favour toward me must be interpreted:) the privy watchword of honourable men in their letters commendatory, even in the highest degree of praising (so

our High Chancellor's commendation must be qualified :) Nash's grave censure of public invectives and satires (so Harvey's slight opinion of contentions and seditious libels must be crossbitten :) his testimony of Cicero's *Consolation ad Dolabellam*, (which he will needs father upon me in reproach, though his betters will never pen such a piece of Latin, whosoever were the step-Tully :) his derision of the most profitable and valorous Mathematical Arts (whose industry hath achieved wonders of mightier puissance than the labours of Hercules :) his contempt of the worthiest persons in every faculty (which he always censureth as his punies and underlings :) his palpable atheism, and drinking a cup of lamb's wool to the Lamb of God ; his gibing at heaven (the haven where my deceased brother is arrived), with a deep cut out of his grammar rules, *Astra petit disertus* : the very stars are scars where he listeth : and a hundred such and such particularities, that require some larger discourse, shew him to be a young man of the *greenest* spring, as beardless in judgment as in face, and as *pennyless* in wit as in purse. It is the least of his famous adventures that he undertaketh to be *Green's advocate* : as divine Plato assayed to defend Socrates at the bar : and I know not whether it be the least of his doughty exploits that he salveth his friend's credit as that excellent disciple saved his master's life.

He may declare his dear affection to his paramour ; or his pure honesty to the world ; or his constant zeal to play the devil's orator : but no apology of GREEN, like *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit* : and when NASH will indeed accomplish a work of *Supererogation*, let him publish NASH's *Pennyworth of Discretion*. If he be learned or wiser than other in so large an assize as should appear by the report of his own mouth, it is the better for him ; but it were not amiss he should sometime look back to the budget of ignorance and folly that hangeth behind him ; as otherwhiles he condescendeth to glance at the satchel of his grammar books.

Calumny, and her cousin-german Impudency, will not always hold out rubbers: and they need not greatly brag of their harvest that make phantasy the root, vanity the stalk, folly the ear, penury the crop, and shame the whole substance of their studies. To be overbold with one or two, is something: to be saucy with many, is much: to spare few or none, is odious: to be impudent with all, is intolerable. There were fair play enough, though foul play were debarred: but boys, fools, and knaves take all in snuff, when the variance might be debated in the language of courtesy; and nothing but horseplay will serve where the colt is disposed to play the jade. Did I list to persecute him in his own vein, or were I not restrained with respective terms of divine and civil moderation; O Aretin, how pleurably might I canvas the bawling cur in a tossing sheet of paper; or, O Gryson, who could more easily discover a new art of riding a headstrong beast? But that which Nash accounteth the bravery of his wit, and the double crest of his style, I am in discretion to cut off; and in modesty yield it his only glory to have the foulest mouth that I ever saw, and the strongest breath that I ever felt.

When witty girding faileth, as it pitifully faileth in every page of that *Supererogatory* work; Lord, what odious baggage, what rascal stuff, what villanous trumpery filleth up the leaf; and how egregiously would he play the vengeable sycophant, if the conveyance of his art or wit were in any measure of proportion correspondent to his pestilent stomach? But in the fellest fit of his fury, even when he runneth upon me with openest mouth, and his spite, like a poisonous toad, swelleth in the full, as if some huge tympany of wit would presently possess his brain; or some horrible fiery spright would fly in my face and blast me to nothing: then good Dick Tarleton is dead, and nothing alive but cat's meat and dog's meat enough. Nay, were it not that he had dealt politickly in providing himself an authentical surety, or rather a mighty protector at a

pinch, such a devoted friend and inseparable companion as Eneas was to Achates, Pylades to Orestes, Diomedes to Ulysses, Achilles to Patroclus, and Hercules to Theseus, doubtless he had been utterly undone.

Compare old and new histories, of far and near countries, and you shall find the late manner of sworn brothers, to be no new fashion, but an ancient guise, and heroical order ; devised for necessity, continued for security, and maintained for profit and pleasure. In bravest actions, in weightiest negotiations, in hardest distresses, in how many cases one man nobody ; and a daily friend as necessary as our daily bread. No treasure more precious, no bond more indefeasible, no castle more impregnable, no force more invincible, no truth more infallible, no element more needful than an entire and assured associate, ever prest as well in calamity to comfort, or in adversity to relieve, as in prosperity to congratulate, or in advancement to honour.

Life is sweet, but not without sweet society : and an inward affectionate friend (as it were another the same, or a second self), the very life of life, and the sweet heart of the heart. Nash is learned, and knoweth his Leripup. Where was Euryalus, there was Nisus ; where Damon, there Pythias ; where Scipio, there Lælius ; where Apollonius, there Damides ; where Proclus, there Archiadas ; where Pyrocles, there Musidorus ; where Nash, there his Nisus, his Pythias, his Lælius, his Damides, his Archiadas, his Musidorus, his indivisible companion, with whose puissant help he conquereth wheresoever he rangeth. Nay, Homer not such an author for Alexander, nor Xenophon for Scipio, nor Virgil for Augustus, nor Justin for Marcus Aurelius, nor Livy for Theodosius Magnus, nor Cæsar for Selymus, nor Philip de Comines for Charles the Fifth, nor Machiavel for some late princes, nor Aretin for some late courtesans, as his author for him ; the sole author of renowned victory.

Marvel not that Erasmus hath penned the *Encomium of Folly* ;

or that so many singular learned men have laboured the commendation of the Ass: he it is that is the godfather of writers, the superintendant of the press, the muster-master of innumerable bands, the general of the great field: he and Nash will confute the world. And where is the eagle's quill that can sufficiently advance the first spoils of their new conquests? Whist, sorry pen, and be advised how thou presume above the highest pitch of thy possibility. He that hath christened so many notable authors; censured so many eloquent pens; enrolled so many worthy garrisons; and encamped so many noble and reverend lords, may be bold with me. If I be an Ass, I have company enough: and if I be no Ass, I have favour to be installed in such company. The name will shortly grow in request, as it sometime flourished in glorious Rome; and who then will not sue to be free of that honourable company? Whilst they are ridden, I desire not to be spared; when the hotspur is weary with tiring them, he will scarcely trouble himself with asking; or if he do, I may chauce acquaint him with a secret in distillation.

He that drinketh oil of pricks shall have much ado to void syrup of roses; and he that eateth nettles for provender, hath a privilege to piss upon lillies for litter. Paul's Wharf honour the memory of old John Hester, that would not stick with his friend for twenty such experiments, and would often tell me of a *Magistral Unguent* for all sores. Who knoweth not that Magistral unguent knoweth nothing; and who hath that Magistral unguent feareth no gun-shot. The confuter meant to be famous, like Poggius, that all-to-be-assed Valla, Trapezuntius, and their defendants, many learned Italians; or might have given a guess at some possible after-claps, as good as a prognostication of an after-winter. Though *Pierce Penniless* for a spirt were a rank rider, and like an errant knight overran nations with a career; yet Thomas Nash might have been advised, and in policy have spared them that in compassion favoured

him ; and were unfeignedly sorry to find his miserable estate as well in his style as in his purse, and in his wit as in his fortune. Some complexions have much ado to alter their nature ; and Nash will carry a tache of Pierce to his grave, (we have worse proverbs in English :) yet who seeth not what apparent good my letters have done him, that before overcrowd all comers and goers with like discretion, but now forsooth hath learned some few handsome terms of respect, and very mannerly beclaweth a few, that he might the more licentious besmear one. *S. Fame* give him joy of his black coal and his white chalk !

Who is not limed with some default, or who readier to confess his own imperfections, than myself? but when in professed hatred, like a mortal feudist, he hath uttered his very uttermost spite, and wholly disgorged his rancorous stomach, yet can he not so much as devise any particular action of trespass, or object any certain vice against me, but only onc grievous crime, called pumps and pantofles (which, indeed, I have worn ever since I knew Cambridge), and his own dearest heart root, pride ; which, I protest before God and man, my soul in judgment as much detesteth as my body in nature loatheth poison, or any thing abhorreth his deadly enemy, even amongst those creatures which are found fatally contrary by natural antipathy.

It is not excess, but defect of pride, that hath broken the head of some men's preferment. Aspiring minds can soar aloft : and self-conceit, with the countenance of audacity, the tongue of impudency, and the hand of dexterity, presseth boldly into the forwardest throng of the shouldering rank ; whilst discretion hath leisure to discourse, whether some deal of modesty were meeter for many that presume above their condition, and some deal of self-liking fitter for some that have felt no greater want than want of pride.

It may seem a rude disposition, that sorteth not with the quality of the age : and policy deemeth that virtue a vice, that modesty sim-

plicity, that resoluteness dissoluteness, that conformeth not itself with a supple and deft correspondence to the present time : but no such ox, in my mind, as Tarquinius Superbus ; no such calf, as Spurius Melius ; no such colt, as Publius Clodius ; no such ape, as Lucian's rhetorician, or the devil's orator. Blind ambition, a noble bayard ; proud arrogancy, a golden ass ; vain conceit, a gaudy peacock ; all bravery, that is not effectually a gay nothing.

He upbraideth me with his own good nature ; but where such an insolent braggard, or such a puffing thing, as himself ? that in magnifying his own babble, and debasing me, revileth them whose books or pantofles he is not worthy to bear. If I be an Ass, what Asses were those courteous friends, those excellent learned men, those worshipful and honourable personages, whose letters of undeserved, but singular commendation may be shewn ? What an Ass was thyself, when thou didst publish my praise amongst the notablest writers of this realm ? or what an Ass art thyself, that in the spitefullest outrage of thy maddest confutation, dost otherwhiles interlace some remembrances of more account than I can acknowledge without vanity, or desire without ambition ?

The truth is, I stand as little upon others commendations, or mine own titles, as any man in England whosoever, if there be nothing else to solicit my cause : but being so shamefully and intolerably provoked in the most villanous terms of reproach, I were indeed a notorious insensate Ass, in case I should either sottishly neglect the reputation of so worthy favourers, or utterly abandon mine own credit.

Sweet gentlemen, renowned knights, and honourable lords, be not ashamed of your letters, imprinted or written. If I live, seeing I must either live in *tenebris* with obloquy, or in *luce* with proof, by the leave of God I will prove myself no Ass. I speak not only to M. Bird, M. Spenser, or Monsieur Bodin, whom he nothing regardeth (yet I would his own learning or judgment were any way match-

able with the worst of the three), but, amongst a number of sundry other learned and gallant gentlemen, to M. Thomas Watson, a notable poet; to M. Thomas Hatcher, a rare antiquary; to M. Daniel Rogers of the court; to Doctor Griffin Floyd, the queen's professor of law at Oxford; to Doctor Peter Baro, a professor of divinity in Cambridge; to Doctor Bartholomew Clark, late Dean of the Arches; to Doctor William Lewen, judge of the prerogative court; to Doctor John Thomas Freigius, a famous writer of Germany; to Sir Philip Sidney; to M. Secretary Wilson; to Sir Thomas Smith; to Sir Walter Mildmay; to my Lord the Bishop of Rochester; to my Lord Treasurer; to my Lord the Earl of Leicester:—unto whose worshipful and honourable favours I have been exceedingly beholden for letters of extraordinary commendation; such as some of good experience have doubted whether they ever vouchsafed the like unto any of either university.

I beseech God I may deserve the least part of their good opinion, either in effectual proof, or in dutiful thankfulness: but how little soever I presume of mine own sufficiency (he that knoweth himself hath small cause to conceive any high hope of low means), as in reason I was not to flatter myself with their bountiful commendation, so in judgment I am not to aggrieve myself with the odious detraction of this pestilent libeller, or any like despiteous slanderer; but in patience am to digest the one with moderation, as in temperance I qualified the other with modesty. Some would say, what is the peevish grudge of one beggarly rake-hell, to so honourable liking of so many excellent, and some singular men? But God in heaven teach me to take good by my adversaries' invective, and no harm by my favourers' approbation. It is neither the one nor the other that deserveth evil or well, but the thing itself that edifieth; without which, praise is smoke; and with which, dispraise is fire. Let me enjoy that essential point; and hawk, or hunt, or fish after praise, you that list. Many contumelious and more glorious reports have passed from enemies and

friends without cause, or upon small occasion; that is the only infamy, that cannot acquit itself from guiltiness; and that the only honour; that is grounded upon desert. Other winds of defamation want matter to uphold it; and other shadows of glory lack a body to support it. In unhappiness they are happy, of whose bad amounteth good; and in happiness they unhappy, whose good proveth bad: as glory eftsoons followeth them that fly from it, and flieth from them that follow it. There is a term probatory that will not lie; and commendations are never authentical until they be signed with the seal of approved desert, the only infallible testimonial. Desert (maugre envy, the companion of virtue), Socrates' highway to honour, and the total sum of Osorius *De Gloria*.

I will not enter into Machiavel's Discourses, Jovius' Elogies, Cardan's Nativities, Cosmopolite's Dialogues, or later histories in divers languages; but some worthily continue honourable whom they make dishonourable, and contrarywise. Reason hath an even hand, and dispenseth to every one his right; art amplifieth or extenuateth at occasion; the residue is the liberality of the pen, or the poison of the ink: in logic, sophistry; in law, injury; in history, a fable; in divinity, a lie. Horace, a sharp and sententious poet, after his pithy manner, compriseth much in few words:

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,
Quem nisi mendacem, et mendosum?

For mine own part, I am reasonably resolute both ways, and stand afraid of fantastical discredit, as I esteem imaginative credit, or a contemplative banquet. It fitteth not with the profession of a philosopher, or the constancy of a man, to carry the mind of a child, or a youth, or a woman, or a slave, or a tyrant, or a beast. That resteth not in my power to reform or alter, I were very unwise if I should not endure with patience, mitigate with reason, and condemn with pleasure. Only I can be content, in certain behoveful respects, to yield a piece of satisfaction unto some that require it in affectionate terms: and what honest mind, in case of mortality,

hath not a care how the posterity may be informed of him? Other reasons I have elsewhere assigned; and am here to present a vow to humility, in detestation of that which my disposition abhorreth.

As for his lewd supposals, and imputations of counterfeit praises, without any probability of circumstances, or the least suspicion, but in his own vengeable malicious head, the common forge of pestilent surmises and arrant slanders, they are, like my imprisonment in the Fleet, of his strong phantasy, and do but imitate his own skill in falsifying of evidence, and suborning of witnesses to his purpose. He museth as he useth; and the good wife, his mother, would never have sought her daughter in the oven, if herself had not been well acquainted with such shifts of cunning conveyance. He was never a non-proficient in good matters; and hath not studied his fellow's art of coney-catching for nothing. Examine the printer's gentle preamble before the supplication to the devil, and tell me in good sooth, by the verdict of the touchstone, whether Pierce Penniless commended Pierce Penniless, or no; and whether that sorry praise of the author, Thomas Nash, be not loathsome from the mouth of the printer Thomas Nash. In conjectural causes I am not to avouch any thing, and I mentioned not any such supposition before: but the tenour of the style, and, as it were, the identity of the phrase, together with this new descant of his profound insight in forgery, may, after a sort, tell tales out of the title *De Secretis non revelandis*; and yield a certain strong savour of a vehement presumption. There is pregnant evidence enough, though I leave probable conjectures, and violent presumptions, where I found them. His life daily feedeth his style, and his style notoriously bewrayeth his life.

But what is that to me, or the world, how Nash liveth, or how the poor fellow his father hath put him to his foisting and scribbling shifts; his only *gloria patri*, when all is done. Rule thy desperate infamous pen; and be the son of a mule, or the printer's gentleman,

or what thou wilt, for me. If thou wilt needs derive thy pedigree from the noble blood of the Kilpricks, and Childeberds, kings of France, what commission have I to sit upon genealogies, or to call nobility in question? If thou beest disposed to speak as thou livest, and to live like Tonosconcleros, the famous Babylonian king, in courtesy or in policy forbear one that is not over hasty to trouble himself with troubling other. What I have heard credibly reported, I can yet be content to smother in silence, and neither threaten thee with Tyburn, nor Newgate, nor Oldgate, nor Compter, nor Fleet, nor any public penance, but wish thy amendment; and dare not be too saucy with your good qualities, lest you confute my Mastership of Art, as you have done my Doctorship of Law. Never poor Doctorship was so confuted. The best is, I dote not upon it; and would rather be actually degraded, than any way disparage the degree, or derogate from them that are worthier of it.

Rest you quiet, and I will not only not struggle with you for a title, but offer here to renounce the whole advantage of a late inquisition upon a clamorous denunciation of *S. Fame* herself, who presumed she might be as bold to play the blab with you, as you were to play the sloven with her. Or if your pen be so rank that it cannot stand upon any ground but the soil of calumny, in the muck-yard of impudency, or your tongue so laxative, that it must utterly utter a great horrible deal more than all; whist a while, and for your instruction, till some pregnanter lessons come abroad, I will briefly tell you in your ear a certain familiar history of more than one or two breakfasts, wherein some eight or nine eggs, and a pound of butter, for your poor part, with God's plenty of other victuals, and wine enough poured in by quarts and pottles, was a scant pittance for an invincible stomach, two hours before his ordinary. I have read of Apicius, and the epicure's philosophy, but I perceive you mean not to be accounted a Pythagorean or a Stoic. What! gorge upon gorge, eggs upon eggs, and sack upon sack, at these

years? By'r Lady, Sir Kilprick, you must provide for a hot kitchen against you grow old, if you purpose to live Doctor Perne's or Dr. Kenol's years. Such egging and whitling may happen bring you acquainted with the triumphant chariot of rotten eggs, if you take not the better order in time, with one or two of the seven deadly sins.

I will not offend your stomach with the nice and quaint regimens of the dainty Platonists, or pure Pythagoreans: fine theurgy; too gaunt and meagre a doctrine for the devil's orator; if the art notary cannot be gotten without fasting and praying, much good itch them that have it: let fantastical or superstitious abstinence dance in the air like Aristophanes' clouds, or Apuleius' witches, your own method of those deadly sins be your Castle of Health. No remedy; you must be dieted, and let blood in the Cephalica vein of asses, fools, dolts, ideots, dunces, dodipolles, and so forth infinitely; and never trust me, if you be not as tame-tongued, and barren-witted, as other honest men of Lombardy and the Low Countries. Tush, man, I see deeper into thee than thou seest into thyself: thou hast a superficial tang of some little something, as good as nothing; and a running wit, as fisking as any fiskig, but as shallow as Trumpington ford, and as slight as the new workmanship of gewgaws to please children, or of toys to mock apes, or of trinkets to conquer savages. Only in that singular vein of Asses thou art incomparable; and such an egregious arrant fool-monger as liveth not again. She knew what she said, that intituled *Pierce* the hogshead of wit, *Penniless* the tosspot of eloquence, and *Nash* the very inventor of Asses. She it is that must broach the barrel of thy frisking conceit, and canonize the patriarch of new writers.

I will not here decipher thy unprinted packet of bawdy and filthy rhymes, in the nastiest kind; there is a fitter place for that discovery of thy foulest shame, and the whole ruffianism of thy brothel Muse, if she still prostitute her obscene ballads, and will

needs be a young courtezan of old knavery. Yet better a confuter of letters, than a confounder of manners; and better the dog's meat of Agrippa, or cat's meat of Poggius, than the swine's meat of Martial, or goat's meat of Aretine. Cannot an Italian ribald vomit out the infectious poison of the world, but an English horrel-lorrel must lick it up for a restorative, and attempt to putrify gentle minds with the vilest imposthumes of lewd corruption? Fie on impure Ganymedes, Hermaphrodites, Neronists, Messalinists, Dodecomechanists, Capricians, Inventors of new, or Revivers of old lecheries, and the whole brood of venereous libertines, that know no reason but appetite, no law but lust, no humanity but villany, no divinity but atheism. Such riotous and incestuous humours would be lanced, not feasted; the devil is eloquent enough to play his own orator; his dam, an old bawd, wanteth not the brokage of a young poet. Wanton sprites were always busy; and Duke Allocer, on his lusty cock-horse, is a whot familiar. The sons of Adam, and the daughters of Eve, have no need of the serpent's carouse to set them a-gog. Sodom still burneth; and although fire from Heaven spare Gomorrah, yet Gomorrah still consumeth itself.

Even amorous sonnets, in the gallantest and sweetest civil vein, are but dainties of a pleasurable wit, or junkets of a wanton liver, or buds of an idle head; whatsoever sprouteth farther would be lopped. Petrarch's invention is pure love itself; and Petrarch's elocution pure beauty itself. His Laura was the Daphne of Apollo, not the Thisbe of Pyramus; a delicious Sappho, not a lascivious Lais; a saving Hester, not a destroying Helena; a nymph of Diana, not a courtezan of Venus. Aretine's Muse was an egregious bawd, and a haggish witch of Thessalia; but Petrarch's verse a fine lover, that learneth of Mercury to exercise his fairest gifts in a fair subject, and teacheth wit to be enamoured upon beauty; as quicksilver embraceth gold, or as virtue affecteth honour, or as astronomy.

gazeth upon heaven, to make art more excellent by contemplation of excellentest nature. Petrarch was a delicate man, and with an elegant judgment gratuitously confined love within the limits of honour, wit within the bounds of discretion, eloquence within the terms of civility, as, not many years sithence, an English Petrarch did, a singular gentleman and a sweet poet, whose verse singeth as valour might speak, and whose ditty is an image of the sun vouchsafing to represent his glorious face in a cloud.

What speak I of one or two English paragons? or what should I blazon the gallant and brave metres of Ariosto and Tasso, always notable, sometimes admirable? All the noblest Italian, French, and Spanish poets, have in their several veins Petrarchised; that is, loved wittily, not grossly; lived civilly, not lewdly; and written deliciously, not wantonly. And it is no dishonour for the daintiest or divinest Muse to be his scholar, whom the amiablest invention, and beautifulest elocution, acknowledge their master. All posterity honour Petrarch, that was the harmony of heaven, the life of poetry, the grace of art, a precious tablet of rare conceits, and a curious frame of exquisite workmanship; nothing but neat wit, and refined eloquence. Were the amorous Muse of my enemy such a lively spring of sweetest flowers; and such a living harvest of ripest fruits, I would abandon other loves, to dote upon that most lovely Muse, and would debase the diamond in comparison of the most diamond Muse.

But out upon rank and loathsome ribaldry, that putrifieth where it should purify, and presumeth to deflower the most flourishing wits with whom it consorteth, either in familiarity or by favour. One Ovid was too much for Rome; and one *Greene* too much for London; but one *Nash* more intolerable than both: not because his wit is any thing comparable, but because his will is more outrageous. Ferrara could scarcely brook Manardus, a poisonous physician; Mantua hardly bear Pomponatius, a poisonous philoso-

pher ; Florence more hardly tolerate Machiavel, a poisonous politician ; Venice most hardly endure Aretine, a poisonous ribald : had they lived in absolute monarchies, they would have seemed utterly insupportable. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Polony, Bohemia, Hungary, Moscovy, are no soils of any such wits. But neither France, nor Spain, nor Turkey, nor any puissant kingdom, in one or other monarchy of the old or new world, could ever abide any such pernicious writers, depravers of common discipline.

England, since it was England, never bred more honourable minds, more adventurous hearts, more valorous hands, or more excellent wits, than of late : it is enough for Filly-folly to intoxicate itself, though it be not suffered to defile the land, which the water environeth, the earth enricheth, the air ensweeteneth, and the heaven blesseth. The bounteous graces of God are sown thick, but come up thin ; corruption had little need to be fostered ; wantonness will be a nurse, a bawd, a poet, a legend to itself ; virtue hath much ado to hold out inviolably her purposed course ; resolution is a forward fellow, and valour a brave man ; but affections are infectious, and appetite must sometime have his swing. Were appetite a loyal subject to reason, and will an affectionate servant to wisdom, as labour is a dutiful vassal to commodity, and travel a flying post to honour ; oh heavens, what exploits of worth, or rather what miracles of excellency might be achieved in an age of policy, and a world of industry !

The date of idle vanities is expired ; away with these scribbling paltries ; there is another Sparta in hand, that indeed requireth Spartan temperance, Spartan frugality, Spartan exercise, Spartan valiancy, Spartan perseverance, Spartan invincibility ; and hath no wanton leisure for the comedies of Athens, nor any bawdy hours for the songs of Priapus, or the rhymes of Nash. Had he begun to Aretinize when Elderton began to ballad, Gascoigne to sonnet, Turbervile to madrigal, Drant to versify, or Tarleton to extem-

porise; some part of his fantastical bibble-babbles, and capricious pangs, might have been tolerated in a green and wild youth; but the wind is changed, and there is a busier pageant upon the stage. M. Ascham's *Toxophilus* long sithence shot a fairer mark; and M. Gascoigne himself, after some riper experience, was glad to try other conclusions in the Low Countries, and bestowed an honourable commendation upon Sir Humphrey Gilbert's gallant discourse of a discovery for a new passage to the East Indies.

But read the report of the worthy Western discoveries, by the said Sir Humphrey Gilbert; the report of the brave West Indian voyage by the conduction of Sir Francis Drake; the report of the horrible Septentrional discoveries, by the travel of Sir Martin Forbisher; the report of the politic discovery of Virginia by the colony of Sir Walter Raleigh; the report of sundry other famous discoveries and adventures, published by M. Richard Hackluit, in one volume, a work of importance; the report of the hot welcome of the terrible Spanish Armada to the coast of England, that came in glory, and went in dishonour; the report of the redoubted voyage into Spain and Portugal, whence the brave Earl of Essex, and the two valorous generals, Sir John Norris, and Sir Francis Drake, returned with honour; the report of the resolute encounter about the isles Azores, betwixt the Revenge of England and an Armada of Spain, in which encounter brave Sir Richard Granville most vigorously and impetuously attempted the extremest possibilities of valour and fury.

For brevity I overskip many excellent tracts of the same or the like nature; but read these, and M. William Borrowghes' notable discourse of the Variation of the Compass or magnetical needle, annexed to the new Attractive of Robert Norman, hydrographer; unto which two England in some respects is as much beholden, as Spain unto Martin Cortes, and Peter de Medina, for the Art of Navigation: and when you have observed the course of

industry, examined the antecedents and consequents of travel, compared English and Spanish valour, measured the forces of both parties, weighed every circumstance of advantage, considered the means of our assurance, and finally found profit to be our pleasure, provision our security, labour our honour, warfare our welfare: who of reckoning can spare any lewd or vain time for corrupt pamphlets; or who of judgment will not cry, away with these paltering fiddle-faddles?

When Alexander, in his conquerous expeditions, visited the ruins of Troy, and revolved in his mind the valiant acts of the heroical worthies there achieved, one offered to bring his majesty the harp of Paris. "Let it alone," quoth he, "it is the harp of Achilles that must serve my turn." Paris upon his harp sang voluptuous and lascivious carols; Achilles' harp was an instrument of glory, and a choir of divine hymns consecrated to the honour of valorous captains and mighty conquerors. He regarded not the dainty Lydian, Ionian, or Eolian melody, but the brave Dorian, and impetuous Phrygian music; and waged Zenophantus to inflame and enrage his courage with the furious notes of battle. One Alexander was a thousand examples of prowess; but Pyrrhus, the redoubted king of the Epirots, was another Alexander in tempestuous execution; and in a most noble resolution contemned the vanities of un noble pastimes, insomuch, that when one of his barons asked his majesty, whether of the two musicians, Charisius or Python, pleased his highness better: "Whether of the two," quoth Pyrrhus, "marry, Polysperces shall go for my money." He was a brave captain for the eye, and a fit musician for the ear of Pyrrhus. Happy Polysperces, that served such a master; and happy Pyrrhus, that commanded such a servant.

Were some demanded, whether Greene's or Nash's pamphlets were better penned, I believe they would answer, Sir Roger Williams's Discourse of War, for militare doctrine in esse; and M.

Thomas Digges' *Stratiotics*, for militare discipline in esse. And whiles I remember the princely care of Gelo, a famous tyrant of Sicily (many tyrants of Sicily were very politic), that commanded his great horse to be brought into the banquetting-house, where other lords called for the harp, other knights for the waits, I cannot forget the gallant discourse of Horsemanship, penned by a rare gentleman, M. John Asteley, of the Court, whom I dare entitle our English Xenophon; and marvel not, that Pietro Bizzaro, a learned Italian, proposeth him for a perfect pattern of Castilio's Courtier. And thinking upon worthy M. Asteley, I cannot overpass the like labour of good M. Thomas Blundevil, without due commendation; whose painful and skilful books of Horsemanship deserve also to be registered in the catalogue of Xenophontian works.

What should I speak of the two brave knights, Musidorus and Pyrocles, combined in one excellent knight, Sir Philip Sidney; at the remembrance of whose worthy and sweet virtues, my heart melteth? Will you needs have a written Palace of Pleasure, or rather a printed court of honour? Read the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*, a gallant legendary, full of pleasurable accidents, and profitable discourses; for three things especially very notable: for amorous courting (he was young in years), for sage counselling (he was ripe in judgment), and for valorous fighting (his sovereign profession was arms:) and delightful pastime by way of pastoral exercises, may pass for the fourth. He that will love, let him learn to love of him that will teach him to live, and furnish him with many pithy and effectual instructions, delectably interlaced by way of proper descriptions of excellent personages, and common narrations of other notable occurrences, in the vein of Sallust, Livy, Cornelius Tacitus, Justin, Eutropius; Philip de Comines, Guicciardine, and the most sententious historians that have powdered their style with the salt of discretion, and seasoned their judgment with the leaven of experience.

There want not some subtle stratagems of importance, and some politic secrets of privity: and he that would skilfully and bravely manage his weapon with a cunning fury, may find lively precepts in the gallant examples of his valiantest duellists, especially of Palladius and Daiphantus, Zelmane and Amphialus, Phalantus and Amphialus; but chiefly of Argalus and Amphialus, Pyrocles and Anaxius, Musidorus and Amphialus, whose lusty combats may seem heroical monomachies. And that the valour of such redoubted men may appear the more conspicuous and admirable by comparison and interview of their contraries, smile at the ridiculous encounters of Dametas and Dorus, of Dametas and Clinias; and ever when you think upon Dametas, remember the confuting champion, more surquidrous than Anaxius, and more absurd than Dametas: and if I should always hereafter call him Dametas, I should fit him with a name as naturally proper unto him as his own.

Gallant gentlemen, you that honour virtue, and would enkindle a noble courage in your minds to every excellent purpose, if Homer be not at hand (whom I have often termed the prince of poets, and the poet of princes), you may read his furious Iliads and cunning Odysseys, in the brave adventures of Pyrocles and Musidorus, where Pyrocles playeth the doughty fighter, like Hector or Achilles; Musidorus, the valiant captain, like Pandarus or Diomedes; both the famous errant knights, like Encas or Ulysses. Lord, what would himself have proved in fine, that was the gentleman of courtesy, the esquire of industry, the knight of valour, at those years? Live ever, sweet Book, the silver image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world, that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, the honey bee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art, the pith of moral and intellectual virtues, the arm of Bellona in the field, the tongue of Suada in the chamber, the spirit of practise in esse, and the paragon of excellency in print.

And now, whilst I consider what a trumpet of honour Homer hath been, to stir up many worthy princes, I cannot forget the worthy prince that is a Homer to himself, a golden spur to nobility, a sceptre to virtue, a verdure to the spring, a sun to the day; and that not only translated the two divine poems of Salustius du Bartas, his heavenly Urania, and his Hellish Furies, but hath read a most valorous martial lecture unto himself in his own victorious Lepanto, a short but heroical work, in metre, but royal metre, fit for David's harp. Lepanto, first the glory of Christendom against the Turk, and now the garland of a sovereign crown. When young kings have such a care of their flourishing prime, and, like Cato, are ready to render an account of their vacant hours, as if April were their July, and May their August, how should gentlemen of years employ the golden talent of their industry and travel? with what fervency, with what vigour, with what zeal, with what incessant and indefatigable endeavour? Fie upon fooleries; there be honourable works to do, and notable works to read. The aforementioned Bartas (whom elsewhere I have styled the treasurer of humanity, and the jeweller of divinity), for the highness of his subject, and the majesty of his verse, nothing inferior unto Dante (whom some Italians prefer before Virgil or Homer), a right inspired and enravished poet, full of chosen, grave, profound, venerable, and stately matter, even in the next degree to the sacred and reverend style of heavenly Divinity itself. In a manner the only poet, whom Urania hath vouchsafed to laureate with her own heavenly hand; and worthy to be alleged of divines and counsellors, as Homer is quoted of philosophers and orators. Many of his solemn verses are oracles; and one Bartas, that is, one French Solomon, more weighty in stern and mighty counsel, than the seven sages of Greece. Never more beauty in vulgar languages; but his style addeth favour and grace to beauty, and, in a goodly body, representeth a puissant soul. How few verses carry such a personage of state? or

how few arguments such a spirit of majesty? Or where is the divine instinct that can sufficiently commend such a volume of celestial inspiration? What a judgment hath the noble youth, the harvest of the spring, the sap of Apollo's tree, the diadem of the Muses, that leaveth the enticingest flowers of delight, to reap the maturest fruits of wisdom?

Happy plants, that speedily shew forth their generous nature; and a sovereign good possesseth those worthy minds, that suffer not their affections to be inveigled or entangled with any unworthy thought. Great exercises become great personages; as the magnet approveth his nobility in commanding iron and taming the sea: baser or meaner pastimes belong unto meaner persons; as jet discovereth his gentry in drawing chaff, hairs, and such trifles. A meet quality for jet, or a pretty feat for amber, to juggle chaff, festues, or the like weighty burdens; but excellent minds are employed like the noble Magnes, and ever conversant either in effecting, or in pursuing, or in penning excellent works.

It were an impossible attempt to do right unto the great captain, Monsieur de la Noë, and the brave soldier, the French king himself, two terrible thunderbolts of war, and two impetuous whirlwinds of the field, whose writings are like their actions, a resolute, effectual, valiant, politic, vigorous, full of aëry and fiery spirit, honourable, renowned wheresoever valour hath a mouth or virtue a pen. Could the warly horse speak, as he can run and fight, he would tell them they are hot knights; and could the bloody sword write, as it can shear, it would dedicate a volume of fury unto the one, and a monument of victory unto the other. Albeit, men should be malicious or forgetful, (spite is malicious, and ingratitude forgetful) yet prowess hath a cloven tongue, and teacheth admiration, in fiery language, to plead the glorious honour of improved valiancy.

Some accuse their destiny; but blessed key that openeth such locks, and lucky, most lucky fortune, that yieldeth such virtue.

Brave chivalry, a continual witness of their valour and terribility in war; and gallant industry, the daily bread of their life in peace or truce. Report, shining Sun, the day's work of the king, and burning Candle, relate his night's study; and both rid me of an endless labour; for who ever praised the wonders of heaven?

And what an infinite course were it, to run through the particular commendations of the famous redoubted actors, or the notable pregnant writers of this age, even in the most puissant heroical, and Argonautical kind?

Nimble Entelechy hath been a stranger in some countries; albeit, a renowned citizen of Greece, and a free denizen of Italy, Spain, France, and Germany; but welcome the most natural inhabitant of the world; the sail of the ship, the flight of the bow, the shot of the gun, the wing of the eagle, the quintessence of the mind, the course of the sun, the motion of the heavens, the influence of the stars, the heat of the fire, the lightness of the air, the swiftness of the wind, the stream of the water, the fruitfulness of the earth, the singularity of this age; and thank thy most vigorous self for so many precious works of divine fury and powerable consequence, respectively comparable with the richest treasures and bravest armories of antiquity. Thrice happy, or rather a thousand times happy creature, that with most advantage of all honourable opportunities, and with the extremest possibility of his whole powers, inward or outward, employeth the most excellent excellency of human or divine nature.

Other secrets of nature and art deserve an high reputation in their several degrees, and may challenge a sovereign entertainment in their special kinds; but Entelechy is the mystery of mysteries under heaven, and the head-spring of the powerfulest virtues that divinity infuseth, humanity embraceth, philosophy admireth, wisdom practiseth, industry improveth, valour extendeth; or he conceived, that conceiving the wonderful faculties of the mind, and

astonished with the incredible force of a ravished and enthusiastical spirit, in a profound contemplation of that elevate and transcendent capacity, (as it were a deep ecstasy or seraphical vision,) most pathetically cried out, *O magnum miraculum Homo*. No marvel, O great miracle! and oh, most powerful Entelechy! though thou seemest a pilgrim to Dametas, that art the familiar spirit of Musidorus; and what wonder, though he impeach thy estimation, that despiseth the graces of God, flouteth the constellations of heaven, frumpeth the operations of nature, mocketh the effectualest and availablest arts, disdaineth the name of industry or honesty, scorneth whatsoever may appear virtuous, fawneth only upon his own conceits, claweth only his own favourites, and quippeth, bourdeth, girdeth, asseth the excellentest writers of whatsoever note, that tickle not his wanton sense. Nothing memorable or remarkable with him, that feasteth not the riotous appetite of the ribald, or the humorous conceit of the phantast. It is his *S. Fame*, to be the infamy of learning; his reformation, to be the corruption of his reader; his felicity, to be the misery of youth; his health, to be the scurf of the city, the scab of the university, the bile of the realm; his salvation, to be the damnation of whatsoever is termed good or accounted honest.

Sweet gentlemen and flourishing youths, ever aim at the right line of art and virtue; of the one for knowledge, of the other for valour; and let the crooked rectify itself. Resolution wandereth not like an ignorant traveller, but in every enterprise, in every affair, in every study, in every cogitation, levelleth at some certainty; and always hath an eye to use, an ear to good report, a regard to worth, a respect to assurance, and a reference to the end. He that erreth, erreth against truth and himself; and he that sinneth, sinneth against God and himself: he is none of my charge; it sufficeth me to be the curate of mine own actions, the master of mine own passions, the friend of my friends, the pitier of my enemies, the lover of good wits and honest minds, the affectionate servant of arts and

virtues, the humble orator of noble valour, the commender of the foresaid honourable writings, or any commendable works:

Reason is no man's tyrant, and duty every man's vassal that deserveth well. Would this pen were worthy to be the slave of the worthiest actors, or the bondman of the above mentioned, and the like important authors. Such mercurial and martial discourses in the active and chivalrous vein, plead their own eternal honour, and write everlasting shame in the forehead of a thousand frivolous, and ten thousand phantastical pamphlets. I would to Christ some of them were but idle toys, or vain trifles; but impurity never presumed so much of impunities; and licentious folly by privilege, lewd ribaldry by permission, and rank villany by connivance, are become famous authors; not in a popular state, or a petty principality, but in a sovereign monarchy, that tendereth politic government, and is to fortify itself against foreign hostility.

If wisdom say not, fie, for shame; authority take not other order in convenient time; who can tell what general plague may ensue of a special infection? or when the king's evil is past cure, who can say, we will now heal it? The baddest weed groweth fastest; and no gangrene so pregnantly dispreadeth as riot. And what riot so pestiferous as that which in sugared baits presenteth most poisonous hooks? Sir Skelton and Master Scoggin were but innocents to Signior Capricio and Monsieur Madness; whose pestilent canker scorneth all the medicine of earth or heaven.

My writing is but a private note for the public advertisement of some few; whose youth asketh instruction, and whose frailty needeth admonition. In the cure of a canker it is a general rule with surgeons, it never perfectly healeth, unless the roots and all be utterly extirped, and the flesh regenerate. But the soundest principle is, *principiis obsta*; and it goeth best with them that never knew what a canker or leper meant.

I still hoped for some grafts of better fruit; but this grand confuter of my letters, and all honesty, still proceedeth from worse

to worse, from the wilding tree to the withy, from the dog to the goat, from the eat to the swine, from Primrose Hill to Colman Hedge; and is so rooted in deep vanity, that there is no end of his profound folly. Which deserveth a more famous encomiastical oration, than Erasmus' renowned *Folly*; and more gloriously disdaineth any cure than the gout. I may answer his hot raving in cold terms; and convince him of what notorious falsehood or villany I can. But see the frank spirit of a full stomach; and whoever was so parlously matched? Were not my simplicity, or his omnisufficiency exceeding great, I had never been thus terribly over challenged. *Gabriel, if there be any wit or industry in thee, now I will dare it to the uttermost; write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it, and answer it. Take truth's part, and I will prove truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dung-voiding mouth; and so forth, in the braving tenor of the same redoubtable style.*

Good gentlemen, you see the sweet disposition of the man, and need no other window into the closet of his conscience but his own gloss upon his own text. Whatsoever poor I say in any matter, or in any language, albeit truth aver, and justice the same, he will flatly deny and confute, even because I say it; and only because in a frolic and doughty jollity he will have the last word of me. His grammar is his catechism; *Si ais, nego*; his stomach his dictionary in any language; and his quarrel his logic in any argument. *Lucian, Julian, Aretine, I protest were you ought else but abominable Atheists, that I would obstinately defend you, only because Laureat Gabriel articles against you.* Were there not otherwise a marvellous odds, and incomprehensible difference betwixt our abilities, he would never dare me, like a bold pandar, with such stout challenges and glorious protestations. But singular wits have a great advantage of simple men; and cunning Falsehood is a mighty confuter of plain Truth.

No such champion as he that fighteth obstinately with the target

of Confidence; and the long sword of Impudence. If any thing extraordinarily improveth valour, it is Confidence; and if any thing miraculously singulariseth wit, it is Impudence. Distrust is a natural fool, and Modesty an artificial fool; he that will exploit wonderments, and carry all before him, like a sweepstake, must have a heart of iron, a forehead of brass, and a tongue of adamant. Pelting circumstances mar brave executions: look into the proceedings of the greatest doers, and what are they more than other men but audacity and fortune?

*Audendum est aliquid, Vinculis, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquid.*

Simplicity may have a guess at the principles of the world, and Nash affecteth to seem a compound of such elements; as bold as eager, and as eager as a mad dog. He will confute me, because he will; and he can conquer me, because he can. If I come upon him with a gentle reply, he will welcome me with a fierce rejoinder; for any my brief triplication, he will provide a quadruplication, at large; and so forth, in *infinitum*, with an undauntable courage; for he sweareth *he will never leave me as long as he is able to lift a pen*. Twenty such famous depositions proclaim his doughty resolution and indefatigable hand at a pight field. Were I to begin again, or could I handsomely devise to give him the cleanly slip, I would never deal with a Sprite of Coleman-hedge, or a May lord of Primrose-hill; that hath all humours in his livery, and can put Conscience in a Vice's coat. Nay, he will achieve impossibilities; and, in contempt of my simplicity, prove truth a counterfeit, and himself a true witness of falsest lies. But Lord, that so invincible a gentleman should make so solemn account of confuting and re-confuting a person of so little worth in his valuation? Sweet man, what should you think of troubling yourself with so tedious a course, when you might so blithely have taken a quicker order, and may yet proceed more compendiously? It had been a worthy exploit, and beseem-

ing a wit of *Supererogation*, to have dipped a sop in a goblet of *Rhenish wine*, and naming it Gabriel, (for you are now grown into great familiarity with that name) to have devoured him up at one bit; or taking a *pickle-herring* by the throat and christening it *Richard*, (for you can christen him at your pleasure), to have swallowed him down with a stomach.

Did you never hear of detestable Jews, that made a picture of Christ, and then buffeted, cudgelled, scourged, crucified, stabbed, pierced, and mangled the same most unmercifully? Now you have a pattern, I doubt not but you can with a dexterity chop off the head of a dead honey-bee, and boast you have stricken John as dead as a door nail. Other spoil or victory (by the leave of the foresaid redoubted daring) will prove a busy piece of work for the son of a mule, a raw grammarian, a brabbling sophister, a counterfeit crank, a stale rakehell, a piperly rhymmer, a stump-worn railer, a dodkin author; whose two swords are like the horns of an hodmandod; whose courage, like the fury of a gad-bee; and whose surmounting bravery, like the wings of a butterfly. I take no pleasure to call thee an Ass; but thou provest thyself a haddock: and although I say not thou art a fool, yet thou wilt needs bewray thy diet, and disgorge thy stomach of the lobster and cod's head wherewith thou didst englut thyself, since thy notorious surfeit of pickle-herring and dog-fish. Thou art neither *Dorbell*, nor *Duns*, nor *Thomas of Aquine*; they were three sharp-edged and quick-scented schoolmen, full of nimble wit and intricate quiddities, in their arguing kind, especially *Duns* and *Thomas*; but by some of thy cavilling *ergos* thou shouldst seem to be the spawn of Javell, or Tartaret, and as very a crabfish at an *ergo*, as ever crawled over Carter's Logic, or the *posteriorums* of *Johannes de Lapide*.

When I look upon thy first page (as I daily behold that terrible impress for a recreation), still methinks there should come flushing out the great Atlas of logic and astronomy, that supported the orbs

of the heavens by art, or the mighty Hercules of rhetoric and poetry, that with certain marvellous fine and delicate chains drew after him the vassals of the world by the ears. But examine his subtlest *ergos*, and taste his nappiest invention, or daintiest elocution (he that hath nothing else to do may hold himself occupied); and Art will soon find the huge Behemoth of conceit to be the sprat of a pickle-herring, and the hideous Leviathan of vain-glory to be a shrimp in wit, a periwinkle in art, a dandiprat in industry, a dod-kin in value, and such a toy of toys as every right scholar hisseth at in judgment, and every fine gentleman maketh the object of his scorn. He can rail (what mad bedlam cannot rail?) but the savour of his railing is grossly fell, and smelleth noisomely of the pump, or a nastier thing. His gayest flourishes are but *Gascoigne's* weeds, or *Tarleton's* tricks, or *Greene's* cranks, or *Marlowe's* bravadoes; his jests but the dregs of common scurrility, or the shreds of the theatre, or the off-scouring of new pamphlets; his freshest nippitatie but the froth of stale inventions, long since loathsome to quick tastes; his shroving ware, but *Lenten Stuff*, like the old pickle-herring; his lustiest verdure, but rank ordure, not to be named in civility or rhetoric: his only art, and the vengeable drift of his whole cunning, to mangle my sentences, hack my arguments, chop and change my phrases, wrench my words, and hail every syllable most extremely, even to the disjoining and maiming of my whole meaning. O times! O pastimes! O monstrous knavery! The residue whatsoever hath nothing more in it than is usually in every ruffianly copesmate that hath been a grammar scholar, readeth riotous books, haunteth roisterly company, delighteth in rude scoffing, and carrieth a desperate mind.

Let him be thoroughly perused by any indifferent reader whomsoever, that can judiciously discern what is what, and will uprightly censure him according to his skill, without partiality, *pro* or *contra*; and I dare undertake he will affirm no less, upon the credit of his

judgment, but will definitively pronounce him the very baggage of new writers. I could nominate the person, that, under his handwriting, has styled him, The cockish challenger, the lewd scribbler, the offal of corruptest mouths, the draff of filthiest pens, the bag-pudding of fools, and the very pudding-pits of the wise or honest. He might have read of four notable things, which many a jolly man weeneth he hath at will, when he hath nothing less : much knowledge, sound wisdom, great power, and many friends. And he might have heard of other four special things, that work the destruction or confusion of the forwardest practitioners : a headlong desire to know much hastily, a greedy thirst to have much suddenly, an overweening conceit of themselves, and a surly contempt of other. I could, peradventure, read him his fortune in a fatal book, as verifiable as peremptory ; but I love not to insult upon misery, and destiny is a judge whose sentence needeth no other execution but itself ; no prevention but deep repentance ; an impossible remedy where deep Obstinacy is grounded, and high Presumption aspireth above the moon. Haughty minds may stye aloft, and hasten their own overthrow ; but it is not the wainscot forehead of a Rudhuddibras, that can arreare such an huge opinion, as himself in a strong conceit of a mighty conception seemeth to travel withal ; as it were with a flying Bladud attempting wonderments in the air, or a Simon Magus experimenting impossibilities from the top of the Capitol. He must either accomplish some greater work of *Supererogation* with actual achievement (that is now a principal point), or immortalize himself the proudest vain sot that ever abused the world with foppish ostentation ; not in one or two pages, but in the first, the last, and every leaf of his *Strange News*. For the end is like the beginning, the midst like both, and every part like the whole. Railing, railing, railing ; bragging, bragging, bragging ; and nothing else, but foul railing upon railing, and vain bragging upon bragging ; as rudely, grossly, odiously, filthily, beastly, as ever shamed print.

Unless he meant to set up a railing school, and to read a public lecture of bragging as the only regal professor of that, and that faculty, now other shifts begin to fail, I wonder his own mouth can abide it without many a pha! You have heard some worthy premises, behold a brave conclusion:

Await the world, the tragedy of wrath:

What next I paint, shall tread no common path:

with another double *aut* for a gallant emblem, or a glorious farewell: *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice*: subscribed, with his own hand, THOMAS NASH. Not expect, or attend, but a wait; not some few, or the city, or the university, or this land, or Europe, *but the world*; not a comedy, or a declamation, or an invective, or a satire, or any like Elenctical discourse, but a *tragedy*, and the very *tragedy of Wrath*, that shall dash the direfullest tragedies of Seneca, Euripides, or Sophocles, out of conceit. *The next piece*, not of his rhetoric, or poetry, but of his *painture*, shall *not tread* the way to Paules, or Westminster, or the Royal Exchange, but at least shall perfect the Venus' face of Apelles, or set the world an everlasting sample of inimitable artificiality.

Other men's writing, in prose or verse, may plod on as before, but *his painting* will now *tread a rare path*, and, by the way, bestow a new lesson upon rhetoric, how to continue a metaphor, or uphold an allegory with advantage. *The treading of that rare path*, by that exquisite *painting* (his works are miracles; and his *painting* can *tread*, like his dancing, or frisking, *no common, but a proper path*): who expecteth not with an attentive, a serviceable, a covetous, a longing expectation? *Await world*: and Apelles tender thy most affectionate devotion to learn a wonderful piece of curious workmanship, when it shall please his next *painting to tread the path* of his most singular singularity.

Meanwhile it hath pleased some sweet wits of my acquaintance (whom heaven hath baptized the spirits of harmony, and the Muses

have entertained for their paramours) to reacquit sonnets with sonnets, and to snib the Thrasonical rhymster with angelical metre, that may happily appear in fit place, and finely discover young Apuleius in his ramping robe; the fourth Fury in his tragical pageant, the new sprite in his proper haunt or buttery, and the confuting Devil in the horologe. One she, and two he's, have vowed they will pump *his railing inkhorn* as dry as ever was Holborn conduit; and squeeze *his cracking quill* to as empty a sponge as any in Hosier lane.

Which of you, gallant gentlemen, hath not stript *his stale jests* into their threadbare rags, or so seldom as an hundred times pitied his crest-fallen style, and his socket-worn invention? Who would have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the wit of PIERCE so starved and clunged, the conceit of an adversary so weatherbeaten and tired, the learning of a scholar so pore-blind and lame, the elocution of the devil's orator so lank, so wan, so meagre, so blunt, so dull, so foredead, so ghastly, where the masculine Fury meant to play his grisliest and horriest part? Well fare a good visage in a bad cause; or farewell hope, the kindest cozenor of forlorn hearts. The desperate mind, that assayeth impossibilities in art, must be content to speed thereafter.

When every attempt faileth in performance, and every extremity foileth the enterpriser, at last even impudency itself must be fain to give over in the plain field, and never yield credit to the word of that most credible gentlewoman, if the very brazen buckler prove not finally a notorious *Dash-Nash*. He summed all in a brief but a material sum, that called *the old Ass* the great A, and the est-Amen of the *new Supererogation*. And were I here compelled to dispatch abruptly, as I am presently called to a more commodious exercise, should I not sufficiently have discharged my task, and plentifully have commended *that famous creature*, whose praise the title of this pamphlet professeth? He that would honour Alexander,

may crown him the great A. of puissance ; but Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, divers other mighty conquerors, and even some modern worthies, would disdain to have him sceptred the est-Amen of valour.

What a brave and incomparable Alexander is that great A. that is also the est-Amen of *Supererogation*: a more miraculous and impossible piece of work than the doughtiest puissance, or worthiest valour, in the old or new world? Shall I say blessed or peerless young *Apuleius*, that from the swathing bands of his infancy in print, was suckled of the sweetest nurses, lulled of the dearest grooms, cockered of the finest minions, cowed of the daintiest paramours, hugged of the enticingest darlings, and more than tenderly tendered of the most delicious Muses, the most amiable Graces, and the most powerful Virtues of the said unmatchable great A. the grand founder of *Supererogation*, and sole patron of such meritorious clients. As for other remarkable particulars in the *Strange News*, ink is so like ink, spite so like spite, impudency so like impudency, brokage so like brokage, and *Tom Penniless* now so like *Pap-hatchet*, when the time was, that I need but overrun an old censure of the one, by way of a new application to the other. The notes of Martinisme appertain unto those whom they concern. *Pierce* would laugh to be charged with Martinisme, or any religion, though *Martin* himself, for a challenging, ruffling, and railing style, not such a *Martin*. Two contraries, but two such contraries as can teach extremities to play the contraries, and to confound themselves.

Pap-hatchet, desirous, for his benefit, to curry favour with a noble Earl, and, in defect of other means of commendation, labouring to insinuate himself by smooth glosing, and counterfeit suggestions (it is a courtly feat to snatch the least occasionet of advantage with a nimble dexterity), some years since provoked me to make the best of it, inconsiderately ; to speak like a friend, unfriendly ; to say, as it was, intolerably, without private cause, or

any reason in the world (for in truth I loved him, in hope praised him, many ways favoured him, and never any way offended him); and notwithstanding that spiteful provocation, and even that odious threatening of ten years provision, he had ever passed untouched with any syllable of revenge in print, had not *Greene* and his dog-fish abominably misused the verb passive, as should appear by his procurement or encouragement, assuredly most undeserved, and most injurious. For what other quarrel could *Greene* or this dog-fish ever pick with me, whom I never so much as twitched by the sleeve, before I found myself and my dearest friends insufferably quipped in most contumelious and opprobrious terms. But now there is no remedy, have amongst you, blind harpers of the printing-house, for I fear not six hundred crowders, were all your wits assembled in one cap of vanity, or all your galls united in one bladder of choler! I have lost more labour than the transcribing of this censure, which I dedicate neither to lord nor lady, but to Truth and Equity, on whose sovereign patronage I rely.

BOOK THE SECOND.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR PAP-HATCHET AND MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

PAP-HATCHET (for the name of thy good nature is pitifully grown out of request), thy old acquaintance in the Savoy, when young *Euphues* hatched the eggs that his elder friends laid (surely *Eupheus* was someway a pretty fellow : would God, *Lilly* had always been *Euphues*, and never *Pap-hatchet*), that old acquaintance, now somewhat strangely saluted with a new remembrance, is neither lullabied with thy sweet *Pap*, or scare-crowed with thy sour *Hatchet*. And although in self-conceit thou knowest not thyself, yet in experience thou mightst have known him that can unbutton thy vanity, and unlace thy folly ; but in pity spareth thy childish simplicity, that in judgment scorneth thy roisterly bravery, and never thought so basely of thee as since thou beganest to disguise thy wit, and disgrace thy art with ruffianly foolery. He winneth not most abroad, that weeneth most at home ; and, in my poor fancy, it were not greatly amiss, even for the pertest and gayest companions (notwithstanding whatsoever courtly holy water, or plausible hopes of preferment) to deign their old familiars the continuance of their former courtesies, without contempt of the barrenest gifts, or impeachment of the meanest persons. The simplest man in a parish is a shrewd fool ; and humanity an image of divinity, that pulleth down the haughty, and setteth up the meek. *Euphues*, it is good to be merry ; and *Lilly*, it is good to be wise ; and *Pap-hatchet*, it is better to lose a new jest than an old friend ; that can

cram the capon with his own *pap*, and hew down the woodcock with his own *hatchet*.

Bold men and merchant-venturers have some time good luck ; but hap-hazard hath oftentimes good leave to beshrew his own pate, and to embark the hardy fool in the famous Ship of wise men. I cannot stand nosing of candlesticks, or Euphuizing of similies, *alla Savoica* : it might happily be done with a trice : but every man hath not the gift of *Albertus Magnus* : rare birds are dainty, and they are quaint creatures that are privileged to create new creatures. When I have a mint of precious stones, and strange fowls, beasts, and fishes, of mine own coining (I could name the party, that, in comparison of his own natural inventions, termed Pliny a barren womb), I may, peradventure, bless you with your own crosses, and pay you with the usury of your own coin. In the meanwhile bear with a plain man, as plain as old *Accursius*, or *Barthol de Saxo-ferrato*, that will make his censure good upon the carrion of thy unsavoury and stinking pamphlet ; a fit book to be joined with Scoggin's works, or the French Mirror of Madness. The very title discovereth the wisdom of the young man, as an old fox not long since bewrayed himself by the flap of his tail ; and a lion, they say, is soon descried by his paw, a cock by his comb, a goat by his beard, an ass by his ear, a wise man by his tale, an artist by his terms.

Pap with an Hatchet ; alias, a Fig for my Godson ;

or, crack me this Nut ; or, a country Cuff ;

that is, a sound Box of the Ear, et cætera.

Written by one that dares call a Dog a Dog.

*Imprinted by John Anoke, and John Astile, for the Bayly
of Withernam. Cum privilegio perennitatis.*

*And are to be sold at the sign of the Crab-tree Cudgel in
Thwack-coat Lane.*

What devise of *Martin*, or what invention of any other, could have set a fairer oriental star upon the forehead of that foul libel! Now you see the brand, and know the blackamore by his face; turn over the leaf, and by the witness of his first sentence aim at the rest. Milk is like milk, honey like honey, Pap like pap, and he like himself: in the whole a notable ruffler, and in every part a doughty braggard. *Room for a roister; so, that's well said; itch a little further for a good fellow: now have at you all, my gaffers of the railing religion; 'tis I that must take you a peg lower. He makes such a splinter run into your wits: and so forth, in the same lusty tenour.* A very artificial beginning to move attention, or to procure good liking in the reader, unless he wrote only to roister-doisters, and haeksters, or at least to jesters and vices. Oh, but in his preamble to the indifferent reader, he approveth himself a marvellous discreet and modest man, of the soberest sort, were he not provoked in conscience to answer contrary to his nature and manner. You may see how grave men may be made light to defend the church. I perceive they were wise, that, at riotous times, when youth was wantonest, and knavery lustiest, as in Christmas, at Shrovetide, in May, at the end of harvest, and by such wild fits, created a certain extraordinary officer, called a Lord of Misrule, as a needful governor or dictator, to set things in order, and to rule unruly people, with whom otherwise there were no Ho! So, when Revel-rout beginneth to be a current author, or Hurly-burly a busy promoter, *room for a roister*, that will bore them through the noses with a cushion, that will bung up their mouths with a collyrium of all the stale jests in a country, that will suffer none to play the Rex but himself. For that is the very depth of his plot; and who ever began with more roisterly terms, or proceeded with more ruffianly scoffs, or concluded with more hair-brained tricks, or wearied his reader with more thread-bare jests, or tired himself with more weather-beaten cranks? What scholar, or gentleman, can read such alehouse and tinkery stuff without blushing?

They were much deceived in him at Oxford and in the Savoy, when Master Absalon lived, that took him only for a dapper and deft companion, or a pert conceited youth, that had gathered together a few pretty sentences, and could handsomely help young *Euphues* to an old *simile*, and never thought him any such mighty doer at the sharp. Bur. *I'le, I'le, I'le*, is a parlous fellow at a *hatchet*; *he's like death, he'll spare none; he'll show them an Irish trick; he'll make them weep Irish; he's good at the sticking blow; his posie, what care I? Vie stabs*, good ecclesiastical learning in his Apology, and good christian charity in his Homily. Muster his arrant braverics together, and where such a terrible kill-cow, or such a vengeable bull-beggar, to deal withal? O dreadful double V, that carriest the double stoccado in thy pen, what a double stabber wouldst thou be, were thy hands as tall a fellow as thy heart, or thy wits as lusty a lad as thy mind? Other good fellows may tell tales of Gawin: thou art Sir Gawin revived, or rather terror in person. Yet shall I put a bean into Gawin's rattling scull, and tell thee where thy slashing long sword cometh short? Thou professest railing, and emprovest thyself in very deed an egregious railer, as disdaining to yield unto any he or she scold of this age. But what saith my particular analysis? Double V is old excellent at his *cornucopiæ*; and I warrant you never to seek in his horn-book, but debar those same whoreson tales of a tub, and put him beside his horning, gaming, fooling, and knaving, and he is nobody but a few pilfered *similies*, a little pedantical Latin; and the highest pitch of his wit bull's motion, *alias* the hangman's apron. His rhyme, forestalled by *Elderton*, that hath ballads lying a-steep in ale; his reason, by a Cambridge wag, a twigging sophister, that will *ergo* Martin into an ague, and concludeth peremptorily: therefore Tyburn must be furred with Martins. Nothing left for the third disputer, but railing through all the moods and figures of knavery, as they come fresh and fresh to his hand. All three jump *in eodem tertio*: nothing but a certain exercise termed hanging will serve their turn: (if it be his

destiny, what remedy?) they must draw cuts who shall play the hangman; and that is the argument of the tragedy, and the very *pap* of the *hatchet*. These are yet all the common places of his great paper book, and the whole inventory of his wit, though in time he may haply learn to play at nine-hole nidgets, or to canvas a livery flowt through all the predicaments of the four and twenty orders.

When I first took a glancing view of *Ple, Ple, Ple*, and durst scarcely be so hardy to look the hatchet in the face, methought his imagination was headed like a Saracen, his stomach bellied like the great globe of Orontius, and his breath like the blast of Boreas in the great map of Mercator. But when we began to renew our old acquaintance, and to shake the hands of discontinued familiarity, alas, good gentleman! his mandillion was over-cropped, his wit paunched like his wife's spindle, his art shanked like a lath, his conceit as lank as a shotten herring, and that same blustering eloquence, as bleak and wan as the picture of a forlorn lover. Nothing but pure mammaday, and a few morsels of fly-blown *Euphuisme*, somewhat nicely minced for puling stomachs. But there be painters enough, though I go roundly to work; and it is my only purpose to speak to the purpose. I long since found by experience, how *Dranting* of verses, and *Euphuing* of sentences, did edify. But had I consulted with the prognostication of *John Securis*, I might, peradventure, have saved some loose ends for afterclaps: now his nephew *Hatchet* must be content to accept of such spare entertainment as he findeth.

It was *Martin's* folly to begin that cutting vein: some other's oversight to continue it, and double V's triumph to set it agog. If the world should applaud to such roister-doisterly vanity (as Impudency hath been prettily suffered to set up the crest of his vain-glory), what good could grow of it, but to make every man mad-brained and desperate; but a general contempt of all good order in.

saying or doing ; but an universal topsy-turvy ? He were a very simple orator, a more simple politician, and a most simple divine, that should favour Martinizing ; but had I been *Martin* (as for a time I was vainly suspected by such mad copesmates, that can surmise any thing for their purpose, howsoever unlikely or monstrous), I would have been so far from being moved by such a fantastical confuter, that it should have been one of my May-games, or August-triumphs, to have driven officials, commissaries, archdeacons, deans, chancellors, suffragans, bishops, and archbishops (so *Martin* would have flourished at the least), to entertain such an odd light-headed fellow for their defence ; a professed jester, a hick-scorner, a scoff-master, a play-monger, an interluder ; once the foil of Oxford, now the stale of London, and ever the apes-clog of the press, *Cum privilegio perennitatis*.

Had it not been a better course to have followed Aristotle's doctrine, and to have confuted levity with gravity, vanity with discretion, rashness with advice, madness with sobriety, fire with water, ridiculous *Martin* with reverend *Cooper* ? especially in ecclesiastical causes, where it goeth hard, when *Scoggin*, the jovial fool, or *Skelton*, the melancholy fool, or *Elderton*, the bibbing fool, or *Will Sommer*, the choleric fool, must play the feat ; and church matters cannot be discussed without rank scurrility, and, as it were, a synod of diapason fools. Some few have a civil pleasant vein, and a dainty spleen without scandal : some such, percase, might have repaycd the Mar-prelate home to good purpose : other obscenity or vanity confuteth itself, and impeacheth the cause. As good forbear an irregular fool, as bear a fool heteroclital ; and better abide a comparative knave that pretendeth religion, than suffer a knave superlative, that setteth cock on hoop. Serious matters would be handled seriously, not upon simplicity, but upon choice ; nor to flesh or animate, but to disgrace and shame levity. A glicking *pro*, and a frumping *contra*, shall have much ado to shake

hands in the *ergo*. There is no end of girds and bobs : it is sound arguments, and grounded authorities, that must strike the definitive stroke, and decide the controversy, with mutual satisfaction. *Martin*, be wise, though *Browne* were a fool ; and, *Pap-hatchet*, be honest, though *Barrow* be a knave : it is not your heaving or hoising coil, that buildeth up the walls of the temple. Alas ! poor, miserable, desolate, most woeful Church, had it no other builders but such architects of their own fantasies, and such masons of infinite contradiction ! Time, informed by secret intelligence, or resolved by curious discovery, spareth no cost or travel, to prevent mischief ; but employeth her two worthy generals, Knowledge and Industry, to clear the coast of vagrant errors in doctrine, and to scour the sea of roving corruptions in discipline.

Rome was not reared up in one day, nor cannot be pulled down in one day. A perfect ecclesiastical discipline, or authentic policy of the church (that may avow I have neither more nor less than enough, but just the number, weight, and measure, of exact government) is not the work of one man whosoever, or of one age whatsoever ; it requireth an incredible great judgment, exceeding much reading in ecclesiastical histories, councils, decrees, laws, long and ripe practice in church causes. Platforms offer themselves to every working conceit, and a few tables or abridgments are soon dispatched ; but, whatsoever pretext may colourably be alleged, undoubtedly they attempt they know not what, and enterprize above the possibility of their reach, that imagine they can, in a pamphlet or two, contrive such an omni-sufficient and incorruptible method of ecclesiastical governments, as could not by any private meditation, or public occasion, be found out, with the study or practice of fifteen hundred years.

I am not to dispute as a professed divine, or to determine as a severe censor ; but a scholar may deliver his opinion with reason, and a friend may lend his advice at occasion, especially when he is

urged to speak, or suspected for silence. They must licence me to dissent from them that authorise themselves to disagree from so many notable and worthy men in the common reputation of so long a space. They condemn superstitious and credulous simplicity: it were a fond simplicity to defend it where it swerveth from the truth, or strayeth out of the way: but discretion can as little commend opiniative and prejudicate assertions, that strive for a needless and dangerous innovation. It is neither the excess nor the defect, but the mean that edifieth. Plato comparing Aristotle and Xenocrates together: Xenocrates, quoth he, needeth a spur; Aristotle, a bridle. And if princes or parliaments want a goad, may not subjects or admonitions want a snaffle? Is there pretence for liberty to advise the wisest, or for zeal to prick forward the highest: and no reason for prudence to curb rashness, or for authority to rein licentiousness? May judgment be hoodwinked with frivolous traditions; and cannot phantasy be inveigled with unfangled conceits? Superstition and Credulity are simple creatures: but what are contempt and tumult? What is the principal cause of this whole Numantine war but affectation of novelty without ground? If all without exception, from the very scholars of the primitive and heroical school, wanted knowledge or zeal, how rare and singular are their blessings, that have both in so plentiful and incomparable measure? Assuredly there were many excellent wits, illuminate minds, and devout souls, before them: if nothing matchable with them, what great marvel in this age? Or if they were not rightly disciplined, that lived so virtuously and christianly together, what an inestimable treasure is found, and what a clear fountain of holy life? Where are godly minds become, that they embrace not that sacred society? What ail religious hands, that they stay from building up the city of God? Can Plato's Republic, and More's Utopia, win hearts, and cannot the heavenly Hierusalem conquer souls? Can there be a greater impiety than to hinder the rearing-

up of those celestial walls? Why forgetteth the gross Church that it ought to be the pure kingdom of Heaven? To zeal, even speed is delay, and a year an age. But how maturely and judiciously some busy motions have been considered upon by their hot solicitors, it would not pass unexamined. A strong discipline standeth not upon feeble feet; and a weak foundation will never bear the weight of a mighty Hierusalem. The great shoulders of Atlas oftentimes shrink and faint under the great burden of heaven. The tabernacle of Moses, the temple of Solomon, the golden age of the primitive Church, and the silver regiment of Constantine, would be looked into, with a sharper and clearer eye. The difference of commonwealths or regiments requireth a difference of laws and orders; and those laws and orders are most sovereign, that are most agreeable to the regiment, and best proportioned to the commonwealth.

The matter of elections and offices is a principal matter in question: and how many, not only ignorant or curious, but learned and considerate wits, have lost themselves, and found error in the discourse of that subject? But how compendiously might it be concluded, that is so infinitely argued; or how quietly decided, that is so tumultuously debated? I rely not upon the uncertainty of disputable rules, or the subtlety of intricate arguments, or the ambiguity of doubtful allegations, or the casualty of fallible experiments; but ground my resolution upon the assurance of such politic and ecclesiastical principles, as in my opinion can neither be deceived grossly, nor deceive dangerously. Popular elections and offices, as well in churches as in commonwealths, are for popular states; monarchies and aristocracies are to celebrate their elections and offices, according to their form of government, and the best correspondence of their states, civil and ecclesiastical; and may justify their good proceeding by good divinity. As they gravely and religiously proved, that in the flourishing propagation and mighty increase of the Catholic church, under princes, before, in,

and after the empire of Constantine, were driven to vary from some primitive examples, not by unlawful corruption, as is ignorantly surmised, but by lawful provision, according to the exigence of occasions, and necessity of alteration in those over-ruling cases; as appeareth by pregnant evidence of ecclesiastical histories and canons, wherewith they are to consult that affect a deep insight in the decision of such controversies; and not to leap at all adventures before they have looked about them, as well backward as forward, and as well of the one side as of the other.

Consideration is a good counsellor, and reading no bad remembrancer, especially in the most essential common-places of doctrine, and the most important matters of government. Ignorance may some way be the father of zeal, as it was wont to be termed the mother of devotion; but blind men swallow down many flies, and none more than many of them that imagine they know all, and conceit an absolute omnisufficiency in their own platforms, with an universal contempt of whatsoever contradiction, special or general, modern or ancient; when undoubtedly they are to seek in a thousand points of requisite and necessary consideration. Lord, that men should so please and flatter themselves in their own devices, as if none had eyes but they.

God never bestowed his divine gifts in vain: they are not so lightly to be rejected, that so gravely demeaned themselves, instructed their brethren, reclaimed infidels, converted countries, planted churches, confounded heretics, and incessantly traveled in God's causes with the whole devotion of their souls: howsoever, some can be content to think that since the apostles, none ever had the spirit of understanding, or the minds of sincerity, but themselves. Pardon me, pure intelligences, and incorruptible minds. Our ancient fathers and doctors of the church wanted neither learning, nor judgment, nor conscience, nor zeal, as some of their Greek and Latin works very notably declare: (if they were blind, happy men that

see): and what wiser senates, or holier congregations, or any way more reverend assemblies than some general, and some provincial councils? Where they to a superficial opinion, seem to set up a gloss, against or beside the text; it would be considered, what their considerations were; and whether it can appear that they directly or indirectly proceeded without a respective regard of the commonwealth, or a tender care of the church, or a reverend examination of that text. For I pray God we love the text no worse, from the bottom of our hearts, than some of them did. They are not the simplest, or dissolutest of men, that think, Discretion might have leave to cut his coat according to his cloth; and commend their humility, patience, wisdom, and whole conformity, that were ready to accept any requisite order not unlawful, and to admit any decent or seemly rites of indifferent nature. Put the case just as it was then, and in those countries; and what if some suppose, that even M. Calvin, M. Beza, M. Melvin, or M. Cartwright (notwithstanding their new designments), being in the same estate wherein they were then, and in those countries, would have resolved no otherwise in effect than they determined. Or if they did not so perfectly well, I pray God we may. Howbeit, none so fit to reconcile contradictions, or to accord differences, as he that distinguisheth times, places, occasions, and other swaying circumstances; high points in government either civil or ecclesiastical.

As in the doubtful paragraphs and canons of the law of man, so in the mystical oracles of the law of God; *qui bene distinguit, bene docet*: in the one, when he useth no distinction but of the law, or some reason equipollent to the law: in the other, when he interpreteth the Scripture by the Scripture, either expressly by conference of text with text, or collectively by the rule of analogy. In cases indifferent, or arbitrary, what so equal in general, as indifferency: or so requisite in special as conformity to the positive law, to the custom of the country, or to the present occasion? To

be perverse or obstinate without necessary cause, is a peevish folly : when by such a dutiful and justifiable order of proceeding, as by a sacred league, so infinite variances and contentions may be compounded. To the clean all things are clean.

St. Paul, that laid his foundation like a wise architect, and was a singular frame of divinity (omnisufficiently furnished to be a doctor of the nations and a converter of people), became all unto all, and as it were a Christian Mercury to win some. Oh, that his knowledge or zeal were as rife as his name : and I would to God, some could learn to behave themselves toward princes and magistrates, as Paul demeaned himself, not only before the king Agrippa, but also before the two Roman procurators of that province, Felix and Festus, whom he entreated in honourable terms, albeit ethnic governors. Were none more scrupulous than St. Paul, how easily and graciously might divers confutations be reconciled, that now rage like civil wars? The chiefest matter in question is no article of belief, but a point of policy or government ; wherein a judicial equity being duly observed, what letteth but the particular laws, ordinances, injunctions, and whole of jurisdiction, may rest in the disposition of sovereign authority? Whose immediate or mediate acts are to be revered with obedience, not countermanded with sedition, or controlled with contention.

He is a bold subject, that attempteth to bind the hands of sacred majesty : and they love controversies well, I trow, that call their prince's proceedings into controversy. Altercations and paradoxes, as well in discipline as in doctrine, were never so curiously curious, or so infinitely infinite : but when all is done, and when innovation hath set the best countenance of proof or persuasion upon the matter, kingdoms will stand, and free cities must be content. Their courts are no precedents for royal courts ; their councils no instructions for the councils of kings or queens ; their consistories, that would master princes, no informations for the

consistories under princes ; their discipline, no canon or platform for sovereign government, either in causes temporal or spiritual. And can you blame them, that marvel how of all other tribunals, or benches, that Jewish Synedrion, or pontifical consistory, should so exceedingly grow in request, that put Christ himself to death, and was a whip for his dearest apostles? I am loath to enter the lists of argumentation or discourse with any obstinate mind, or violent wit, that weeneth his own conceit, a clear sun without eclipse, or a full moon without wanes : but sith importunacy will never leave molesting parliaments and princes with admonitions, advertisements, motions, petitions, repetitions, solicitations, declamations, discourses, methods, flatteries, menaces, and all possible instant means of enforcing and extorting the present practice of their incorruptible theory ; it would be somebody's task to hold them a little occupied, till a greater resolution begin to subscribe, and a surer provision to execute.

May it therefore please the busiest of those, that debar ecclesiastical persons of all civil jurisdiction or temporal function, to consider how every petty parish in England, to the number of about 52,000, more or less, may be made a Jerusalem or Metropolitan See, like the noblest city of the Orient, (for so Pliny calleth Jerusalem) : how every minister of the said parishes may be promoted to be an high-priest, and to have a pontifical consistory ; how every assistant of that consistory may improve himself an honorable or worshipful senior, according to his reverend calling, (for not only the princes of families, or the princes of tribes, but the princes of cities, or judges, the decurions, the quinquagenarians, the centurions, the chiliarchs, were inferior officers to the seniors) : how a princely and capital court, and even the high council of parliament, or supreme tribunal of a royal city, (for there was no senjory in Judea but at Jerusalem, saving when the proconsul Gabinius, in a Roman policy, divided that nation into five parts, and

appointed four other consistories) ; how such a princely and stately court should be the patron of a presbytery in a poor parish : how the principality, or pontificality of a minister, according to the degenerate Sanhedrim, should be set up, when the lordship of a bishop or archbishop, according to their position, is to be pulled down : finally, how the supremacy over kings and emperors should be taken from the highest priest or pope, to be bestowed upon an ordinary minister or curate ; and how that minister should dispense with Aristotle's law of instruments *ἐν πρῶτῳ ἐν* ; or become more mighty than Hercules, that could not encounter two charges at once ; or at least how that civil court, that mere civil court, (for so it was before it declined from the first institution, even as merely civil as the Roman senate) should be transformed into a court merely ecclesiastical. When these points are considered, if withal it be determined by evident demonstration, as clear as the sun and as invincible as God's word, that whatsoever the apostles did for their time, is immutably perpetual and necessary for all times ; and that nothing by way of special respect, or present occasion, is left to the ordinances, disposition, or provision of the church, but the strict and precise practice of their primitive discipline, according to some precepts in St. Paul's epistles, and a few examples in the Acts of the Apostles. *So be it*, must be the suffrage of us, that have no voice in the Sanhedrim.

All is concluded in a few pregnant propositions ; we shall not need to trouble or entangle our wits with many articles, injunctions, statutes, or other ordinances ; the general, provincial, and episcopal councils, lost much good labour in their canons, decrees, and whatsoever ecclesiastical constitutions. The works of the fathers and doctors, howsoever ancient, learned, or orthodoxal, are little or nothing worth ; infinite studies, writings, commentaries, treatises, conferences, consultations, disputations, distinctions, conclusions of the most notable scholars in Christendom, altogether superfluous.

Well worth a few resolute aphorisms, that dispatch more in a word than could be bouted out in fifteen hundred years, and roundly determine all with an upsy-down. No reformation without an upsy-down. Indeed that is one of Machiavel's positions; and seeing it is proved a piece of sound doctrine, it must not be gain-said.

Every head, that hath a hand, pull down the pride of bishops, and set up the humility of ministers. Diogenes tread upon Plato's pomp. An universal reformation be proclaimed with the sound of a Jew's trump. Let the pontifical consistory be erected in every parish: let the high-priest or archbishop of every parish be installed in Moses' chair, (it was Moses', not Aaron's chair, that they challenge in their senate; and he must be greater than Hercules that can fulfil both): let the ministry be a royal priesthood, and every minister, within the precinct of his territory, and the dominion of his seigniory, reign like a Presbyter John: let the everlastingly be recorded for a sovereign rule, as dear as a Jew's eye, that Josephus allegeth out of the law *Nihil agat Rex, sine pontificis, et Seniorum sententia*. Only let the said pontiff beware, he prove not a great pope in a little room; or discover not the humour of aspiring Stukely, that would rather be the king of a molehill than the second in Ireland or England. Some Stoics and melancholy persons have a spice of ambition by themselves; and even Junius Brutus the first was some way a kind of Tarquinius Superbus; and Junius Brutus the second is not altogether a mortified creature, but bewrayeth as it were some relics of flesh and blood, as well as his inwardest friend Eusebius Philadelphus. I dare come no nearer; yet Greenwood and Barrow begin already to complain of surly and solemn brethren; and God knoweth how that pontifical chair of estate might work in man, as he is man. Mercury sublimed, is somewhat a coy and stout fellow; and believe, those high and mighty peers would not stick to look for a low and humble leg. Every man must have his due in his place; and honour aliably belongeth redoubted seniors: That is their proper title at Geneva. Now if it seem as clear a case

in policy as in divinity, that one and the same discipline may serve divers and contrary forms of regiment, and be as fit for the head of England as for the foot of Geneva : the worst is, Aristotle's politics must be burned for hereties.

But how happy is the age, that instead of a thousand positive laws and Lesbian canons, hath found one standing canon of Polycletus an immutable law of sacred government ! And what a blissful destiny had the commonwealth, that must be the model of all other commonwealths, and the very centre of the Christian world ! Let it be so for ever, and ever, if that pamphlet of the laws and statutes of Geneva, as well concerning ecclesiastical discipline as civil regimen, deserve any such singular or extraordinary estimation, either for the one or for the other. If not, are they not busy men, that will needs bear a rule, and strike a main stroke where they have nothing to do, or are to be ruled ? It were a good hearing in my ear, that some of them could govern themselves but in reasonable wise sort, that are so forward to sway kingdoms, and to swing churches after their new fashion, and can stand upon no ground but their own. If certain of them be godlier or learneded than many other, (according to their favourablest reputation,) it is the better for them ; I would also they were wiser than some of them, whom they impugn. Surely I fear they will be found more peremptory in censure than sound in judgment ; and more smart in reproof than sharp in proof. And may it not be a probable doubt, how they have compared together the law of God's people, and the gospel of Christ's church in the Bible : or how they have studied Josephus, Philo, and Egesippus, of the Jewish affairs ; or Sigonius of the Hebrew commonwealth ; or Freigius his Mosaieus ; or their own Bonaventura of the Judaical policy ; that fetch their jurisdiction from the Sanhedrim corrupted, and ground their reformation upon the Jew's Talmud, the next neighbour to the Turk's Alcoran. Had Ramus's treatise of Discipline come to light, they would long ere this have been ashamed of their Sanhedrim, and have blushed

to foist in the Talmud instead of the Bible. God help poor discipline, if the water be like the conduit, the oil like the lamp, and the plant like the tree. Abraham was the beginning; David the midst; and Christ the end of the Hebrew history: his gospel, not his enemy's Talmud, the pure fountain of reformation, and the only clear resplendishing sun, that giveth light to the stars of heaven and earth; unto which the church, his most dear and sweet spouse, is more deeply and more incomprehensibly bounden, than the day unto the sun, that shineth from his glistering chariot.

It is not for a pontifical seniory, or a mechanical eldership, to stop the course of any river that successively floweth from that liquid fountain; or to put out any candle that was originally lighted at that inextinguishable lamp. The church hath small cause to doat upon the cousin-german of tyranny; and the commonwealth hath no great affection to the sworn brother of anarchy. Certainly, States need not long to entertain tumultuous and never-satisfied innovation. And I hope he was not greatly unadvised, that being demanded his opinion of the Eldership in question, answered, he conceived of the Eldership (as it is intended and motioned in England) as he thought of the Alder-tree, that whatsoever it appeared in shew, it would in trial prove fruitless, seedless, bitter, frail, troublous, and a friend to surging waves and tempestuous storms. And being further pressed, touching the forward zeal of doughty Martin Senior, lively Martin Junior, pert Penry, lusty Barrow, and some other brag reformists; (for that rolling-stone of innovation was never so turl'd and tumbled as since those busy limbs began to rouse and bestir them, more than all the pragmatics in Europe): when young Phaeton, quoth he, in a presumptuous resolution would needs rule the chariot of the sun, as it might be the temple of Apollo, or the church of St. Paul, or some greater province, (for the greater province, commonwealth, or monarchy, the fitter for Phaeton's reformation): his sudden ruin ministered matter of most la-

mentable tears to his dear mother and loving sisters, insomuch, that they were pitifully changed, as some write, into alder trees, as some, into poplars. *Sic flevit Clymene : sic et Clymeneides altæ* : as it might be the mournful church, and her wailing members, wofully transmewed into alders or poplars. Good, my masters, either make it an evident and infallible case, without sophistical wrangling or personal brawling, that your unexperienced discipline, not the order approved, is the pure well of that divine spring, and the clear light of that heavenly sun ; or beseech you, pacify yourselves, and surcease to endanger kingdoms with unneeded uproars. Crooked proceedings would be rectified by a right, not a crooked line ; and abuses reformed, not by abusing the persons, but by well using the things themselves. I spare my ancients as well at home as abroad ; yet Beza might have been good to some doctors of the church, and better than he is to Remus, Erastus, Kemnitius, and sundry other excellent men of this age : (neither can it sufficiently appear that the two famous lawyers, Gribaldus and Baldwinus, were such monstrous apostates or poisonous heretics as he reporteth) : and whether some other, nearer hand, have not been too familiarly bold with their superiors, of approved learning and wisdom, meet for their reverend and honourable calling, my betters judge.

Modesty is a civil virtue, and humility a Christian quality : surely Martin is too too malapert to be discreet, and Barrow too too hot to be wise. If they be godly, God help charity ; but in my opinion they little wot what a chaos of disorders, confusions, and absurdities they breed, that sweat to build a reformation in a monarchy upon a popular foundation, or a mechanical plot ; and will needs be as fiery in execution, even to wring the club out of Hercules' hand, as they were airy in resolution. Alas ! that wise men and reformers of states (I know not a weightier province) should once imagine, to find it a matter of as light consequence to seniorise in a realm over the greatest lords, and even over the high-

ness of majesty, as, in a town over a company of mean merchants and meaner artificers. I will not stick to make the best of it. M. Calvin, the founder of the plot, (whom Beza styleth the great Calvin), had reason to establish his ministry against inconstancy, and to fortify himself against faction, (as he could best devise and compass with the assistance of his French party and other favourites), by encroaching upon a mechanical and mutinous people, from whose variable and fickle mutability he could no otherwise assecure himself; as he sensibly found, not only by daily experience of their giddy and factious nature, but also by his own expulsion and banishment; whom after a little trial (as it were for a dainty novelty or sly experiment), they could be content to use as kindly and loyally, as they had used the old bishop, their lawful prince.

Could M. Cartwright, or M. Traverse, seize upon such a city, or any like popular town, Helvetian, or other, where democracy ruleth the roast, they should have somebody's good leave to provide for their own security, and to take their best advantage upon tickle Cantons. Some one, peradventure, in time would canton them well enough, and give a shrewd pull at Metropolitan See, as sovereign as the old bishoprick of Geneva. It were not the first time that a Democracy by degrees hath proved an Aristocracy; an Aristocracy degenerated into an Oligarchy; an Oligarchy amounted to a Tyranny or Principality. No rhetoric climax so artificial, as that politic gradation. But in a just kingdom, where is other good assurance for ministers, and meeter counsels for princes, than such swarms of imperious elderships, it is not for subjects to usurp, as commanders may tyrannise in a small territory. Unless they mean to set up a general deformation, in lieu of an universal reformation, and to bring in an order that would soon prove a deluge of disorder, an overflow of anarchy, and an open flood-gate, to drown policy with licentiousness, nobility with obscurity, and the honour of realms with the baseness of Cantons.

They that long for the banc and plague of their country, pray for that many-headed and Cantonish reformation; in issue good for none, but the high judges of the consistory, and their appropriate creatures, as I will justify at large, in case I be ever particularly challenged. I am no pleader for the regiment of the feet over the head, or the government of the stomach over the heart; surely nothing can be more pernicious in practice, or more miserable in conclusion, than a commanding authority in them that are born to obey, ordained to live in private condition, made to follow their occupations, and bound to homage.

You that be scholars, moderate your invention with judgment; and you that be reasonable gentlemen, pacify yourselves with reason. If it be an injury to inclose commons, what justice is it to lay open inclosures? and if monarchies must suffer popular states to enjoy their free liberties and amplest franchises, without the least infringement or abridgment, is there no congruence of reason that popular states should give monarchies leave to use their positive laws, established orders; and royal prerogatives, without disturbance or confutation? Because meaner ministers than lords may become a popular city or territory, must it therefore be an absurdity in the majesty of a kingdom to have some lords spiritual amongst so many temporal; as well for the fitter correspondence and combination of both degrees; their more reverend private direction in matters of conscience; their weightier public counsel in parliaments and synods; the firmer assurance of the clergy in their causes, and the more honourable estimation of religion in all respects, as for the solemn visitation of their dioceses, and other competent jurisdiction.

It is tyranny or vain-glory, not reverend lordship, that the Scripture condemneth. There were bishops, or, as some will have them termed, superintendents, with episcopal superiority and jurisdiction, in the golden age of the apostles; Timothy of Ephesus, Titus of Crete, Mark of Alexandria, James of Jerusalem, Philemon

of Gaza, the eloquent Apollos of Cæsarea, Euodius of Antioch, Sosipater of Iconium, according to Dorotheus; of Thessalonica, according to Origen; Tychicus of Chalcedon, Ananias of Damascus, and so forth. Divers of the ancient fathers and doctors, as well of the oriental as of the occidental churches, were bishops, reverend fathers in Christ, and spiritual lords. The same style, or title of Reverence, hath successively continued to this age, without any impeachment of value, or contradiction of note, saving that of the angry malcontent and proud heretic Aërius, scarcely worth the naming: What cruel outrage hath it lately committed, or what heinous indignity hath it newly admitted, (more than other advancements of virtue, or styles of honour,) that it should now be cancelled or abandoned in all haste? Would God, some were no stouter or haughtier without the title, than some are with it. Many temporal lords, dukes, princes, kings, and emperors, have shewn very notable effectual examples of Christian humility, and may not spiritual lords carry spiritual minds? I hope they do; I know some do; I am sure all may, notwithstanding their ordinary title, or an hundred plausible epithets. I would the lordship, or pomp of bishops, were the greatest abuse in commonwealths or churches. I fear me, I shall never live to see so happy a world upon the earth, that advised reformation should have nothing worse to complain of, than that lordship or pomp. What may be, or is amiss, in any degree, I defend not: (the delict of some one or two prelates, were it manifest, ought not to redound to the damage or detriment of the church.) What may stand with the honour of the realm, with the benefit of the church, with the approbation of antiquity, and with the canon of the scripture, I have no reason to impugn or abridge.

I have more cause to suspect that some earnest dealers might be persuaded to dispense with the name of Lordship in bishops, on condition themselves might be the parties: that would not secularly abuse the title to any private pomp or vanity, but religiously apply

it to the public administration of the church, according to the first institution. Were dalliance safe in such cases, I would wish the experiment in a person or two, in whose complexions I have some insight. Doctor Humphry of Oxford, and Doctor Fulke of Cambridge, two of their standard-bearers a long time, grew conformable in the end, as they grew riper in experience, and sager in judgment; and why may not such, and such in the like or weightier respects, condescend to a like toleration of matters Adiaphoral? Sith it will be no otherwise (maugre all admonitions, or whatsoever zealous motives), better relent with favour, than resist in vain. Were any fair offer of preferment handsomely tendered unto some that gape not greedily after promotion, nor can away with this same servile waiting, or plausible courting for living, I doubt not but wise men would see what were good for themselves, commodious for their friends, and convenient for the church. If they should obstinately refuse deaneries and bishoprics, I should verily believe they are moved with stronger arguments, and pregnanter authorities, than any they have yet published in print, or uttered in disputation; and I would be very glad to confer with them for my instruction. Sound reasons, and authentical quotations, may prevail much; and no such invincible defence as the armour of proof. In the mean time, the cause may be remembered that incensed the foresaid factious malcontent, Aërius, to maintain the equality of bishops and other priests, when himself failed in his ambitious suit for a bishopric: and all resteth upon a case of conscience, as nice and squeamish a scruple with some zealous Mar-prelates, as whether the fox, in some good respects, might be won to eat grapes.

They that would pregnantly try conclusions, might, peradventure, find such a temptation, the materialest and learnedest confutation that hath yet been imprinted. Melancholy is deeply wise, and choler resolutely stout; they must persuade them essentially and feelingly, that will move them effectually. Were they entreated to

yield, other arguments would subscribe of their own gentle accord, and ingenuously confess, that opinion is not to prejudice the truth, or faction to derogate from authority. Possession was ever a strong defendant; and a just title maketh a puissant adversary. Bishops will govern with reputation, when Mar-prelates must obey with reverence; or resist with contumacy. Errors in doctrine, corruptions in manners, and abuses in offices, would be reformed; but degrees of superiority, and orders of obedience, are needful in all estates, and especially in the clergy, as necessary as the sun in the day; or the moon in the night: or Cock-on-hoop, with a hundred thousand curates in the world, would prove a mad discipline.

Let Order be the golden rule of proportion, and I am as forward an admonitioner, as any Precisian in England. If Disorder must be the discipline, and Confusion the reformation (as without difference of degrees it must needs), I crave pardon. Anarchy was never yet a good statesman; and *Ataxie* will ever be a bad churchman. That same lusty Downfall, is too hot a policy for my learning. They were best to be content to let bishoprics stand, that would be loath to see religion fall, or the clergy trodden under foot. He conceiveth little, that perceiveth not what bonds hold the world in order, and what tenures maintain an assurance in estates. Were ministers stipendaries, or pensioners, (which hath also been a wise motion), and all without distinction alike esteemed, that is, all without regard alike contemned and abjected (which would be the issue of unequal equality), woe to the poor Ministry; and the cunningest practice of the consistory should have much ado to stop those gaps, and recure those sores. Never a more succourless orphan, or a more desolate widow; or a more distressed pilgrim, than such a ministry, until, in a thirsty and hungry zeal, it should eftsoons retire to former provisions, and recover that ancient œconomy ecclesiastical. The surest revenue, and honourablest salary of that coat, much better I wis, than the soldier's pay; or the serving-man's wages.

Equality, in things equal, is a just law ; but a respective valuation of persons, is the rule of equity : and they little know into what incongruities and absurdities they run headlong, that are weary of geometrical proportion, or distributive justice, in the collation of public functions, offices, or promotions, civil or spiritual. God bestoweth his blessings with difference, and teacheth his lieutenant the prince, to estimate and prefer his subjects accordingly. When better authors are alleged for equality in persons unequal, I will live and die in defence of that equality, and honour arithmetical proportion, as the only balance of justice, and sole standard of government. Meanwhile, they that will be wiser than God and their prince, may continue a peevish scrupulosity in subscribing to their ordinances, and nourish a rebellious contumacy in refusing their orders. I wish unto my friends as unto myself; and recommend learning to discretion, conceit to judgment, zeal to knowledge, duty to obedience, confusion to order, uncertainty to assurance, and unlawful novelty to lawful uniformity ; the sweet repose that the commonwealth or church can enjoy.

Regnum divisum, a sovereign text ; and what notabler gloss upon a thousand texts ? or what more cordial restorative of body or soul, than *Ecce quam bonum, et quam jucundum* ? Sweet my masters, be sweet ; and, without the least bitterness of unnecessary strife, tender your affectionatest devotions of zeal and honour, to the best contentment of your friends, your patrons, your prince, the commonwealth, the church, the Almighty ; which so dearly love, so bountifully maintain, so mightily protect, so graciously favour, and so indulgentially tender you. Confound not yourselves ; and what people this day more blessed, or what nation more flourishing ? Some fervent, and many counterfeit lovers, adore their mistresses, and commit idolatry to the least of their beauties. Oh, that we knew what a sacrifice obedience were, and what a jewel of jewels he offereth, that presenteth charity ! without which we may talk of doctrine, and discourse of discipline, but doctrine is a parrot, discipline an echo,

reformation a shadow, sanctification a dream, without charity ; in whose sweet bosom Reconciliation harboureth, the dearest friend of the church, and the only *est* amen of so infinite controversies. That Reconciliation settle itself to examine matters barely, without their veils or habiliments, according to the counsel of Marcus Aurelius ; and to define things simply, without any colours or embellishments, according to the precepts of Aristotle, and the examples of Ramus ; and the most endless altercations being generally rather verbal than real, and more circumstantial than substantial, will soon grow to an end. Which end humanity hasten, if there be any spice of humanity ; divinity dispatch, if there be any remnant of divinity ; heaven accomplish, if the graces of heaven be not locked up ; and earth embrace, if reconciliation hath not forsaken the earth. If falsehood be weak, as it is weak, why should it longer hold up head ; and if truth be truth, that is great and mighty, why should it not prevail ? Most excellent Truth, shew thyself in thy victorious majesty, and maugre whatsoever encounter of wit, learning, or fury, prevail puissantly.

These notes, if they happen to see light, are especially intended to the particular use of a few, whom, in affectionate good will, I would wish to stay their wisdoms. Did I not entirely pity their case, and extraordinarily favour some commendable parts in them, they should not easily have cost me half thus many lines, every one worse bestowed than other, if constancy in error be a credit ; in disobedience, a bond ; in vice, a virtue ; in misery, a felicity. He that writ the premises affecteth truth as precisely as any precisian in Cambridge or Oxford ; and hateth even love itself, in comparison of truth, which is ever to tender with a curious devotion : but a man may be as blind in overseeing, as in seeing nothing ; and he may shoot farther from the mark that overshooteth, than he that shooteth short or wide ; as always some mote-spying heads have so scrupulously ordered the matter, *Ut intelligendo nihil intelligerent*.

I would be loath to fall into the hands of any such captious and mutinous wits ; but if it be my fortune to light upon hard entertainment, what remedy ? I have had some little tampering with a kind of extortioners and barratours, in my time, and fear not greatly any bugs, but in charity or in duty. Wrong him not that would gladly be well taken where he meaneth well, and once for all protesteth he loveth humanity with his heart, and reverenceth divinity with his soul ; as he would rather declare in deed than profess in word. If he erreth, it is for want of knowledge, not for want of zeal. Howbeit, for his fuller contentment he hath also done his endeavour to know something on both sides ; and laying aside partiality to the persons, hath privately made the most equal and sincere analysis of their several allegations and proofs, that his logic and divinity could set down. For other analyses he overpassed ; as impertinent or not specially material. After such examination of their authorities and arguments, not with a rigorous censure of either, but with a favourable construction of both, pardon him, though he presume to deliver some part of his animadversions in such terms as the instant occasion presenteth ; not for any contentious or sinister purpose, (the world is too full of litigious and barratous pens), but for the satisfaction of those that desire them, and the advertisement of those that regard them. Who, according to any indifferent or reasonable analysis, shall find the sharpest inventions and weightiest judgments of their leaders, nothing so authentic or current as was prejudicially expected.

It is no piece of my intention to instruct, where I may learn ; or to control any superior of quality, that in conscience may affect, or in policy seem to countenance that side. With Martin, and his applauders ; Brown, and his adherents ; Barrow, and his 'complices ; Kett, and his sectaries ; or whatsoever commotioners of like disposition, (for never such a flush of schismatic heads, or heretic wits), that, like the notorious H. N. or the presumptuous David Gorge, or

that execrable Servetus, or other turbulent rebels in religion, would be Turkesing and innovating they wot not what. I hope it may become me to be almost as bold as they have been with judges, bishops, archbishops, princes, and with whom not? howsoever learned, wise, virtuous, reverend, honourable, or sovereign. Or if my cool dealing with them be insupportable, I believe their hot practising with lords and princes was not greatly tolerable. Be as it may; that is done on both sides cannot be undone: and if they ween, they may offend outrageously without injury; other are sure they may defend moderately with justice. When that sevenfold shield faileth, my plea is at an end; albeit my making or marring were the client. Whiles the sevenfold shield holdeth out, he can do little that cannot hold it up. A strong apology enableth a weak hand; and a good cause is the best advocate. Some sleep not to all, and I watch not to every one. If I be understood with effect, where I wish at least a demurrer with stayed advisement and consultation, I have my desire, and will not tediously importune other. I doubt not of many contrary instigations, and some bold examples of turbulent spirits; but heat is not the meetest judge on the bench, or the soundest divine in disputation; and in matters of government, but especially in motions of alterations, that run their heads against a strong wall. Take heed is a fair thing. Were there no other considerations, the place and the time are two weighty and mighty circumstances. It is a very nimble feather that will needs outrun the wing of the time, and leave the sails of regiment behind. Men are men, and ever had, and ever will have their imperfections; Paradise tasted of imperfections; the golden age, whensoever it was most golden, had some dross of imperfections; the patriarchs felt some fits of imperfections; Moses' Tabernacle was made acquainted with imperfections; Solomon's Temple could not clear itself from imperfections; the primitive church wanted not imperfections; Constantine's devotion found imperfections. What reformation could ever say, I have no imperfections? or will they, that dub themselves the little flock,

and the only remnant of Israel, say, We have no imperfections? Had they none, as none have more, than some of those Luciferian spirits; it is an unkind bird that defileth his kind nest; and a proud husbandman that can abide no tares amongst wheat, or upbraideth the corn with the cockle. There is a God above that heareth prayers, a Prince beneath that tendereth supplications; lords on both sides that patronise good causes; learned men that desire conferences; time, to consider upon essential points; knowledge that loveth zeal, as zeal must reverence knowledge; truth, that displayeth and investeth itself; conscience, that is a thousand witnesses, even against itself. When the question is *de Re*, to dispute *de Homine* is sophistical; or when the matter dependeth in controversy, to cavil at forms is captious; the abuse of the one, were it proved, abolisheth not the use of the other. What should impertinent secrecies be revealed, or needless quarrels picked, or every proposition wrenched to the harshest sense? What should honest minds and excellent wits be taunted and boured without rhyme or reason? What should insolent and monstrous phantasticity extol and glorify itself above the clouds, without cause or effect? When, where, and how should Martin Junior be purified, Martin Senior be sanctified, Brown evangelistified, Barrow apostolified, Kett angelified, or the patriarch of the lovely familistis, H. N. deified, more than all the world beside? Were it possible that this age should afford a divine and miraculous Elias: yet, when Elias himself deemed himself most desolate, and complained he was left all alone, there remained thousands living that never bowed their knees unto Baal. But Faction is as sure a keeper of counsel as a sieve; Spite as close a secretary as a scummer; Innovation, at the least, a bright angel from heaven; and the foresaid abstracts of pure divinity will needs know why Junius Brutus, or Eusebius Philadelphus, should rather be Pasquils incarnate than they.

If there be one Abraham in Ur, one Lot in Sodom, one Daniel

in Babylon, one Jonas in Nineveh, one Job in Huz; or if there be one David in the court of Saul, one Obadiah in the court of Achab, one Jeremiah in the court of Zedechias, one Zorobabel in the court of Nabuchodonosor, one Nehemias in the court of Artaxerxes; or any singular-blessed one in any good or bad court, city, state, kingdom, or nation, it must be one of them; all other, of whatsoever dignity or desert, what but reprobates, apostates, monsters, tyrants, Pharisees, hypocrites, false prophets, belly-gods, worldlings, ravenous wolves, crafty foxes, dogs to their vomit, a generation of vipers, limbs of Satan, devils incarnate, or such like? For Erasmus's poor *Copia Verborum*, and Omphalius's sorry furniture of invective and declamatory phrases, must come short in this comparison of the railing faculty. I know no remedy but the prayer of charity and the order of authority, whom it concerneth to deal with libels as with thorns, with fancies as with weeds, and with heresies or schisms as with hydra's heads. It hath been always one of my observations, but especially of late years, since these Numantine skirmishes, the better scholar indeed the colder schismatic, and the hotter schismatic the worse scholar. What an hideous and incredible opinion did David Gorge conceive of himself? H. N. was not afraid to insult over all the fathers, doctors, schoolmen, and new writers, ever since the evangelists and apostles. Brown challenged all the doctors, and other notablest graduates of Cambridge and Oxford; Kett, though something in astrology and physic, yet a raw divine, how obstinate and untractable in his fantastic assertions! Barrow taketh upon him, not only above Luther, Zuinglius, Æcolampadius, Brentius, and all the vehementest German protestants, but also above Calvin, Viret, Beza, Marlorat, Knox, Melvin, Cartwright, Traverse, Fenner, Penry, and all our importunest solicitors of reformation, howsoever qualified with gifts, or reputed amongst their favourites. Illuminate understanding is the rare bird of the church; and grand intendiments come by a certain extraordinary and super-

natural revelation." One unlearned singularist hath more in him than ten learned precisians. Give me the brave fellow that can carry a dragon's tail after him. Tush, university learning is a dunce, and school divinity a Sorbonist. It is no art or modesty that maketh a Rabbi Alphes, or a ringleader of multitudes. David Gorge the arch-prophet of the world, H. N. the arch-evangelist of Christ, and Barrow the arch-apostle of the church. Superhappy creatures, that have illuminate understanding and grand intendiments at the best hand. Miraculous Barrow, that so hugely exceedeth his ancients in the pure art of reformation. But undoubtedly his kingdom cannot flourish long; as he hath blessed his seniors, so he must be anointed of his juniors. Methinks, I see another and another head suddenly starting up upon hydra's shoulders. Farewell H. N. and welcome Barrow: adieu Barrow; and all hail thou angelical spirit of the Gospel, whose face I see in a crystal more pure than purity itself: the depression of one the exultation of another: the corruption of one the generation of another: no seed so fertile or rank as the seed of schism and the sperm of heresy. Christ aid his assaulted fort, and bless the seed of Abraham; and, in honour of excellent arts and worthy professions, be it ever said, The best learned, are best advised.

Even Cardinal Sadolet, Cardinal Poole, and Omphalius, commended the mild and discreet disposition of Melancthon, Bucer, and Sturmius, when they first stirred in Germany. The queen mother of France, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, praised Ramus, albeit he was known to favourise the Prince of Conde; Jovius praised Reuclin and Camerarius, as Peucer praised Jovius and Bembus; Osorius praised Ascham, as Ascham praised Watson; and who praised not Sir John Cheeke? how exceedingly did Cardan praise him! Sir Thomas Smith, her majesty's ambassador in France, in the reigns of Henry the Second, Francis the Second, and Charles the Ninth, was honoured of none more than of some French and

Italian cardinals and bishops; the king's sons favoured his son, as well after as before their coronation.

Neander, in his late chronicle, and later geography, praiseth here and there certain papists; and did not Agrippa, Erasmus, Duarene, and Bodine occasionally praise as many protestants? It was a sweet and divine virtue, that stirred up love and admiration in such adversaries; and doubtless they carried an honest and honourable mind, that forgot themselves and their friends to do their enemies reason and virtue right. A virtue that I often seek, seldom find; wish for in many, hope for in some, look for in few; reverence in a superior, honour in an inferior; admire in a friend, love in a foe; joy to see or hear in one or other.

Perverse natures are forward to disguise themselves, and to condemn not only courtesy or humanity, but even humility and charity itself, with a nickname of neutrality or ambidexterity: term it what you list, and miscall it at your pleasure; certes it is an excellent and sovereign quality, that in a firm resolution never to abandon virtue or to betray the truth, stealeth entertainment from displeasure, favour from offence, love from enmity, grace from indignation; and, not like Homer's Syren, but like Homer's Minerva, traineth partiality to a liking of the adverse party, dissention to a commendation of his contrary, error to an embracement of truth, and even corruption himself to an advancement of valour, of desert, of integrity, of that moral and intellectual good that so graciously insinuateth, and so forcibly improveth itself. Oh, that learning were ever married to such discretion, wit to such wisdom, zeal to such virtue, contention to such morality; and oh, that such private government might appear in those that plead most importunately for public government. Oh, that Plato could teach Xenocrates; Aristotle, Callisthenes; Theophrastus, Aristotle; Eunapius, Jamblicus, to sacrifice to the sweet Graces of Mercury. What should I veil or shadow a good purpose? Oh, a thousand times that Me-

lancthon could train Junius Brutus ; Sturmius, Philadelphus ; Ramus, Beza ; Jewell, Cartwright ; Deering, Martin ; Baro, Barrow ; to embrace the heavenly Graces of Christ, and to kiss the hand of that Divine Creature that passeth all understanding. What a felicity were it to see such heads as pregnant as hydra's heads ; or hydra's heads as rare as such heads !

It is not my meaning to deface or prejudice any, that unfeignedly meaneth well. If percase I happen to touch some painted walls and godly hypocrites, (godliness is become a strange creature should they be truly godly), let them keep their own counsel ; and cease to affect new reputation by old heresies. The Jews had their holly-holly-holly Esseans ; their separate and precise Pharisees ; their daily regenerate and puritan Hemerobaptists ; their fervent and illuminate Zelotists ; only in shape men, in conversation saints, in insinuation angels, in profession demigods, as descended from heaven to bless the earth, and to make the city a Paradise that washed their feet. Jesus bless good minds from the black enemy when he attireth himself like an angel of light.

Judas, the Gaulonite, in the reign of Herod the Great, was an hot toast, and a marvellous Zelotist ; when the Emperor Octavian, taxing the world and assessing Judea like other nations, who but he, in the abundance of his mighty zeal, was the man that set it down for a canonical doctrine, That the people of God was to acknowledge no other Lord but God ; and that it was a slavish bondage to pay any such exaction or imposition unto Augustus : and having given out that principle for an infallible rule, or rather a sacred law, very vehemently solicited and importuned the people (as the manner is) to live and die in the cause of their God and their liberty. But sweet Christ was of a milder and meeker spirit, and both paid tribute himself to avoid offence, and set it down for an eternal maxim in his gospel, Give unto Cæsar that belongeth unto Cæsar, and unto God that belongeth unto God.

Zealous Judas, the Gaulonite, and fervent Simon, the Galilean, two singular reformers of the Judaical synagogue, pretended fair for a pure type, or exquisite platform of the soundest, exactest, and precisest Hebraical discipline; but what profane idolatry so plagued that divine commonwealth, as that same scrupulous zeal? or what made that blessed state utterly miserable, but that same unruly and tumultuous zeal, that would not be content with reason until it was too late? For a time they supposed themselves the worthiest and rarest creatures in Judea, or rather the only men of that state; and in a deep conceit of a neat and undefiled purity, divorced or sequestered themselves from the corrupt society of other. But alas! that any purified minds should pay so dearly and smartly for their fine fancies; which cost them no less than the most lamentable overthrow of their whole commonwealth.

You that have languages and arts more than divers other of good quality, and can use them with method and a certain plausible opinion of great learning, be as excellent and singular as you possibly can for your lives, in a direct course; but be not peevish or odd in a crooked balk, that leadeth out of the king's highway, and Christ's own path, into a maze of confusion, and a wilderness of desolation; the final end of these endless contentions, if they be not otherwise calmed by private discretion, or cut short by public order.

The first example of division was perilous; and what ranks or swarms of insatiable schism incontinently followed! It is a mad world, when every crew of conceited punies, puffed up with a presumptuous or phantastical imagination, must have their several complot or faction, as it were a certain Punical war; whose victory will be like that of Carthage against Rome, if it be not the sooner quieted. Remember Judas, the Gaulonite, and forget not yourselves: inordinate zeal is a pernicious reformer, and destruction a dear purchase of plots in moonshine. St. Paul, the heroical apostle, could not find a more excellent way than Charity, the most sove-

reign way of Faith and Hope : any other design of purity or singularity buildeth not up, but pulleth down ; and of more than a million in hope, proveth less than a cypher in effect. What the salvation of David Gorge ? a nullity : What the deification of H. N. ? a nullity : What the glorification of Kett ? a nullity : What the sanctification of Brown ? a nullity : What the community of Barrow ? a nullity : What the plausibility of Martin ? a nullity : What a thousand such popular motives, alleatives, incensives, aggravations of the least corruption, amplifications of the highest felicity, new lands of promise overflowing with milk and honey, fools of Paradise, glorious innovations ; but present shame, wretched confusion, utter ruin, everlasting infamy, horrible damnation, and a most hideous nullity ? Even the great hurly-burly of the church, that imagined heavenly discipline, and the very topsy-turvy of the state, the pretended divine reformation of two mighty giants, what can they possibly emprove themselves, but silly pigmies, and a most pitiful nullity ? Sweet charity, ensweeten these bitter garboils, and seeing they so instantly and importunately effect a perfect platform, give them a most curious and exquisite table of pure reformation, even the true picture of thyself. Surer prevention of mischief and ruin, I know none.

I had here bidden Martin in the Vintry farewell, and taken my leave of this tedious discourse (for no man taketh less delight in invectives), were I not newly certified of certain fresh and frantic practices for the erection of the Synedrion in all haste, whose complotters are weary of melancholy projects, and begin to resolve on a choleric course. Hot arguments are fiercely threatened, in case the discipline be not the sooner entertained ; but, methinks that warm course should scarcely be the style of pure mortification ; and, haply, softer fire would make sweeter malt. A little advisement doth not much amiss in capital or dangerous attempts. It were

well the blowing bellows might be entreated to keep their wind for a fitter opportunity; or, if fire boiling in the stomach must needs break out at the mouth, the best comfort is, the country affordeth sufficient provision of water to encounter the terriblest Vulcanist, that brandisheth a burning sword or a fiery tongue. Howbeit, some lookers on, that fear not greatly the flame, cannot but marvel at the smoke, and had rather see them breathing out the fume of divine tobacco, than of furious rage. I have heard of politic Jews, that for their commodity have become Christians, whom in Spain and Italy they term *Retaliados*; but that politic Christians, for any benefit, promotion, or other regard whatsoever, should practise to become Jews in doctrine or discipline, in earnest or in devise, in whole or in part, it were strange, and almost incredible, if the world were not grown a monstrous *Retaliado* for his advantage, and the voice of Jacob proved a more gainful stratagem for the hands of Esau, than ever the hands of Esau were for the voice of Jacob. I charge not any that are clear (would there were no more Jewish Pharisees than Hébrew worthies); but let not them accuse me for speaking, that condemn themselves for doing; or shew themselves saints in the premises, that will scantily prove honest men in the conclusion. All are not led with the same respects, that hang on the same string; some are carried with one consideration, some with another; some tender divinity as their soul, some love religion as their body, some favour the gospel as their fortune. I doubt not but some desire discipline for conscience; and do none covet reformation for gain? or were it impossible to point out a *Retaliado* convert in the hottest throng of those fresh proselytes? If there be no *Retaliados* in Christendom, I am glad I have said nothing; if there be, they may so long mock other in words, that at last they will most deceive themselves in deeds.

I am beholding to the old jury, but have no great fancy to a new, either in London or elsewhere, when, amongst divers other

histories of Jewish enormities, I remember how an ancient Archbishop of Canterbury, one John Peckham, was fain to take order with the Bishop of London then being, for the dissolution and destruction of all the synagogues in his diocese. The less need of any such order at this instant, all the better. I will not dispute, whether a Synedrion presuppose a synagogue, or whether it be not as insupportable a yoke for any king, or mighty State, as it was for king Herod or the Romans, that found it intolerable (methinks, the wisest Sanedrism of a thousand should hardly persuade me that he is a friend of princes, or no enemy of monarchies): but I know so much by some, none of the meanest scholars, or obscurest men in Europe, touching their opinion of the Old and New Testament, of the Talmud, of the Alcoran, of the Hebrew, Christian, and Turkish Histories, that I deem any thing suspicious and perilous, that any way inclineth to Judaism; as fell an adversary to Christianity, as the wolf to the lamb, or the goshawk to the dove. Grant them an inch, they will soon take an ell with the advantage; and were any part of their discipline one foot, could the body of their doctrine want an head? or might not the parish prove a disorderly congregation, as bad as a synagogue, where the judicial bench were a Synedrion?

The Jews are a subtle and mischievous people, and have cunningly inveigled some students of the holy tongue, with their miraculous Cabala from Moses, their omniscious Cosmology from Solomon, their Chaldean sapience from Daniel, and other profound secrets of great pretence: but their liberal gifts bite like their usury; and they are finally found to entertain them best, that shut them quite out of doors, with their Sanhedrim and all. They can tell a precious tale of their divine Senate, and of their venerable Meokekim, revered like living laws; but were all judgments actually drawn to the divine Senate, and all laws solemnly to be fetched from the venerable Meokekim, as from speaking oracles, might not

these, and their other metaphysical mysteries, be enregistered in the same Thalmud ; or might it not prove a pinching reformation for Christendom ? I have tasted of their Verbal miracles, and cannot greatly commend their personal virtues ; but their real Usury is known throughout the Christian world, to be an unmerciful tyrant ; and, I fear me, their consistorial jurisdiction would grow a cruel griper, especially being so universally extended in every parish, as is intended by the promoters thereof, and powerably armed with that supreme and uncontrollable authority, which they affect in causes ecclesiastical : a brave spiritual motion, and worthy not only of these pidling stirs, but even of a Trojan war. Yct their Precedent, the Mosaical Synedrion, was a civil court (as is aforementioned, and would be reconsidered), *cum mero imperio* : and when it became mixed, it was not merely ecclesiastical ; and when it became merely ecclesiastical, of a pontifical consistory, it soon proved a tyrannical court ; and, by your good leave, was as nimble to encroach upon civil causes, being an ecclesiastical court, as ever it was to intermeddle with ecclesiastical causes, being a civil court.

The finest methodists, according to Aristotle's golden rule of artificial bounds, condemn geometrical precepts in arithmetic, or arithmetical precepts in geometry, as irregular and abusive ; but never artists so licentiously heterogenised, or so extravagantly exceeded his prescribed limits, as ambition or covetise. Every miller is ready to convey the water to his own mill ; and neither the high-priests of Jerusalem, nor the popes of Rome, nor the patriarchs of Constantinople, nor the pastors of Geneva, were ever hasty to bind their own hands. They that research antiquities, and inquire into the privities of practices, shall find an act of *præmunire* is a necessary bridle in some cases.

The first Bishops of Rome were undoubtedly virtuous men ; and godly pastors ; from bishops they grew to be popes : what more reverend than some of those bishops, or what more tyrannical than

some of those popes? Aaron, and the high-priests of Jerusalem and of other ceremonial nations, were the glorious mirrors; and they deemed nothing too magnificent or pompous, to breed an universal reverence of their sacred authority and hierarchy. We are so far alienated from imitating or allowing them, that we cannot abide our own bishops; yet, withal, would have every minister a bishop, and would also be fetching a new pattern from old Jerusalem, the mother See of the high priesthood. So the world (as the manner is) will needs run about in a circle, pull down bishops, set up the minister, make him bishop of his parish, and head of the consistory (call him how you list, that must be his place): what will become of him within a few generations, but a high priest in a low Jerusalem, or a great Pope in a small Rome? And then, where is the difference between him and a bishop; or, rather, between him and a Pope? not so much in the quality of his jurisdiction, when in effect he may be his own judge, as in the quantity of his diocese or temporalities. Or in case he be politic, as some popes have been glad, for their advantage, to tyrannize popularity, so he may chance be content for his advancement, to popularize tyrannically, and shall not be the first of the clergy that hath cunningly done it with a comely grace.

Something there must be of a monarchy, in free states; and something there will be of free states, in a monarchy. The discreeter and uprighter the curate is, the more circumspectly he will walk, and degenerate the less. Yet what generation without degeneration, or what revolution without irregularity? One inconvenience begetteth another: enormities grow like evil weeds: take heed of a mischief, and where then will be the corruptions? Or how shall defection (acknowledging no primacy or superiority in any person or court), retire to his first institution, if, per case, there should grow a conspiracy in fellowship; one consistory justify another for advantage, and their whole synods fall out, in consequence, to be like

their parts? Men may err, and frailty will slip. What should I allege histories or authorities? It is no news for infirmity to fall when it should stand, or for appetite to rebel when it should obey. Every son of Adam, a reed shaken with wind of passion, a weak vessel, a scholar of imperfection, a master of ignorance, a doctor of error, a pastor of concupiscence, a superintendant of avarice, a lord of ambition, a prince of sin, a slave of mortality. Flesh is flesh, and blood a wanton, a changeling, a compound of contrary elements, a revolting and retrograde planet, a sophister, an hypocrite, an impostor, an apostata, an heretic, as convertible as Mercury, as variable as the weathercock, as lunatic as the moon; a generation of corruption, a whore of Babylon, a limb of the world, and an imp of the devil.

It is their own argument in other men's cases, and why should it not be other men's argument in their case, unless they can shew a personal privilege *ad imprimendum solum*? They may speak as they list; terms of sanctification and mortification are free for them that will use them, but the common opinion is, even of the forwardest skirmishers at this day, they do like other men, and live like the children of the world, and the brethren of themselves. Some of them have their neighbours' good leave, to be their own proctors or advocates, if they please; yet how probable is it they are now at the very best, and even in the neatest and purest plight of their incorruption, whilst their minds are abstracted from worldly thoughts, to a high meditation of their supposed heavenly reformation; and whilst it necessarily behoveth them to stand charily and nicely upon the credit of their integrity, sincerity, preciseness, godliness, zeal, and other virtues? When such respects are over, and their purpose compassed according to their heart's desire, who can tell how they or their successors may use the keys, or how they will bestir them with the sword?

If flesh prove not a Pope Joan, and blood a Pope Hildebrand,

good enough. Accidents, that have happened, may happen again; and all things under the sun are subject to casualty, mutability, and corruption. At all adventures, it is a brave position to maintain a sovereign and supreme authority in every consistory, and to exempt the minister from superior censure, like the high-priest, or great pontiff, whom Dionysius Halicarnassus calleth *ἀνυπευθυγον*. He had need be a wise and conscionable man, that should be a parliament or a chancery unto himself: and what a furniture of divine perfections were requisite in the church, where so many ministers, so many spiritual high justices of oyer and terminer, and every one a supreme tribunal, a synod, a general council, a canon law, a heavenly law and gospel unto himself? If no serpent can come within his Paradise, safe enough. Or were it possible that the pastor (although a man, yet a divine man), should, as it were by inheritance or succession, continue a saint from generation to generation, is it also necessary that the whole company of the redoubted seniors should wage everlasting war with the flesh, the world, and the devil, and eternally remain an incorruptible Areopage, without wound or scar? Never such a college or fraternity upon earth, if that be their inviolable order. But God help conceit, that buildeth churches in the air, and platformeth disciplines without stain or spot.

They complain of corruptions; and worthily, where corruptions encroach, (I am no patron of corruptions), but what a surging sea of corruptions would overflow within few years, in case the sword of so great and ample authority, as that at Jerusalem most capital, or this at Geneva most redoubted, were put into the hand of so little capacity in government, so little discretion in discipline, so little judgment in causes, so little moderation in living, so little constancy in saying, or doing, so little gravity in behaviour, or so little whatsoever should procure reverence in a magistrate, or establish good order in a commonwealth. Travel through ten thousand parishes in England; and when you have taken a favourable view

of their substantialest, and sufficientest aldermen, tell me in good sooth, what a comely show they would make in a consistory; or with how solemn a presence they would furnish a council table. I believe *Grimaldus* did little think of any such senators, when he writ *de Optimo Senatore*: or did Doctor *Bartholomew Philip*, in his *Perfect Counsellor*, ever dream of any such counsellors? Petty principalities, petty tyrants, and such senates, such senators. Wit might devise a pleasurable dialogue betwixt the leather pilch and the velvet coat, and help to persuade the better to deal neighbourly with the other; the other to content himself with his own calling. I deny not but the short apron may be as honest a man or as good a christian as the long gown; but methinks he should scantily be so good a judge or assistant in doubtful causes: and I suppose *Nesutor ultra crepidam* is as fit a proverb now as ever it was, since that excellent painter rebuked that saucy cobbler. Every subject is not born to be a magistrate or officer; and who knoweth not whose creature superior power is? They are very wise, that are wiser than he, by whose divine permission every one is that he is. *The Laconical Ephory* hath lately borne a great swing in some resolute discourses of princes and magistrates, that thought they saved the world from the abomination of desolation, when they found out a bridle or yoke for princes: but old Aristotle was a deep politician *in diebus illis*; and his reasons against that Ephorie (for Aristotle confuted the Ephorie with sounder arguments than ever it was confirmed to this day) would not yet perhaps be altogether contemned: that so great judicial causes were committed to men indued with so little or no virtue: that the poor plebeians, for very penury, were easily bribed and corrupted: that there ensued an alteration of the State, the good kings being fain to curry favour with their great masters, and to become popular. Whether this would be the end and may be the mark of those or our populars, I offer it to their consideration that are most interested in such motions of Ephories and Seniories.

The world is beholding to brave and heroical minds that, like Hercules, would practise means to pull down tyranny, small or great; and reform whole empires and churches, like the three victorious emperors surnamed Magni, Constantine, Theodosius, and Charles. Thanks were an unsufficient recompense for so noble intentions. It must be a guerdon of value, that should countervail their desert, that pretend so fatherly and patronly a care of re-edifying commonwealths and churches.

Some voluntary counsellors do well in a state: and men of extraordinary creation, singularly qualified for the purpose, are worth their double weight in gold. When other sleep, they watch; when other play, they work; when other feast, they fast; when other laugh, they sigh; whiles other are content to be lulled in security and misled in abuse, they occupy themselves in devising pregnant bonds of assurance, and exquisite models of reformation. Which must presently be advanced, without further consultation, or they have courage, and will use it in maintenance of so divine abstracts.

Melancholy is peremptory in resolution, and Choler an eager executioner. Were it not for those two invincible arguments, there might still be order taken with other reasons and authorities whatsoever. They do well to presuppose the best of their own designs, and to give out cards of fortunate islands, artificially drawn: but as I never read or heard of any people that committed swords into such hands, but bought their experience with loss, and had a hard pennyworth of their soft cushion; so, in my simple consideration, I cannot conceive how Ignorance should become a mceter officer than Knowledge, Affection a more incorrupt magistrate than Reason, headlong Rashness or wilful Stubbornness a more upright judge than mature Deliberation; base occupations enact and establish better orders than liberal sciences, or honourable professions, (any traffic, howsoever current or advantageous, hath been judged undecent for a senator); tag and rag administer all things absolutely well, with due provision against whatsoever possible inconveniences, where so

many faults are found with persons of better quality, that incomparably have more skill in the administration of public affairs, more knowledge and experience in causes, more respect in proceeding, more regard of their credit, more sense of dangerous enormities or contagious abuses, more care of the flourishing and durable estate of the prince, the commonwealth, and the church. Nay, I can see no reason, according to the best grounds of policy that ever I read, but for every civil tyranny, or petty misdemeanor, that can possibly happen now, the government standing as it doth, there must needs upstart a hundred barbarous tyrannies and hugeous outrages, were the new platforms, acts of parliament, and the complotters, such high commissioners as are described in their own projects, the flourishes of unexperienced wits. When they have nothing else to allege, that should make them superior or equal to the present officers, Conscience must be their text, their gloss, their sanctuary, their tenure, and their strong hold. Indeed, Conscience, grounded upon science, is a double anchor, that neither deceiveth nor is deceived; and no better rule than a regular or public conscience, in divinity ruled by divinity, in law by law, in art by art, in reason by reason, in experience by experience. Other irregular or private Conscience, in public functions, will fall out to be but a lawless church, a shipman's hose, a juggler's stick, a phantastical freehold, and a conceited tenure *in capite*; as interchangeable as the moon, and as fallible as the wind. How barratous and mutinous at every puff of suggestion, let the world judge! I would there lacked a present example, as hot as fresh: but hot love soon cold, and the fits of youth like the showers of April. There goeth a pretty Fable of the Moon, that, on a time, she earnestly besought her mother to provide her a comely garment, fit and handsome for her body; how can that be, sweet daughter, (quoth the mother) sith your body never keepeth at one certain state, but changeth every day in the month? That private conscience, the sweet

daughter of Fancy, be the moral ; and the assurance of the common people, where there wanteth a curb, the application. What cameleon so changeth his colour as Affection? or what polypus so variable as *populus, chorus, fluvius*?

Doctor Kelke, when he was vice-chancellor in Cambridge, would often tell the advocates, and proctors in the consistory there, that he had a knack of conscience for their knack of law. Truly, the man, as he was known to be learned and religious, so seemed to carry a right honest and harmless mind, and would many times be pleasantly disposed, after his blunt manner : but, in very deed, his conscience (be it spoken without appeachment of his good memory) other whiles proved a knack, and admitted more inconveniences (some would have said, committed more absurdities) than became the gravity and reputation of that judicious consistory. Yet were this new plotted consistory crected, according to their own imagination, even upon the top of the presumed Mount Sion ; by the favour of that goodly prospect I dare undertake, amongst so many thousand ministers, with episcopal, or more than episcopal authority, there must be but a few hundred judges like Doctor Kelke ; and a very great dearth of such assistants or seniors, as that flourishing university affordeth. Alas ! many thousands of them unworthy to carry the beadle's staff before the one, or their books after the other : how meet for supreme or free jurisdiction, I report me unto you.

It is notably said of Aristotle, in his Politics : He that would have the law to rule, would have a god to rule ; but he that committeth the rule to a man, committeth the rule to a beast. The law is a mind without appetite, a soul without a body, a judge without flesh and blood, a balance without partiality, a mean without extremes. Where conscience is such a law, I am for conscience ; let us profess no other law ; let us build us Consistories and tabernacles upon that hill of Equity ; let us dwell in those

Elysian fields of integrity; let us honour that incorruptible sceptre of sincerity; let us set the imperial crown upon the head of that policy, and let that discipline wear the pontifical mitre. The world wrongeth itself infinitely, if it runneth not to the gaze of that beautiful Belvedere, or refuseth any order from that sacred oracle. Otherwise, if men be men, and that Consistory no quire of angels or tribunal of saints, but a meeting of neighbours, some of them rude and gross enough, after the homeliest guise, (for, without miraculous illumination, it must necessarily be so in most parishes); now, I beseech you, hath not consideration some reason to fear the Delphical sword? And the convented party, that was nothing afraid of the dean or the canons, They, quoth he, are good gentlemen, and my favourable friends, but the chapter is the devil; would peradventure go nigh hand to say as much for the new Consistory as for the old chapter. Our minister is a zealous preacher; and such and such my honest neighbours: but God bless me from the curst consistory. They that can skill of popular humours, and know the course of mechanical dealings, or artisan's governments; or what you please, can hardly hope for any such paradise or All-hallows, in Hony-lane, as is plausibly pourtrayed in some late draughts of reformation, sweeter in discourse than in practice. I will not prophesy of contingents in speculation: but, were their complot a matter *in esse*, it is possible that even the platformers themselves should have no such exceeding cause to joy in their redoubted seniors. Some potestats are quaint men, and will by fits bear a brain, maugre the best reason, or purest conscience in a consistory. And God knoweth how the people would digest it, (especially after some little trial of their inexorable rigour, and other surly dealing), that their neighbour Whatchicalt, sometime no wiser than his fellows, and such-and-such a freeholder of this-and-that homely occupation, (somewhat base for a senator,) should so jollily perk on the Bench, amongst the fathers conscript, when some

that have a state of inheritance, or maintain themselves upon civiler trades, must humbly wait at the bar, and yield themselves obedient to the stern commandments of those sage benchers. Iwis, the penny is a strong argument with such natures; and he that carries the heaviest purse, how unmeet soever he may seem for a consistory, thinketh himself mightily wronged unless he be taken for the best, or one of the best in the parish; and if, for his countenance, or other charitable respect, he will not stick sometime to pleasure a good fellow or a poor neighbour, (some good fellows are kill-cows, and some poor neighbours all heart), he may, perhaps, get some hardy partakers, and bear himself for as mighty a man in the borough or village as some of the foresaid redoubted potestats. How that would be allowed in consistory, or how a thousand suits, quarrels, uproars, and hurly-burles might be pacified, yet unprovided for, or unthought upon by the compendious Sumnists, it would be considered in time; whilst there is leisure from practice. For, after the Consistory is once up, in such sweating harvest of most busy business, a simple pragmatic may easily prognosticate how small a remnant of leisure will remain for consideration.

There was much ado, and otherwhiles little help, first at Jerusalem, with one Synedrion, and then at Geneva, with one Seniory; the two only exemplary presbyteries, (for other primitive Elderships will not fit the turn); what a wonderful stir would one, and some fifty-two thousand consistories make in England? Were not our Reformation likely to prove a greater sweat, or a mightier draught, than any in Grafton's, Stowe's, or Holinshed's chronicle? Martin, under correction of your high court of conscience, give me leave to bethink me at once upon the firework of your discipline, and Phaeton's regiment, in the hot countries of the Orient. When his brave design came to the execution, *solitaque jugum gravitate carebat*; a light beginning, a heavy ending:

Nec scit, quâ sit iter; nec si sciat, imperet illis;

and so forth : (it is not conceit or courage, but skill and authority that manageth government with honour) : what was the issue of that younkerly and presumptuous enterprise but a deluge of fire, as ruthless and horrible as Deucalion's deluge of water?

Magnæ pereunt cum mœnibus Urbes :

Cumque suis totas populis incendia Gentes

In cinerem vertunt.

You can best translate it yourself, and I leave the warm application to the hot interpreter, with addition of that short but weighty and most remarkable advertisement, *Pœnam Phaeton, pro munere poscis*. Phaeton, thou desirest thy ruin for thy advancement; and Martin, thou affectest thou wottest not what : A discipline? a confusion : A reformation? a deformation : A salve? a plague : A bliss? a curse : A commonwealth? a common woe : A happy and heavenly church? a wretched and hellish synagogue. Amount in imagination as high, as the haughtiest conceit can aspire, and platform the most exquisite designs of pure perfection, that the nicest curiosity can devise; were not the wisest on your side most simply simple, in weighing the consequents of such antecedents, they would never so inconsiderately labour their own shame, the misery of their brethren, the desolation of the ministry, and the destruction of the church.

Good Martin, be good to the church, to the ministry, to the state, to thy country, to thy patrons, to thy friends, to thy brethren, to thyself; and, as thou lovest thyself, take heed of old puritanism, new anabaptism, and final barbarism. Thou art young in years, I suppose; but younger in enterprise, I am assured. Thy age in some sort pleadeth thy pardon; and couldest thou, with any reasonable temperance, advise thyself in time, as it is high time to assuage thy stomachous and everlasting outrage, there be few wise men of quality but would pity thy rash proceeding, and impute thy wanton scurrilous vein to want of expe-

rience and judgment, which is seldom ripe in the spring. I will not stand to examine the spirit that speaketh or enditeth in such a phrase ; but if that were the tenour of a godly or zealous style, methinks some other saint or godly man should someway have used the like elocution before ; unless you meant to be as singular in your form of writing as in your manner of censuring, and to publish as grave an innovation in words as in other matters. Some spiritual motion it was, that caused you so sensibly to apply your ruffling speech and whole method to the feeding and tickling of that humour, that is none of the greatest students of divinity, unless it be your divinity ; nor any of the likeliest creatures to advance reformation, unless it be your reformation. But, whatsoever your motion were, or howsoever you persuaded yourself that a plausible and roisterly course would win the hearts of good fellows, and make ruffians become precisians, in hope to mount higher than Highgate by the fall of Bishopsgate, some of your well-willers hold a certain charitable opinion, that to reform yourself were your best reformation.

Good discipline would do many good, and do Martin no harm, had he leisure from training of other to train himself, and, as one termed it, to trim his own beard. Howbeit, in my method, knowledge would go before practice, and doctrine before discipline. I challenge few or none for learning, which I rather love as my friend, or honour as my patron, than profess as my faculty ; but some approved good scholars of both universities, and some honourable wise men of a higher university, take Martin to be none of the greatest clerks in England, and marvel how he should presume to be a Doctor of discipline, that hath much ado to shew himself a Master of doctrine. For mine own part, I hope he is a better doctrinist than disciplinist ; or else I must needs conclude Pride is a busy man, and a deeper counsellor of States than of himself.

Public projects become public persons, and may do well in some other, being well employed : but private persons, and the common crews of platformers, might have most use of private designments, appropriate to their own vocation, profession, or quality. When I find Martin as neat a reformer of his own life as of other men's actions, it shall go hard ; but I will in some measure proportion my commendation to the singularity of his desert ; which I would be glad to crown with a garland of present, and a diadem of future praise. For I long to see a lark without a crest, and would travel far to discover a reformer without a fault ; or only with such a fault as for the rareness should deserve, or for the strangeness might challenge, to be chronicled, like the eclipse of the sun. The state demonstrative, not overlaboured at this instant, would fain be employed in blazoning a creature of such perfections ; and the very soul of charity thirsteth to drink of that clear *Aqua Vitæ*. It is not the first time that I have preferred a gentleman of deeds before a lord of words ; and what if I once, by way of familiar discourse, said I was a Protestant in the antecedent, but a Papist in the consequent ? for I liked faith in the premises, but wished works in the conclusion ; as St. Paul beginneth with justification, but endeth with sanctification ; and the school-men reconcile many confutations in one distinction : we are justified by faith apprehensively ; by works declaratively ; by the blood of Christ effectively. I hope it is no evil sign for the flower to flourish, for the tree to fructify, for the fire to warm, for the sun to shine, for truth to embrace virtue, for the intellectual good to praise the moral good, for the cause to effect. He meant honestly, that said merrily, he took St. Austin's and St. Gregory's, by Paul's, to be the good friends of St. Faith's, under Paul's. What needeth more ? If your reformation be such a restorative as you pretend, what letteth, but the world should presently behold a visible difference between the fruits of the pure and the corrupt diet ? Why ceaseth the heavenly

discipline to pen her own apology, not in one or two scribbled pamphlets of counterfeit compliments, but in a thousand living volumes of heavenly virtues? Divine causes were ever wont to fortify themselves, and weaken their adversaries, with divine effects, as conspicuous as the brightest sunshine.

The apostles and primitive founders of the churches were no railers or scoffers; but painful travellers, but zealous preachers, but holy livers, but fair spoken, mild, and loving men, even like Moses, like David, like the son of David; the three gentlest persons that ever walked upon earth. Wheresoever they became, it appeared, by the whole manner of their meek and sweet proceeding, that they had been the servants of a meek Lord, and the disciples of a sweet Master; insomuch, that many nations which knew not God, entertained them as the ambassadors or orators of some god, and were mightily persuaded to conceive a divine opinion of him, whom they so divinely preached, and even to believe that he could be no less than the Son of the great God. Their miracles got the hearts of numbers; but their sermons and orations were greater wonders than their miracles, and won more ravished souls to heaven. Their doctrine was full of power, their discipline full of charity, their eloquence celestial, their zeal invincible, their life inviolable, their conversation loving, their profession humility, their practice humility, their conquest humility. Read the sweet ecclesiastical histories, replenished with many cordial narrations of their sovereign virtues, and peruse the most rigorous censures of their professed enemies, Pliny, Suetonius, Tacitus, Antoninus, Symachus, Lucian, Libanius, Philostratus, Eunapius, or any like Latinist or Grecian, (I except not Porphyry, Hierocles, or Julian himself), and what Christian or heathen judgment, with any indifferency can deny, but they always demeaned themselves like well-affected, fair-conditioned, innocent, and kind persons, many ways gracious, and some ways admirable? Peace was their war, unity their multiplication, good words and

good deeds their edifying instruments ; a general humanity toward all, wheresoever they travelled, and a special beneficence toward every one with whom they conversed, one of their sovereign means for the propagation of Christianity. They knew his merciful and godful meaning, that, in an infinite and incomprehensible love, descended from heaven to save all upon earth, and remembered how graciously his divine self vouchsafed to converse with publicans and other sinners ; what a sweet and peerless example of humblest humility he gave his disciples, when, with his own immaculate hands, he washed their feet ; how applicably he framed himself to the proper disposition of every nation, in drawing unto him the magicians of the East, with the wonderous sight of a new star ; in moving the Jews with miracles and parables ; in shewing himself a prophet and the very Messiah, to the Samaritans ; in sending eloquent Paul to the eloquent Grecians, zealous Peter to the devout Hebrews and virtuous Romans, his brother Andrew to the stout Scythians, incredulous Thomas to the infidel Parthians, and so forth : what a loving and precious dear testament he left behind him, and with how unspeakable favour he bequeathed and disposed the rich hereditaments and inestimable goods of his kingdom ; how nearly it concerned the members of one body, without the least intestine disagreement or faction, to tender and cherish one another with mutual indulgence ; how fruitfully the militant church had already increased by concord, like a plant of the triumphant church, whose blissful concert incomparably passeth the sweetest harmony.

The effect of such divine motions was heavenly ; and whilst that celestial course continued, with an inviolable consent of united minds, even in some dissension of opinions (for there was ever some difference in opinions), the gospel reigned, and the church flourished miraculously. It would make the heart of piety to weep for joyful compassion, to remember how the blood of those, and those most patient, but more glorious martyrs, that might be slain, but not

vanquished, was the seed of the church. The church, that grew victorious and mighty by the beheading of Paul and James; by the crucifying of Peter, Andrew, Philip, and Simon; by the stoning of Stephen; by the burning of Mark and Barnabas; by the flaying of Bartholomew; by the murdering of Thomas with a dart, of Matthew with a sword; of Matthias with an axe, of James Alphæus with a club; of how many renowned martyrs, with how many cruel and tyrannical torments, immortal monuments of their invincible faith, and most honourable constancy. When asperity and discord, degenerating from that primitive order, took another course; and began to proceed more like furies of hell than saints of the church, or honest neighbours of the world; alas, what followed? And unless we retire to our principles, although mischief upon mischief be bad enough, yet ruin upon ruin will be worse.

It is not a ruffianly style, or a tumultuous plot, that will amend the matter; some apostolical virtues would do well; and that same evangelical humility were much worth. In the mean season, surly reverend bishops and learned doctors, albeit corruptible men, should be meeter to administer or govern churches, than lusty cutters, or insufficient plotters, albeit reformed creatures. Sweet Martin, as well junior as senior (for juniors and seniors are all one, as old Master Raye said in his mayoralty), and you sweet whirlwinds, that so sweetly bestir you at this instant; now, again and again I beseech you, either be content to take a sweeter course, or take all for me. My interest in these causes is small; and howsoever some busy heads love to set themselves a work, when they might be otherwise occupied, yet, by their favours, there is a certain thing that passeth all understanding, which I commend universally unto all, especially unto my friends, and singularly unto myself. *Nulla salus bello: pacem te poscimus omnes.* No law to the Fecial law, nor any conquest to Pacification. Would Christ, Reformation could be entreated to begin itself, and Discipline would be so good as to

shew by example of her own house, where she inhabiteth and consorteth, what a precious and heavenly thing it were for a whole kingdom to live in such a celestial harmony of pure virtues, and all perfections. Theories and ideas are quickly imagined in an aspiring phantasy; but an inviolable practice of a divine excellency in human frailty, without excess, defect, or abuse, doubtless were a crystal worth the seeing, and a glorious mirror of eternal imitation. When contemplation hath a little more experience, it shall find that action is scanty so smooth and nimble a creature as speculation; two notable precedents *in concreto*, more rare than twenty singular types *in abstracto*: they that shoot beyond the mark in imagination, come short in trial: good intentions were never too rife, and the best intentions have gone astray. All men are not of one mould: there is as great difference of ministers and aldermen, as of other persons; even where the spirit is strong, the flesh is sometime found weak enough; and the world is a world of temptations, murmurings, offences, quarrels, trespasses, crimes, and continual troubles in one sort or other.

If the precisest and most scrupulous Treatises have much ado to uphold the credit of any imperfection or estimation with their own associates (how many heads, so many plots), what may reason conceive of the assurance or maturity of their judicial or other moral proceedings *in esse*? When his and his Scripture, after some pretty pausing, is become apocryphal with his and his own adherents, whose writing was scripture with many of them, how can any of them ascertain or resolve themselves of the canonical incorruption, or authentical omni-sufficiency of his or his actual government? When even He, that within these few years was alleged for text, hath so improved his authority with a number of his ferventest brethren, that he will now be scanty allowed for a current gloss, why should defeated affection any longer delude itself with a prejudicate and vain imagination of an alchymistical discipline, not so

sweet in conceits, as sour in proof; and as defective in needful provision, as excessive in unneedful presumption? If second cogitations be riper and sounder than the first, may not third or fourth consultations take more and more advisement? If Bishopsgate be infected, is it impossible for Aldersgate to be attainted? and if neither can be long clear in an universal plague of corruption, what reason hath zeal to fly from God's blessing into a warm sun? What a wisdom were it to change for the worse? or what a notorious folly were it to innovate, without infallible assurance of the better? What politic State, or considerate people, ever laboured any alteration, civil or ecclesiastical, without pregnant evidence of some singular or notable good, as certain in consequence as important in estimation? To be short (for I have already been over long, and shall hardly qualify those heady youngers with any discourse), had Martin his lust, or Penry his wish, or Udal his mind, or Brown his will, or Kett his fancy, or Barrow his pleasure, or Greenwood his heart's desire, or the freshest practitioners their longing (even to be judges of the consistory, or fathers conscript of the senate, or *Domine factotum*, or themselves wot not what), there might fall out five hundred practicable cases, and a thousand disputable questions, in a year (the world must be reframed anew, or such points decided), wherewith they never disquieted their brains, and wherein the learnedest of them could not say A. to the arches, or B. to a battledore.

If the grave motioners of discipline (who, no doubt, are learned men, and might be wiser, but Mr. Travers, M. Cartwright, Doctor Chapman, and all the grayer heads, begin to be stale with these novelists), have bethought themselves upon all cases and cautels in practice, of whatsoever nature, and have thoroughly provided against all possible mischiefs, inconveniences, and irregularities, as well future as present; I am glad they come so well prepared; surely some of the earnestest and eagerest solicitors are not yet so furnished. Words are good fellows and merry men; but, in

my poor opinion, it were not amiss for some sweating and fierce doers at this instant, that would down with Clement and up with Hildebrand, either to know more at home, or to stir less abroad.

It is no trifling matter in a monarchy to hoise up a new authority, like that of the Jewish Consistory above kings, or that of the Lacedemonian Ephori above Tyrants, or that of the Roman Senate above Emperors. Howbeit if there be no remedy, but M. Fire must be the pastor, M. Air the doctor, Goodman Water the deacon, and Goodman Earth the alderman of the church, let the young Calf and the old Ass draw cuts whether of their heads shall wear the garland. And thus much in generality touching Martinizing; being urged to defend it if I durst, but for fear of indignation I durst not. The several particulars, and more gingerly niceties of rites, signs, terms, and what not, I refer to the discussion of professed divines, or reserve for more leisure, and fitter occasion.

As for that new-created spirit, whom double V, like another Doctor Faustus, threateneth to conjure up at leisure, (for I must return to the terrible creature that subscribeth himself Martin's Double V, and will needs also be my tittle-tittle), were that spirit disposed to appear in his former likeness, and to put the necromancer to his purgation, he could peradventure make the conjuring wizard forsake the centre of this circle, and betake him to the circumference of his heels. Simple creature, Iwis thou art too young an artist *to conjure him* up, that can exorcise thee down; or to *lamback him* with *ten years'* preparation, that can lambskin thee with a day's warning. Out upon thee for a cowardly lambacker, that stealest in at the back-door, and thinkest to filch advantage on the back wing. Knaves are backbiters, whores belly-biters, and both sheep-biters. Pedomancy fitter for such conjurers, than either Chiromancy or Necromancy, or any familiar spirit, but contempt. It is somebody's fortune to be haunted with back friends; and I could report a strange dialogue betwixt the Clerk of Backchurch and the Chaunter.

of Pancridge, that would make the better vizard of the two to blush; but I favour modest ears: and a thousand honest tongues will justify it to thy face, Thou art as it were a gross ideot, and a very *Ass in presenti*, to imagine that thou couldst go scot-free in this saucy reckoning, although the party conjured should say nothing but mum. Honesty goeth never unbacked; and Truth is a sufficient patron to itself; and I know one that hath written a pamphlet, intituled *Cock-a-lilly*; or, *The White Son of the Black Art*. But he that can *massacre Martin's wit*, (thou rememberest thine own phrase) can rot Pat-hatchet's brain; and he that can *tickle Mar-prélate with taunts*, can twitch double V to the quick: albeit he threaten no less than the siege of Troy in his note-book, and his pen resound like the harnessed womb of the Trojan horse. I have seen a broad sword stand at the door when a poinado hath entered; and although I am neither Ulysses nor Outis, yet perhaps I can tell how No-body may do, that Somebody cannot do. Polyphemus was a mighty fellow, and conjured Ulysses' companions into excrements; (few giants ever so hideous as Polyphemus); but poor Outis was even with him, and nobody conjured his goggle eye as well.

I pray thee, sweet Pap, insult not over much upon quiet men; though my pen be nobody at a hatchet, and my tongue less than nobody at a beetle, yet patience loveth not to be made a cart of Croydon, and no such libbard for a lively ape as fordead Silence. The merry gentleman deviseth to disport himself, and his copesmates with a pleasurable conceit *quaking ears*; and *all my works, at least six sheets in quarto, called by myself, The first tome of my familiar Epistle*: two impudent lies, and so known notoriously. He might as truly forge any lewd or villanous report of any man in England; and for his labour challenge to be preferred to the clerkship of the whetstone, which he is able to maintain sumptuously, with a mint of quaint and uncouth similes, dainty monsters of nature. I must deal plainly with the spawn of rank calumny; his knavish and

foolish malice palpably bewrayeth itself in most odious fictions, meet to garnish the foresaid famous office of the whetstone. But what sayeth his own courageous pen of his own adventurous ears? *If ripping up of lives make sport, have with thee knuckle deep: it shall never be said, that I dare not venture mine ears where Martin hazards his neck.* Some men are not so prodigal of their ears, how lavish soever Martin may seem of his neck; and albeit every man cannot compile such grand volumes as *Euphues*, or rear such mighty tomes as *Pap-hatchet*; yet he might have thought, other poor men have tongues, and pens to speak something when they are provoked unreasonably. But losers may have their words, and comedians their acts; such dry bobbars can lustily strike at other, and cunningly rap themselves. He hath not played the vice-master of Paul's, and the foolmaster of the theatre for naughts: himself a mad lad as ever twanged, never troubled with any substance of wit, or circumstance of honesty, sometime the fiddle-stick of Oxford, now the very babble of London, would feign forsooth have some other esteemed, as all men value him. A workman is easily descried by his terms; every man speaketh according to his art.

I am threatened with a Bable, and Martin menaced with a Comedy; a fit motion for a jester, and a player to try what may be done by employment of his faculty. Bables and Comedies are parlous fellows to *decypher and discourage men*, (that is the point), with their witty flouts and learned jerks, enough to lash any man out of countenance. Nay, if you shake the painted scabbard at me, I have done: and all you, that tender the preservation of your good names, were best to please Pap-hatchet, and fee Euphues betimes, for fear lest he be moved, or some one of his apes hired, to make a play of you; and then is your credit quite undone for ever and ever. Such is the public reputation of their plays. He must needs *be discouraged*, whom they *decypher*. Better anger an hundred other

than two such, that have the stage at commandment, and can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure. Gentlemen, beware of a *chafing pen*, that *sweateth out whole reams of paper*, and whole theatres of jests: 'tis a venture if he die not of the paper sweat, should he chance to be never so little overchafed; for the jest-dropsy is not so peremptory. But no point of cunning to the *Tale of the Tub*; that is the profound mystery, and the very secret of secrets. The sweet sister's answer, *that in her conscience thought lechery the superficies of sin*, (a rare word with women, but by her answer she should seem to be learned); the true tale of one of Martin's godly sons, *that having the company of one of his sisters in the open fields, said he would not smother up sin, and deal in hugger-mugger against his conscience*; (the historiographer hath many privy intelligences); the sober tale of the *Eldest Elder*, *that received forty angels at his table, where he sat with no less than forty good dishes of the greatest dainties, in more pomp than a pope*; (he was not of the starved Pythagorean or Platonical diet, but liberal exhibition may maintain good hospitality); the zealous *Love-letter, or Corinthian Epistle to the Widow*, *as honest a woman as ever burnt malt*; (the wooer, or the register of Aretine's religion); *the holy Oath of the Martinist*, *that thinking to swear by his conscience swore by his concupiscence*; (did not he forget himself, that expressly affirmed, *Martin will not swear; but with indeed, in sooth, and in truth, he cog the dye of deceit?*) these, and the rest of those bawdy inventions, wherewith that brothelish pamphlet floweth, smell somewhat strongly of the pump, and shew the credibility of the author, that dareth allege any impudent, profane, or blasphemous fiction to serve his turn.

So he may soon make up the authentical legendary of his *Hundred merry Tales*; as true peradventure as Lucian's true narrations; or the heroical histories of Rabelais; or the brave Legends.

of Errant Knights; or the egregious pranks of Howleglass, Friar Rush, Friar Tuck, and such like; or the renowned *Bugiale* of Poggius, Racellus, Luscus, Cincius, and that whole Italian crew of merry secretaries in the time of Pope Martin the Fifth; of whom our worshipful clerks of the whetstone, Doctor Clare, Doctor Bourne, M. Scoggin, M. Skelton, M. Wakefield, divers late Historiologers, and happily this new tale-founder himself, learned their most wonderful faculty. *Committing of matrimony; carousing the sap of the church; cutting at the bum card of conscience; besmearing of conscience; spelling of our Father in a horn-book; the railing Religion*; and a whole sink of such arrant phrases, savour hotly of the same Lucianical breath, and discover the minion secretary aloof. Faith, quoth himself, thou wilt be caught by thy style; indeed what more easy than to find the man by his humour, the Midas by his ears, the calf by his tongue, the goose by his quill, the play-maker by his style, the Hatchet by the Pap? Albertus' secrets, Poggius' fables; Bebelius' jests, Scoggins' tales, Wakefield's lies, Parson Darcy's knaveries, Tarleton's tricks, Elderton's ballads, Greene's pamphlets, Euphues' similes, double V's phrases, are too well known to go unknown. Where the vein of Braggadocio is famous, the artery of Pappadocio cannot be obscure.

Gentlemen, I have given you a taste of his sugar-loaf, that weeneth Sidney's dainties, Ascham's comfits, nothing comparable to his Pap. Some of you dreamed of electuaries, of gems, and other precious restoratives; of the quintessence of amber and pearl dissolved, of I wot not what incredible delicacies: but his gem-mint is not always current; and as busy men, so painted boxes and galipot must have a vacation. Yet welfare the sweet heart of Diapap, Dia-fig, and Dia-nut, three sovereign defensatives of the commonwealth, and three cordial comformatives of the church. It is a good hearing, when good fellows have a care of the commonwealth and the church; and a godly motion, when interluders leave

penning their pleasurable plays to become zealous ecclesiastical writers. *Bona fide*, some have written notably against Martinism; (it were a busy task for the crediblest precisian to impeach the credit of Doctor Baneroft or Doctor Suteliff); but this Mammaday hath excellently knocked himself on the seonee with his own hatehet. I will cast away no more ink upon eompond of simples. The Pap is like the Hatehet; the fig like the nut; the eountry-euff like the hangman's apron; the dog like the dog; John Anoke and John Astile like the baily of Withernam; the sign of the Crabtree-eudgel like Twackeoat-lane; Martin's hanging like Pappadoeio's mowing; Huff, Ruff, and Snuff, the three tame ruffians of the church, like double V; never a lay in the barrel, better herring; the beginning, the midst, and the end, all in one pickle. Some roses amongst pricks do well; and some lilies amongst thorns would have done no harm. But envy hath no fancy to the rose of the garden; and what careth malice for the lily of the valley?

Would fair names were spells and charms against foul affections! and in some respects I could wish that divinity would give humanity leave to conclude otherwise than I must. I could in courtesye be content, and in hope of reeoneiliation desirous, to mitigate the harshest sentenees, and mollify the hardest terms. But can Truth lie, or Discretion approve folly, or judgment allow vanity, or modesty abide impudency, or good manners soothe bad speeches? He that penned the above-mentioned *Cock-a-lilly*, saw reason to display the black artist in his collier colours; and thought it most unreasonable to suffer such light and empty vessels to make such a loud and proud rumbling in the air. Other had rather hear the learned nightingale than the unlearned parrot; or taste the wing of a lark than the leg of a raven. The finest wits prefer the loosest period in M. Ascham, or Sir Philip Sidney, before the trieksiest page in Euphues or Pap-hatchet. The Muses shame to remember some fresh quaffers of Helieon; and which of the Graces

or Virtues blusheth not to name some lusty tosspots of rhetoric? The stately Tragedy scorneth the trifling Comedy, and the trifling Comedy flouteth the new Ruffianism. Wantonness was never such a swill-bowl of ribaldry; nor Idleness ever such a carouser of knavery.

What honest mind or civil disposition is not accloyed with these noisome and nasty gargarisms? Where is the polished and refined eloquence, that was wont to bedeck and embellish humanity? Why should learning be a niggard of his excellent gifts, when impudency is so prodigal of his rascal trish-trash? What dainty or neat judgment beginneth not to hate his old love, and loathe his ancient delight, the press, the most honourable press, the most villanous press? Who smileth not at those, and those trim-trams of gaudy wits, how flourishing wits, how fading wits? Who laugheth not at *I'le, I'le, I'le*; or gibeth not at some hundred piebald fooleries, in the hair-brained declamation? They whom it nearest pincheth, cannot silence their just disdain; and I am forcibly urged to intimate my whole censure, though without hatred to the person or derogation from any his commendable gift, yet not without special dislike of the bad matter, and general commendation of the vile form. The whole work a bald toy, full of stale and wooden jests; and one of the most paltry things that ever was published by graduate of either university; good for nothing but to stop mustard pots, or rub gridirons, or feather rats' nests, or such like homely use. For stationers are already too full of such realms and commonwealths of waste paper; and find more gain in the lilly-pot blank than in the lilly-pot Euphued; a day or two fine for sheets, and afterwards good for grocers. *Vanitas vanitatum*, the sum of grudge, the froth of levity, the scum of corruption, and the very scurf of rascality; nothing worthy a scholar or a civil gentleman; altogether fantastical and fond, without rhyme or reason; so oddly huddled and bungled together, in so madbrain sort, and with so brain-sick stuff, that in an overflow of so many frivolous and ridi-

culous pamphlets, I scarcely know any one in all points so incomparably vain and absurd, whereunto I may resemble that most toyish and piperly trifle, the fruit of an addle and lewd wit, long since dedicated to a dissolute and desperate licentiousness. Oh, what a *Magnifico* would he be, were his purse as heavy as his head is light, and his heart frank! Even that same very Mirror of Madness hangeth together with some more coherence of reason, and smelleth not so rankly of the tavern, the alehouse, the stews, the cuckingstool, or other such honest places, as that drunken and shameless declamation; unbecoming any but an orator of Bedlam, a rhetorician of Bridewell, or a discourse of Primrose-hill. And although the same French Mirror be *ex professo* devised in a mad garish vein, and stuffed with geer homely enough, fit for a libertine and frantic theme; yet doth it not so basely borrow of the ruffian's bag, the tapster's spiggot, the pedlar's pack, the tinker's budget, the knave's truss, and the rogue's fardle; unto all which, and other authors of like reputation, but chiefly to the hangman's apron; (that, that is the biggin of his wit), this worthy author is deeply beholding for great part of his fine conceits and dainty learning; precious ware for *Euphued* creatures and fantastical colts; whose wild and madbrain humour nothing fitteth so just, as the stalest dudgen or absurdest balductum, that they or their mates can invent in odd and awk speeches, disguisedly shapen after the antic fashion, and monstrously shorn, like old Captain Lister's spaniel.

They that affect such ruffianish braveries, and divide their roister-doistering jests into cuts, slashes, and foins, may bestow the reading; for any other of whatsoever quality or calling, it will do them as much good as dirt in their shoes, or draff in their bellies: and in good sooth, there is all the use, civil or ecclesiastical, that I can find of this babe's pap; whom, for his sweet entertainment with pap, fig, and nut, I officiously recommend to the Ship of Fools, and the Galeass of Knaves. When he useth himself with

more modesty, and his friends with more discretion, I may alter my style; (let him change, and I am changed); or if already he be ashamed of that conjuring leaf, foisted in like a bum-card, I have said nothing. Till he disclaimeth his injury in print, or confesseth his oversight in writing, or signifieth his penitence in speech, the abused party, that had reason to set down the premises without favour, hath cause to justify his own hand without fear, and is as well in equity to avow truth, as in charity to disavow malice.

*At Trinity-Hall,
this fifth of November, 1589.*

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE THIRD.

PIERCE'S SUPEREROGATION;

OR,

A New Praise of the Old Ass.

BY GABRIELL HARVEY.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1593.

AND

A NEW LETTER

OF

NOTABLE CONTENTS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1593.

LONDON:

From the Private Press

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1815.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers, who came to the Americas in search of a new life. They found a land of opportunity, but also a land of challenge. The early years were marked by conflict and struggle, as the settlers fought to establish their own communities. Over time, the United States grew from a small colony into a powerful nation. It was a process of constant evolution, shaped by the dreams and aspirations of its people. The story of the United States is a testament to the power of the human spirit and the ability of a nation to overcome adversity. It is a story of hope and progress, of a people who have built a great and glorious future for themselves. The history of the United States is a story that continues to inspire and guide us today.

Preface.

MR. D'ISRAELI in the second volume of his *Calamities of Authors*, a book which is probably in every reader's hands, has given so ingenious and entertaining an account of the literary quarrel between NASH and HARVEY, that it will spare the present Editor the imprudence of an imperfect repetition of the same story. The weak protection of learning or grave argument against the intangible and unassailable weapons of wit, ridicule, and banter, is there well pointed out. Silence, however painful, is perhaps the only shield with which the unhappy object can hope to tire out and survive the repetition of the elastic reviler's blows.

But however injudicious for the purposes of self defence were Harvey's efforts, they are now become very highly valuable as materials for the illustration of cotemporary literature. And this can only be effected by a reprint of them: for it is well known that they are among the scarcest tracts of our language. Mr. D'Israeli has given a decisive reason for this scarcity. It soon "became necessary," says he, "to dry up the flood-gates of these rival ink-horns, by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The order is a remarkable fragment of our literary history, and is thus expressed; *that all NASHE'S Books and DR. HARVEY'S Bookes be taken where-soever they may be found, and that none of the said Bookes be ever printed hereafter.*"

"This extraordinary circumstance accounts for the excessive

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rarity of *Harvey's Four Letters*, 1592¹, and that literary scourge of Nash's, '*Have with you to Saffron-Walden* (Harvey's residence), or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*,' 1596²: pamphlets now as costly as if they consisted of leaves of gold."

GABRIEL HARVEY was born about 1545, the son of a rope-maker, at Saffron-Walden in Essex, but related to the celebrated statesman Sir Thomas Smith. He was educated at Cambridge, first at Christ's College, then fellow at Pembroke Hall, 1570; and afterwards became fellow of Trinity Hall, 1578. "*Spe*," says Thomas Baker, "*et opinione Magister futurus; sed magna de spe excidit*³." He was junior proctor 1582; was admitted doctor of laws at Oxford 1585; practised the civil law; and became an advocate of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury in Doctors Commons. He died at Saffron-Walden 1630, aged about 80, as appears by an elegy on him composed by Wm. Pearson⁴. "He was," says Wood, "esteemed an ingenious man, and an excellent scholar; but it was his and his brother Richard's ill luck to fall into the hands of that noted and restless buffoon Tom Nash, in his *Apology of Pierce Penniless*, and *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*: in both which books they are loaden with all the scurrilities imaginable, as being, according to Tom's words, *false prophets, weather-wizards, fortune-tellers, poets, philosophers, orators, historiographers, mountebanks, ballad-makers, &c*⁵."

But, since the venom of Nash has long ago ceased to prejudice, we must not admit that Harvey, if it were only that he was the

¹ Since reprinted in *Archæica*, Part IV.

² See *Restituta*. ³ *Restituta*, iii. 215.

⁴ *Restituta*, ut *supr*.

⁵ *Wood's F.* i. 128.

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companion, in literature as well as in personal friendship, of Edmund Spenser¹, was either inconsiderable in talents, or unrespectable in morals. That he had a most irritable temper, and was infected with a ridiculous and almost childish vanity, cannot be denied.

But we have no occasion to resort to the credit reflected from the friendship of Spenser. The tract now reprinted is a most satisfactory proof of extraordinary abilities and acute powers of thinking and discrimination, as well as copious, varied, and extensive learning. It displays not, indeed, eloquence or genius; it is the hard produce of vigorous faculties, constantly exercised in scholastic studies; and rich in an incredible abundance of acquired wealth. Its pedantry was at first repulsive to the present Editor; but to him at least this appearance has, on a second or third perusal, greatly worn away. To the enquirer into our vernacular philology, there is no work of its size which furnishes more curious treasures. The profusion of words; the nicety with which they are applied; the art with which the sentences are polished and balanced; the precision of the ideas; the inexhaustible allusions, not only bespeak a most full and exercised mind in the writer, but call for some portion of the same cultivation in the reader: the pamphlet therefore never was calculated for popularity; but it seems to have deserved more fame among the literati than it has acquired.

Pedantic as this work in many parts is, and disgustingly coarse as it is in still more, there yet are many places in which its style is

¹ See Todd's *Life of Spenser*, *passim*.

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more pure, more polished, more vigorous, and nearer in its approach to the best specimens of modern times, than that of most of the prose writings of the same period. In their matter perhaps these passages may be thought too aphoristic and abstract; and to be totally deficient in the glow of fancy or sentiment: but they communicate the thought which they are intended to convey with clearness, propriety, and strength.

Take this, by way of illustration, from an early part.

“ Were it mine own election, I might worthily incur many reproofs, and justly impute them to my simple choice; but necessity hath as little free will as law, and compelleth like a tyrant where it cannot persuade like an orator, or advise like a counsellor. Any virtue, an honourable commonplace, and a flourishing branch of an heavenly tree; politic and militar affairs, the worthiest matters of consultation, and the two Herculean pillars of noble states; the private lives of excellent personages in sundry courses, and the public actions of puissant nations in sundry governments, shining mirrors of notable use for the present time and future ages. Were it at my appointment to dispose freely of mine own hours, O, how willingly and cheerfully could I spend the freshest and dearest part of my life in such arguments of valour! Learning is a goodly and gallant creature in many parts; and divers members of that beautiful body upbraid the most exquisite pen and most curious pencil of insufficiency: no diligence too much, where no labour enough; the fruitfulest sciences require painfulest industry, and some lively principles would be touched to the quick: whatsoever book-case or school-point is found by experience to be essential and practi-

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cable in the world, deserveth to be discussed with sharp invention and sound judgment.

“ I could yet take pleasure and profit in canvassing some problems of natural philosophy, of the mathematics, of geography, and hydrography, of other commodious experiments fit to advance many valorous actions; and I would upon mine own charges travel into any part of Europe to hear some pregnant paradoxes, and certain singular questions in the highest professions of learning, in physic, in law, in divinity, effectually and thoroughly disputed *pro* and *contra*; and would think my travel as advantageously bestowed to some purposes of importance as they that have adventurously discovered new-found lands, or bravely surprised Indies.”

As Harvey appears to have been an indefatigable reader in almost every branch of literature, it would have been endless to have traced out all his allusions, and indeed impossible for any one who had not penetrated through all the same tracks of study, now obsolete, as himself: but for the purpose of illustrating our vernacular authors, the Editor has added short Notes of Biographical reference concerning almost every name which occurs in the text.

B.

Oct. 26, 1815.

BOOK THE THIRD.

So then of Pappadocio ; whom, nevertheless, I esteem a hundred times learned, and a thousand times honest, than this other Braggadocio, that hath more learning than honesty, and more money than learning ; although he truly entitle himself *Pierce Pennyless*, and be elsewhere styled the Gentleman Raggamuffin. NASH the ape of *Greene*, Greene the ape of *Euphues*, Euphues the ape of *Envoy*, the three famous mamets of the press, and my three notorious feudists, draw all in a yoke : but some scholars excel their masters ; and some lusty blood will do more at a deadly pull than two or three of his yoke-fellows. It must go hard, but he will emprove himself the incomparable darling of immortal vanity. Howbeit, his friends could have wished he had not shewn himself to the world such a ridiculous *Suffenus*, or *Shakerly* to himself, by advancing the triumphal garland upon his own head, before the least skirmish for the victory ; which if he ever obtain, by any valiancy or bravery, (as he weeneth himself the valiantest and bravest actor that ever managed pen,) I am his bondsman in fetters, and refuse not the humblest vassalage to the sole of his boot.

Much may be done by close confederacy, in all sorts of cozenage and legerdemain : *Monsieur Pontalais*, in French, or *Messer Unico*, in Italian, never devised such a nipping comedy, as might be made in English ; of some leaguers in the quaint practics of the *Crossbiting* art : but I have seen many bearwards and butchers in my time ; and have heard of the one what belongeth to apes, and have learned of the other not to be afraid of a dozen horned beasts ; albeit, some

one of them should seem as dreadful as the furious dun cow of Dunsmoor-heath, the terriblest foeman of Sir Guy. Æsop's ox, though he be a sure ploughman, is but a slow workman; and *Greene's* ape, though he be a nimble juggler, is no sure executioner. Yet well worth the Master-Ape, and Captain-mammet, that had a hatchet as well as *Pap*; a country cuff, as well as a fig; a crabtree cudgel, as well as a nut; something of a man's face, with more of an ape's face. Had his pen been muzzled at the first, as his mouth hath been bunged since, these fresh *Euphuists* would never have adventured upon the whip or the bob: but Silence is a slave in a chain, and Patience the common pack-horse of the world.

Even this brat of an ape's-clog, that can but mowgh with his mouth, gnash with his teeth, quaver with his ten bones, and brandish his goose-quill, presuming of my former sufferance, layeth about him, with the same quill, as if it were possessed with the spirit of *Orlando Furioso*, or would teach the club of Gargantua to speak English. For the flail of *Ajax* distraught, or the club of Hercules enraged, were but hedgestakes of the old world, and unworthy the naming in an age of puissance improved horribly.

The newest legends of most hideous exploits may learn a new art to kill-cow men with peremptory terms, and bugs-words of certain death. Poor I must needs be plagued; plagued? nay, brayed and squeezed to nothing, that am matched with such a Gargantuist as can devour me quick in a sallad; and thundereth more direful threatenings against me, that only touched him, than huge Polyphemus roared against Ulysses, that blinded him; or banning Virgil reared against Arius, that spoiled him. *Genus irritabile Vatum*. The generation of raving poets is a swarm of gad-bees; and the anger of a moody rhymester, the fury of a wasp. A mad tiger, not like a mad wasp; and a chafed wild-boar, not comparable to a chafed gad-bee. Take heed of the man, whom nature hath marked

with a gag-tooth, art furnished with a gag-tongue, and exercise armed with a gag-pen; as cruel and murderous weapons as ever drew blood. The best is, who hath time hath life. He meaneth not to come upon me with a cowardly stratagem of Scarborough warning: he useth a certain gallant Homerical figure, called *Hysteron proteron*, or the cart before the horse; and, with a resolution, menaceth the effect before the causes be begotten. When the iron cart is made, and the fiery horses foaled, they shall bring the mighty battering-ram of terms, and the great ordinance of miracles to town: ask not then how he will plague me. In the mean season, it is a wonder to see how courageously he taketh on with his hostess's needles, and his brother's bodkins. Indeed, a good soldier will make a shrewd shift with any weapons; but it is a marvellous heart, that threateneth ruin, ruin, ruin, with the dint of a bodkin, and the blade of an awl. Were such another Rodomont so furious, so valorous, so redoubtable? There is a piece of a good old song, peradventure as ancient as the noble legend of Sir Bevis, or Sir Launcelot du Lake:

*Dubba-dubba-dub, kill him with a club:
And he will not die; kill him with a fly.*

He that made that rhyme in jest, little considered what a gad-fly may do in earnest. It is small wisdom, to continue the smallest enemy: the gad-fly is a little creature, but some little creatures be stingers: never faulchion better managed than some tidy penknives: and what will he do, when he rusheth upon me with the tempestuous engines of his own wit, that keepeth such a horrible coil with his school-fellow's poinado? An ape is never to seek of a good face, to set upon the matter. Blessed *Euphues*, thou only happy, that hast a train of such good countenances, in thy flourishing *green-motley* livery! miserable I, the unhappiest on earth, that am left desolate! Ah! but that might be endured: every man is not born to be the

leader of a band : every bird carrieth not Argus' eyes displayed in her tail : Fame is not every body's saint : to be forsaken is no great matter ; to be utterly undone, is miserable. That, and the unmercifullest persecution that may be invented, is cruelly proclaimed against quiet him, that was once thronged and pestered with followers : but when he began to give over that *green* haunt, and betook himself to a riper profession ; Diomedes' companions were changed into birds. Times alter ; and as Fortune hath more sectaries than Virtue, so pleasure hath more adherents than profit.

I had no sooner shaken off my young troop, whom I could not associate as before, but they were festively re-entertained by some nimble wights, that could take the advantage of opportunity (with good visages, you may be sure,) and had purposely lain in wait to climb in print, by the fall of their seniors ; like ambitious planets, that enhance their own dignities by the combustion or retrogradation of their fellow-planets. Much good may that advancement do them ; and many dainty webs may I see of those fine spiders : but, although I doat upon curious workmanship, yet I love not artificial poison ; and am almost angry with the trimmest spinners when they extort venom out of flowers, and will needs defile their friends' libraries with those encroaching cobwebs. 'Tis it were purer *Euphuism*, to win honey out of the thistle ; to sweeten aloe with sugar ; to perfume the stinking sagapenum with musk, and to mitigate the heat of euphorbium with the juice of the lily. 'Tush, you are a silly humanitian of the old world. That was the simplicity of the age, that loved friendship more than gold, and esteemed every thing fine that was neat and wholesome. All was pure, that was seasoned with a little salt ; and all trim that was besprinkled with a few flowers. Now the fiercest gunpowder, and the rankest pike-sauce, are the bravest figures of rhetoric in *esse* ; and he the only man at the scrivener's pistol, that will so *incessantly haunt the Civilian and Divine, that, to*

avoid the hot chase of his fiery quill, they shall be constrained to ensconce themselves in an old urinal case. Give me such a *Bonifacius*. Now well worth some terms of aqua-fortis at a pinch; and welcome urinal case; a fit sconce for such valiant terms, and a meet bulwark against that fiery quill. I have already felt his pulse, and cannot well cast his water without an urinal, either old or new: but an old urinal will not so handsomely serve the turn: it would be as new as the Cap-case of Strange News: but a *pure mirror* of an impure stale; *neither gross*, the clearer to represent a gross substance; *nor green*, the livelier to express some green colours and other wanton accidents; *nor any way a harlot*, the trulier to discover the state of a harlotry. I have seen as hot an agent made a tame patient, and glad to ensconce the dregs of his shame in an old urinal. It is a blab, but not every man's blab, that casteth a sheep's eye out of a calf's head; but a blab with judgment; but a blab that can make excrements blush, and teach Chaucer to retell a Canterbury Tale. But such great judicials require some little study; and St. Fame is disposed to make it holiday. She hath already put on her wispen garland over her pouting cross-cloth; and behold with what an imperial majesty she cometh, riding in the ducking-chariot of her triumph.

I was never so sick of the milt, but I could laugh at him that would seem a merry man, and cannot for his life keep in the breath of a fumish fool. Fie! long Meg of Westminster would have been ashamed to have disgraced her Sunday bonnet with her Saturday wit. She knew some rules of decorum; and, although she were a lusty bouncing romp, somewhat like Gallemella, or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roinish-rannel, or such a dissolute gallian-flurtes, as this wainscot-faced Tomboy, that will needs be Danter's Maulkin, and the only hag of the press. I was not wont to endite in this stile: but, for terming his fellow *Greene*, as he was notoriously known, the scrivener of Crossbiters, the founder of ugly

oaths, the *green* master of the black art, the mocker of the simple world, *et cætera*, see how the daggie-tailed rampalion bustleth for the frank-tenement of the dunghill.

I confess I never knew my invective principles or confuting terms before ; and perhaps some better scholars are nigh-hand as far to seek in the kind rudiments and proper phrases of pure NASHERY. *Why, thou errant butter-whore, (quoth he, or rather she,) thou cotquean and scrattap of scolds, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcase ; continually read the rhetoric lecture of Ram alley ? A wisp, a wisp, a wisp ; rip, rip, you kitchen-stuff wrangler !* Holla, sir, sweeter words would do no harm. Doubtless these emphatical terms of the alley were laid astep for some other acquaintance, not for me : (good fellows must be furnished with oratory meet for their company :) but it is some men's evil luck to stumble in the way when Will Summers' weapon is ready drawn ; and yet more possible for him to stay the swing of his eager hand, than for Maulkin to stay the dint of her moody tongue, that can teach the storm-wind to scold English, and pleadeth natural possession of cucking-stool. It is good policy to yield to the fury of the tempest : (the resolute hearts are fain to yield to the imperious jurisdiction of storms and shrews :) and the stamping fiend, in the hot-house of her foaming oratory, will have the last word.

Sweet gossip, disquiet not your lovely self: the dunghill is your freehold, and the cucking-stool your copyhold. I know none so rank minded to enter upon your proper possessions by riot : and in case thou wilt needs also be the schoolmistress of Ram-alley, certainly thou desirest but thy right ; that canst read a rhetoric, or logic lecture to Hecuba in the art of raving, and instruct Tisiphone herself in her own gnashing language. Other he or she drabs, of the curtest or vengeablest ranks, are but dipped or died in the art: not such a beldam in the whole kingdom of frogs, as thy croaking and most clamorous self. Even Martin's unbridled style, and Pap-

hatchet's reasty eloquence, is but a curtailed aid to thy long-tailed colt. Let the clock strike: I have lost more hours, and lose nothing if I find equity.

Should the Butter-whore bestir herself like an errant knight, and try all the conclusions of her churn, she might, peradventure, in some sort pay thee home with school-butter: but undoubtedly she should have much ado to stop thy oven-mouth with a lid of butter, at a piece of a breakfast, or else there be lies; and art such a witch for a churn or a cheese-press, as is not to be found in the Mallet of witches, or in Monsieur Bodine's Dæmonomania. Three meals of a Lazarello make the fourth a Woolner; and it is a craven frying-pan, that is afraid of a butter-whore. No, no, the butter-whore is thy bond-maid in a bunch of keys: and take heed, sirrah, the cheese-knave be not her bond-man in a load of logs. She cometh not of the blood of the threateners: but kitchen-stuff and a coal-rake have in times past been of some familiar acquaintance; and it is a bad pair of tongs, that cannot make as good sport at a pinch, as a pair of bellows. Though a dish of buttered pease be no great warrior, yet a mess of buttered artichokes may, perhaps, hold you some pretty tack. Only I bar those sanc whorson unlawful terms, steeped in cisterns of aqua-fortis and gunpowder; and have at you a gentle crash, when it shall please the urinal and the dairy to give me leave to play with a butterfly. I do you the uttermost credit in the world, that am ever glad to seek dilatory excuses, and to crave a term, *ad deliberandum*. The fortune of the field, with pike or pen, is like the luck of Navigation, or the hap of marriage: and I love not greatly to chop upon many chances.

Nothing venture, nothing lose; none of the worst rules or cautels for their security, that can tell stories of Hap-hazard, and have known some gallants more hardy than wise. Humanity is desirous of peace with the best, and of truce with the worst: and, truly, I never longed to fight it out with flat strokes, until I must

needlessly needs ; but if there be no remedy by treaty or amicable composition, although I was ever a slow-worm in the morning, yet I cannot abide to go to bed with a dromedary. I cannot marvel enough, how the nimble bee should be engendered of the sluggish ox, or the lively wasp of the dead horse ; but Nature is a miraculous and omnipotent workman ; and I find it true by experience, that I must learn to imitate by example, or prejudice myself by favouring other. To prejudice, were a small matter, where the party levelleth at no great matter ; but when a man's credit is assaulted with bug's words, and his wit beleaguercd with the ever-playing shot of the press, wisdom must pardon him whom folly assaileth, and humanity dispense with a necessary apology.

I would I might make it a policy to make my adversary much, and much, and much better than he is ; that I might rencounter him with the more reputation, or the less disparagement ; but it is his glory to shame himself notoriously ; and he will needs proclaim his own vanities in a thousand sentences, and whole volumes of ribaldry, not to be read but upon a muck-hill, or in the priviest privy of the Bordello. Let his vices sleep on a down pillow ; would I could awaken his virtues, and stop their mouths, that wish me in sober earnest, not to foil my hands upon such a contemptible rascal ; but to let the reckless villain play with his own shadow. (Truth is my witness, divers honest men of good reckoning, and sundry worshipful gentlemen, have advised me in those very terms expressly) : but since I can do him no good by persuasion, it were folly to suffer him to do me harm by detraction. You that are not ascertained of the lewd and vile disposition of the man, imagine as favourably of him as charity can possibly conceive of an impudent railer, and a profane mouth ; but you that can skill of learning, and love scholarship, give him his desert ; do equity right, and him no wrong, that wrongeth whom he listeth. They that have leisure to cast away (who hath not some idle hours to lose?) may peruse his gew-



gaws with indifferency, and find no art but *Euphuism* ; no wit, but Tarletonism ; no honesty, but pure Scogginism ; no religion, but precise Marlowism ; no consideration, but mere *Nashery* : in brief, no substance, but light feathers ; no accidents, but lighter colours ; no transcendents, but lightest phantasies, that fly above the highest regions of the clouds, and purpose to have a saying to the man in the moon. His mountains of imagination are too apparent, his designments of vanity too visible, his plots of ribaldry too palpable, his forms of libelling too outrageous : S. Fame, the goddess of his devotion ; S. Blase, the idol of his zeal ; S. Awdry, the lady of his love ; and the young vicar of old S. Fool's, his ghostly father.

I have heard of many notable proud fools ; read of many egregious aspiring fools ; seen many haughty vain-glorious fools ; wondered at many busy, tumultuous fools ; but never saw such a famous, arrogant, conceited fool, the very transcendent fool of the Ship, that hugely contemneth all the world but his own flim-flams ; and against all policy maketh his adversary more than an ass, and less than nothing ; whose victory otherwise might, peradventure, have seemed something. But to overcrow an ass is a sorry conquest, and a miserable trophy for so doughty a squire. There were ways enough of answering or confuting, with variety and reason ; to his own credit, the satisfaction of other, and my contentment, although he had not desperately and scurrilously broken out into the foulest and filthiest scurf of odious terms, that villany could invent, or impudency utter. Iwis he mought have spied a difference between staring and stark blind, between raging and stark mad, between confuting and rank railing in the grossest sort. Had he seasoned his style with the least spice of discretion, or tempered his unmeasurable licentiousness with any moderation in the world, or had he not most arrantly laboured to shew himself the very brazen forehead of Impudency, and the iron mouth of Malediction, without all respect, he might easily have found me the calmest and tractablest

adversary, that ever he provoked ; as reasonable for him as for myself, in causes of equity ; and as partial to foe as to friend, in controversies of truth. But it is the top-gallant of his bravest bravure to be a creator of Asses, a confuter of Asses, and a conqueror of Asses : Asses are born to bear, and birds to soar aloft. No wings, to the wings of self-conceit ; nor any sails, to the sails of words ; but haggard wings are sometimes clipped, and hoised sails oftentimes humbled. Words amount, like castles of vapours, or pillars of smoke, that make a mighty shew in the air, and straight vanish away. Howbeit, Envy is a soaking register, and Spite a remembrancer of trust. That would be written in a glass of wine, is otherwise found in tables of marble, and indentures of wainscot.

The ostrich can devour the rust of iron, and the gall of present obloquy may be brucked ; but the note-book of malice is a monument of touchstone, and the memorial of feud the claw of an adamant. Pride swelleth in the pen of arrogancy, vanity bubbleth in the mouth of folly, rancour boileth in the heart of vengeance, mischief hammereth in the head of villany, and no such art memorative as a crab-tree desk. But, in contempt of pride, I will speak one proud word : vain *Nash*, whom all posterity shall call *vain Nash*, were thou the wisest man in England, thou wouldst not, or were thou the valiantest man in England, thou durst not have written, as thou hast desperately written, according to thy *green* wit ; but thou art the boldest bayard in print ; a hair-brained fool in thy head, a vile swad in thy heart, a foul liar in thy throat, and a vain-glorious Ass in thy pen ; as I will prove upon the carcase of thy wit and courage, throughout all the predicaments of proof. I hate malice in myself, but love not to be an upholsterer of stuffed and bombasted malice in other. And because thou termost me an old Fencer, (indeed I was once Tom Burley's scholar), and needest disciplining as much as any rake-hell in England, wheresoever I meet thee next, after my first knowledge of thy person (not for mine

own revenge, but for thy correction), I will make thee a simple fool, and a double swad, as well with my hand, as with my tongue ; and will engrave such an epitaph, with such a Kyrieleson upon my scull, as shall make thee remembered, when Sir Gawin's scull shall be forgotten. Some bibber of Helicon will deem it worth eternal record. And if thou entreat me not the fairer (hope of amendment preventeth many ruins), trust me, I will batter thy carrion to dirt, whence thou camest ; and squeeze thy brain to snivel, whereof it was curdled ; nay, before I leave powdering thee, I will make thee swear thy father was a *rope-maker*, and proclaim thyself the basest drudge of the press ; with such a strange confutation of thy own *Strange News*, as shall bring Sir Vain-glory on his knees, and make Master Impudency blush like a virgin.

Thy wit already maketh buttons ; but I must have *S. Fame* disclaim her black *Sanctus*, and *Nash's* devout *Supplication* to God, to forgive *Pierce's* reprobate *Supplication to the Devil*. It must be roundly done, or I will, with a charm for a full stomach, make the gorge of thy belching rhetoric, and the paunch of thy surfeiting poetry, fling figures upward and downward. Fie, what need that be spoken ? True ; there is choice enough of sweeter flowers ; and neat Oratory entertaineth neatest civility ; (what relish so pleasant as the breath of *Suada* ; or what smell so aromatical as the voice of the *Muses* ?) but the mouth of a rude Ass can taste no other lettice, and the spawn of a beastly dog-fish will understand no other language but his own. Fury must be tamed with Fury, according to Homer, that teacheth the God of the field to strike home ; obstinacy awed with obstinacy, force mastered with force, threatenings cooled with threatenings, contempt answered in his own tongue ; and seeing the wild colt is so unreasonably lusty, I mean percase either to make his courage crouch forward, or his Art winch backward. I have twenty and twenty charms for the breaking of stubborn jades, for the biting of mad dogs, for the stinging of scorpions, for the darting of urchins, for the haunting of sprites, for the storming of tempests,

for the blasting of lightning, for the rattling of thunder, and so forth; even for the cracking of an hundred Pap-hatchets, or a thousand *Greenes*, or ten thousand *Nash's* Peagooses. And in case all happen to fail (for it must be a mighty exorcism that can conjure down spight), I have a *probatum est* of a rare and powerable virtue, that will hold the nose of his or his conceit to the grindstone, and make gentle villainy confess all the shreds and rags of his slashingest terms are worn to the stumps.

The desperate fool may claw back himself a while; but it is possible he may soon find by sound experience, he brayeth open war against him that can bray the Ass-drum in a mortar, and stamp his Jew's trump to pin-dust. Tom Drum, reconcile thyself with a counter supplication; or surely it is fatally done, and thy *S. Fame* utterly undone, world without end. As savoury a saint, by the verdict of that excellent gentlewoman, as the cleanly disbursing of the dirt-purse of Sir Gargantua, that made King Charlemagne and his worthy chivalry laugh so mightily, that their heads ached eight days after: a meet idol for such a beadman.

I have digressed from my purpose, and wandered out of my accustomed way; but when the butter-milk goeth on pilgrimage, you must give the butter-whore leave to play the arrant knight a crash, and to make it ganging week for once. Ganging week? nay, a ganging day, I trow, is a large allowance, and enough to betire a poor straggling wench, for all her brags. Never sorry lass so pitifully aweary of her ragged petticoat, and dagged tail, that tattered livery of the confuting gentleman. Let it go; and the wisp go with it. I honour the meekest humility, but scorn the insolentest arrogancy under my foot, and say to the highest imagination of vanity, Thou art a proud fop. When thou carriest thy wit loftiest, and prankest up thy self-love in his gaudiest colours, thou art but an Ass's head, and a peacock's tail. Love other, and thou mayest be loved of other for pure charity; hate other, and thou art one of the

most odious pads in the world : a Turk, for M. Ascham's archers to shoot at, and a Jew's eye for Christian needles. Now a little breathing pause will do no harm.

Were not Malice as wilful in maintaining abuse as rash in offering the same, and Arrogancy as obstinate in the conclusion as violent in the premises, I readily could, and willingly would undertake a more temperate and pleasing course ; but the fairest offer is foully contemned, the gentlest suit unkindly repulsed. Say I what I can, Malice will be itself ; or do I what I can, Arrogancy will be itself ; and no other impression can sink into the heart of Spite, or the ear of Pride, but instigations of Spite, or suggestions of Pride. Other motives are mere simplicities ; and every treaty of pacification, or parley of reconciliation, the shaking of an aspen leaf. The devil's orator is an herald of war, not a legate of peace ; and his dam's poet the rankest challenger at short or long, that ever sent defiance in white or black. To refuse the trial would, in the common opinion, seem a shame ; to accept the offer, in the best judgments, is a shame ; to take the foil were a discredit, to give the foil is no credit. A hard case, where patience may be supposed simple, and avengement will be reputed unwise ; where I cannot hold my peace without war upon war, nor speak without blame upon blame ; where I must either be a passive, or an active Ass in print.

I stand not upon the point of honour, or upon terms of reputation ; but as it is a glory for the inferior to offer the combat, like the champion of Prowess, or the duellist of Courage, so I would the superior might refuse that without prejudice, which he cannot undertake without disparagement, or perform without obloquy. To spoil *Pierce Penniless* were a poor booty ; and to make *Thomas Nash* kiss the rod (by her favour that hath pleasurably made him a *Sultan Tomumboius*, and another *Almannus Hercules*, the great captain of the boys), were as sorry a victory ; but only in the *Bello Euboico*, or in her main battle of scolds. Yet seeing he provoketh

me so malapertly hand to hand, and seeing the infancy of his fancy will no otherwise be weaned from his crank conceit, better such a victory with some inconvenience (for I hope I may without arrogancy presume of the victory,) than continual disturbance with more and more mischief. Hector never raged amongst the Grecians, nor Achilles amongst the Trojans, as Meridarpax, the most furious and thrice redoubted captain of the mice, rushed upon the woeful frogs in that heroical battle. But Meridarpax himself, in his impetuous and massacrous sallies, never made such a havock of the miserable frogs, as this swash Pen would make of all English writers, howsoever garnished with eloquence, or stored with matter, might he be suffered to hew them down like stocks, or shrubs, without controlment. He will soon be ripe, that already giveth so lusty onsets, and threateneth such desperate main careers as surpass the fiercest cavalcades of *Bellerophon*, or *Don Alonso d'Avalos*. Nothing curtaileth the courage of his bravery, or daunteth the swelling chivalry in his nostrils, but that excellent learning is not esteemed as it deserveth, or singular men advanced according to the merits of their worthiness.

Might *Penniless*, singular *Penniless*, be the preferrer of his own virtue, or judge of his own cause (as he courageously contendeth), I believe a velvet coat were scanty good enough for his wearing, that now remaineth most humbly, and thrice affectionately, bounden to the right honourable printing-house, for his poor shifts of apparel, and his rich cap of maintenance. An *Anatomy* of the mind and fortune were respectively as behoveful and necessary as an anatomy of the body; but this captain confuter (like gallant Lobbellinus in a new livery) neither knoweth himself nor other; but presumeth he knoweth all things with an overplus of somewhat more, in knowing his railing grammar, his raving poetry, his roisting rhetoric, and his chopping logic; with whose help he hath thwitted the millpost of his huge and omnipotent conceit, to a pudding prick of *Strange*.

News. Strange News indeed, that *Pierce Penniless* should create more Asses in an hour, than the brave King of France (now the mightiest warrior in Christendom, and a great advancer of valour) hath dubbed knights in his reign. *The ironies* of Socrates, Aristophanes, Epicharmus, Lucian, are *but Carterly derisions*; the ironies of Tully, Quintilian, Petrarch, Pontane, Sanazarius, King Alphonsus, but the sorry *Jests of the Council-table Ass, Richard Clark*; the ironies of Erasmus in his Praise of Folly, of Agrippa in his Dispraise of Sciences, of Cardan in his Apology of Nero, like Isocrates' Commendation of Busiris, or Lucian's defence of Phalaris the tyrant; but *good bear, bite not*; the ironies of Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, Poems, Letters, and other Writings; or of any their imitators at occasion, but the *girds of every milk-maid*. They were silly country fellows that commended the bald pate, the fever quartain, the fly, the flea, the gnat, the sparrow, the wren, the goose, the ass; flattery, hypocrisy, cozenage, bawdry, lechery, buggery, madness itself.

What Dunse, or Sorbonist, cannot maintain a paradox? what peasant cannot say to a glorious soldier, *pulchré meherculé dictum, et sapienter*; or, *Lauté, lepidé, nihil supra*; or, *Regem elegantem narras*; or, a man is a man, though he have but a hose upon his head; or so forth. *No such light payment, Gabriel*, at *Pierce Penniless*; or Thomas Nash's hand. They are rare and dainty wits, that can roundly call a man Ass at every third word; and make not nice to befool him in good sullen earnest, that can strangle the soundest breath of their pens, and meaneth to borrow a sight of their giddiest brains, for a perfect anatomy of Vanity and Folly. Though strong drink fumeth, and aquafortis fretteth, yet I will not exchange my milk-maid's irony for his draff-maid's assery. It is not the first time that I have disputed *de umbra Asini*; and proved the fox, the finder, as wily a pigeon, as the cunning goldsmith, that accused his neighbour, and condemned himself. A melancholy body is not the kindest nurse for a chearly mind (the jovial complexion is sove-

reignly beholding to nature); but I know not a finer transformation in Ovid than the metamorphosis of dudgeon earnest into sport; of harsh sour into sweet; of loss into gain; of reproach into credit; of whatsoever bad occurrence into some good. I was never so splenetic, when I was most dumpish, but I could smile at a frise jest, when the good man would be pleasurable; and laugh at fustian earnest, when the merry man would be surly. Strange News will be as pleasant as a cricket, by cat's pangs; and where such a turlery-ginks of conceit, or such a gibbihorse of pastime, as Strange News? But fillip him, or twitch him never so little, and not such a pouting wasp in Ram Alley, or such a wincing jade in Smithfield. Then *Ass*, and worse than a *Cumane Ass*, and fool, and dolt, and idiot, and Dunse, and Dorbel, and dodipole, and Gibaltar, and Gamaliel Hobgoblin, and Gilgils Hoberdehoy, and all the rusty-dusty jests in a country, are too little for his great Confutation, that is lineally descended *ab Equis ad Asinos*, and taken on, like Hob-all-as, a stout king of the Saracens.

When I am better grammared in the Accidents of his proper idiotism, and grown into some more acquaintance with his Confuting dictionary, I may peradventure construe and pierce the whole alphabet of his sweet eloquence a little better, and make some farther trial of M. Ascham's double translation, a pretty exercise in a fit subject. Meanwhile I am glad to see him swim up to the beardless chin in a sea of honey and ypocras, that so lately was plunged in a gulf of other liquor, and parlously dashed upon the horrible rock of desperation. It is good, they say, to be merry and wise.

Poggius was merry, and Panormitan wise; Marot was merry, and Bellay wise; Scoggin was merry, and the Lord Cromwell wise; Greene was merry, and Sir Christopher Hatton wise; Nash is merry, and there be enough wise, though his mother's son be *Pierce Peniless*. Or, if thou beest wise, or wouldst seem no fool, beware of casualties and a new Attractive. Thy tongue is a mighty loadstone

of Asses, and must do as much for thine own natural cares, as the Magnes doth for iron. As good do it at first as at last ; and better voluntary confession with favour, than enforced profession with more shameful penance. *Balaam's Ass* was wise, that would not run upon the angel's sword ; *Æsop's Ass* no fool, that was glad to fawn upon his master like a dog ; *Lucian's Ass*, albeit he could not fly like the witch, his hostess, (whose miracles he thought to imitate, had not her gentle maid cosened him with a wrong box), yet could he politicly save himself, please, or ease his masters, delight his mistresses, shew many artificial feats, amaze the beholders, drink the purest wine in Thessalonica, and finally eat roses as well as thistles ; *Apulius' Ass* was a pregnant Lucianist, a cunning ape, a loving worm, and (what worthier praise?) a golden Ass ; *Machiavel's Ass*, of the same metal, and a deep politician, like his founder, could provide for One, better than the sparrow or the lily ; *Agrippa's Ass*, a wonderful compound, and (may I say?) a divine beast, knew all things like Solomon, and bore all burdens like Atlas. The great library of king Ptolemy in Egypt, reported to have been replenished with seventy thousand volumes, not such a library of books, or such an university of arts and sciences, as Agrippa's Ass. They that reverence the wonderous prophecies of the Cumane Sibyl, Amalthea, the chiefest of the ten inspired Sibyls, defend or favour the excellent qualities of *the Cumane Ass* ; esteemed by Varro the most profitable servant of that country, and by Columella the most necessary instrument of all countries. *Every Ass* is naturally a well-disposed creature, and (as the learned Rabbins have written) a mirror of clemency, patience, abstinence, labour, constancy, and divine wisdom. No such schoolmaster for a wild boy, or a rash fool, as the sober and stayed Ass ; the countryman of the wise Apollo, and the seven wise masters.

Venerat et senior pando Silenus asello.

Silenus, the tender foster-father, and sage tutor of the wanton and

frolic Bacchus, afterward how brave and fruitful ! What an Oriental worthy ! What an Indian conqueror ! What a festival god ! When Priapus, the shameless god of the garden, (so gentility called that lecherous devil), attempted to surprise Vesta sleeping, what an honourable piece of service performed *the honest Ass*, that with his loud braying detected that villanous assault ? What heathen memorial more shameful to that infamous God, *than the solemn sacrifice of that famous beast*, celebrated by the Lampsacens, in revègement and reproach of that treasonable enterprise ? But what treason, like the treason of that politic Achitophel, and plausible Absolon, that most disloyally and desperately rebelled against the sacred majesty of the most valorous and incomparable worthy king, David ? And what reward or advancement meeter for such treason, than hanging ? And who carried the wise Achitophel to hanging, but *his own foolish Ass* ? And who carried the desperate Absolon to hanging, but *his own sober Mule* ? What should I surcharge your memory with more histories at once ? He that remembereth the government of Balaam's Ass, Æsop's Ass, Lucian's Ass, Apuleius' Ass, Machiavel's Ass, Agrippa's Ass, the Cumane Ass, the Rabbin's Ass, Apollo's Ass, the Seven Sages' Ass, Silenus' Ass, Priapus' Ass, Achitophel's Ass, and Absolon's Mule, little needeth any other tutor, or counsellor. Some would presume to allege the singular and peerless example of the Christian poet.

*Ille viam ostendit, vili qua vectus asello
Rerum Opifex.*

Agrippa, Cardan, Trithemius, Erasmus, and divers other notable scholars, affecting to shew the variety of their reading, and the omnisufficiency of their learning, have been bolder in quoting such reverend examples, upon as light or lighter occasion ; but humanity must not be too saucy with divinity ; and enough is better than a feast. Sweet Apuleius, when thou hast wiped thy mouth with thine own Ass's dung, and thine own tongue hath said unto thy pen,

Pen, thou art an Ass ; then fellow-asses may shake hands, and they clap their hands that have heard the comedy of *Adelphi*, or the two Asses ; a more notable pageant than the interlude of the two Sosias, or the two *Amphitryos*, or the two *Menæchmi*, or the two *Martin Guerras* ; or any such famous pair of the true person and the counterfeit. But Asses carry mysteries ; and what a riddle is this ? that the true man should be the counterfeit, and the false fellow the true Ass. Or what a secret in philosophy shall I reveal, as unto the sons of the art, when I tell you, Ass's milk is restorative, good for the gout, for the bloody flux, for the clearness of the skin ; Ass's blood good for the fever lurdane ; Ass's flesh sodden, good for the leprosy ; Ass's liver roasted, good for the falling sickness ; Ass's hoofs burnt to ashes, good also for the same sickness, for the king's evil, for women labouring with a dead burden ; Ass's bones well boiled, good against the empoisonment of the sea-hare ; Ass's tail, good for the reins of the back, and a fine decorative to beautify the face, by taking off spots and blemishes ; Ass's dung, a sweet nose-gay to staunch blood, a sovereign fumigation to expel a dead birth out of the mother's womb, and a fair emplaster for a foul mouth, as it might be for the mouth of bawdry in rhyme, or of blasphemy in prose.

No Hometical, Machaon, or Podalirius, comparable to the right Ass ; that teacheth the greatest empirics, Spagyrics, Cabalists, Alchymists, Magicians, and occult Philosophers, to wrap up their profoundest and unrevealable mysteries in the thickest skin, or rather in the closest entrails of an Ass. I would some open-mouthed libertines, and professed atheists, had as deeply learned that cunning lesson. Even the dead carcase of the Ass engendereth the flying scarabe, or soaring beetle, the noble and unreconcilable feudist of the eagle ; of whom my brave adversary, the famousest dor-beetle of this age, hath learned to contemn and deprave the two mounting eagles of the heavenly art of poetry, *Buchanan* in Latin verse, and *Bartas* in French metre. Whose gross

imperfections he hath also vowed to publish: with an irrefragable confutation of Beza, and our flourishingest New writers, as well in divinity as in humanity; only divine Aretine excepted. But no thunder-blazing affrighteth or toucheth the right eagle; and the least feather of the right eagle can soon devour the bastard wings of other envious and quarrelous birds. What carrion Ass was the sire of this unappeasable Scarabe, or what Scarabe shall be the son and heir of this carrion Ass, I leave it wholly to the discourse of the learned Eagles, that were ever molested with the buzzing fly, and shall ever be haunted with the braying beast. I must spin up my task. And because the wild Ass wanted a picker-devant, let him drink his own urine, tempered with spikenard, as he carouseth Helicon; and, according to the tradition of Vitalis de Furno, it will procure and increase hair, as kindly as the artificial lineament of Doctor Levinus Lemnius, for a comely beard. And in case he feareth his fellow *Greene's* sluttish disease, let him read the natural histories of the Ass and the sheep in Aristotle, Pliny, or Gesner; and he shall find it one of their special privileges to be exempted from the arrest of the six-footed serjeant, a continual haunter of other hairy beasts, and only favourable to the good Ass and the gentle Sheep. Or if haply he would be shod with a pair of everlasting shoes, like the talaria of Mercury, (for alas! that any gentleman of worth, or corrector of the Lord du Bartas, should lie in the compter in his boots for want of shoes), Albertus and Cardan will teach him to make incorruptible shoes of the durablest part of an Ass's hide, immortal leather.

And oh! sweet Muses of Parnassus, are not the sweetest pipes and pleasantest instruments made of Ass's bones? Or do not the skilful geographers, Strabo and Pliny, call dainty Arcadia, in Peloponnesus, (the native country of the great Apollo), *the land of Asses*? Was not the renowned Pan, the politic captain of the conquerous Bacchus, and a supposed god in the Painim world, an Arcadian Ass? Was not prince Arcas, the brave son of king Ju-

piter, after his death honoured with the glorious memorial of the *Great Bear* in heaven, an Arcadian Ass? Was not the *Little Bear*, his mother Calisto, an Arcadian Ass? Was not her father, the dread tyrant Lycaon, an Arcadian Fox, an Arcadian Wolf, an Arcadian Ass? Was not the mighty Atlas, the father of Maia, and the grandfather of Mercury, an Arcadian Ass? Was not Mercury himself, the most nimble and super-eloquent god, an Arcadian Ass? Was not Astrophel, excellent Astrophel, (another Mercury at all dexterities, and how delicious a planet of heavenly harmony), by his own adoption an Arcadian Ass? Histories are no snudges in matters of note; and Asses had never less cause to be ashamed of Asses.

When wise Apollo, when valorous Pan, when employable Mercury, when surmounting Atlas, when the *great* and *little Bear* of heaven, when excellent Astrophel, glory in the honourable title of Arcadian Asses, who would not covet to be recounted in that memorable catalogue? What generous or noble antiquity may wage comparison with Statius' Arcadians?

Astris, Lunaque priores.

Sweetness itself was the daughter and darling of Arcadia; and Arcadia the mother, the nurse, the dug, the sweetheart of Sweetness itself. O the sugarcandy of the delicate bagpipe there; and oh, the liquorice of the divine dulcimers there. No marvel though his music be sweeter and sweeter, that is as fine an *Asinus ad lyram*, as the famous disciple of the worthy Ammonius; and hath *Greene's* mellifluous *Arcadia* at his fingers' ends, the very funeral of the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. His other habiliments and compliments be innumerable; and I know not an Ass but hath some good quality, that is, some special property of an Ass, either profitable for commodity, or pleasurable for delight, as an Ass may be profitable or pleasurable, either simply or in some respect. It was not for nothing that the bravest king that ever reigned upon earth, Alexander

the Great, even greater than any Mars or Jupiter that ever brandished sceptre in the world, in his royal and valorous judgment preferred the Ass before the man; when being solemnly commanded by oracle to slay the first living creature he should fortune to meet withal, if after his puissant and conquering manner he would that day obtain the victory, he happened to meet a good honest countryman riding upon an Ass; whose present sacrifice, as a most acceptable oblation, made him victorious. Less marvel of the Archbishop's answer, in *Mensa Philosophica*, and Pontan's Dialogues, that having reverently and devoutly preached on Palm Sunday, of the She-Ass, whereupon Christ in humility vouchsafed to ride; and after his lowly sermon, mounting upon his lofty palfrey, was riding his way, somewhat fatherly and graciously stayed awhile to hear the old woman's suit, that came hastily running towards him, and boldly taking his horse by the bridle, "Now, I beseech your Grace," quoth she, "is this the She-Ass whereupon Christ in humility rode?" "No, mother," quoth he, "but a poor foal of that rich Ass, and I a humble servant of that high Lord." "Good enough," quoth the woman, "I knew not before that the gentle She-Ass your grace preached of, had such goodly foals." "Yes, mother," quoth the bishop, "and a great deal goodlier than mine." And so departed, leaving behind him an everlasting memory of that devout sermon, and that weighty communication with the woman, in honour of the Ass, a fruitful parent of many goodly and pompous foals. I will not trouble Boccace or Poggius for tales. He was a natural fool that would have given his livery again unto his lord, because it was embroidered with Asses' heads, which made a comely shew upon his garment, and might full well have beseeemed some rich coats.

Could the mill, the plough, the pack, the hamper, the pannier, the cloak-bag, the burden, the fardel, the bag and baggage, the cudgel, the goad, penury, famine, patience, labour itself speak, all other apologies were superfluous: they would frame a substantial

and necessary defence of the Ass ; and experience would declaim in commendation of his perpetual exercise, travel, industry, valour, temperance, sufferance, magnanimity, and constancy, the honourablest and invinciblest virtues in the world.

The wisest economy maketh especial account of three singular members ; a merchant's ear, a pig's mouth, and an Ass's back. A short note, but worth all Tusser's, or Cato's husbandry. Had I more experience in some cases, I could say more ; and as my experience in those cases may happen to increase or amount, I will not fail to tender my devoir.

I have penned large discourses in praise of study, meditation, conference, exercise, industry, vigilancy, and perseverance, the worthiest things in the circuit of the earth, (nothing under heaven equivalent to labour) ; and whatsoever I have addressed in their behalf, I may in sort allege in honour of the Ass ; and compile whole volumes in his commendation, more available for commodity, and more necessary for use, than the works of some great commenters in humanity, philosophy, history, and other high professions. He that can kindly play the right Ass, in ignorance will find knowledge, in poverty wealth, in displeasure favour, in jeopardy security, in bondage freedom, in war peace, in misery felicity. Who so thoroughly provided for both fortunes as he ? Or who so strongly armed against all casualties as he ? Or what Seneca, Epictetus, Boetius, Petrarch, or Cardan, so effectually a schoolmaster of *Sustine, et Abstine*, as he ? Or who such an economer to live as he ? Or who such a philosopher to die as he ? Or what physician for the body like him ? Or what lawyer for the substance like him ? Or what divine for the mind like him ? Or where such a practitioner of virtue as he ? Or where such a fortune-wright as he ? Or, finally, where such an apt subject for the civil and moral reformation of the prudent Augustus, the good Trajan, the gentle Marcus Antoninus, the virtuous Alexander Severus, the dread Septimius Severus,

or any honourable prince, or politic tyrant, that with a reverend authority would establish virtuous and awful orders of government in his dominions?

But what an Ass am I, that proceed so coldly, and dully in the apology of so worthy a creature? What will you say, gentlemen, if I can prove with pregnant arguments, artificially drawn from all the places of invention, according to Ramus, Rodolph's, or Aristotle's logic, that the fire-breathing Oxen, and mighty Dragon, which kept the most famous Golden Fleece, the glorious prize of brave Jason, were asses of Colchos: that the watchful and dreadful dragon which kept the goodly apples in the occidental islands of the ocean, called Hesperides, one of the renowned prizes of doughty Hercules, was a West-Indian ass: that the golden-horned and brazen-footed Menalian hart, the fierce Erymanthean boar, the hideous birds Stymphalides, the puissant Nemæan lion, and the seven-headed Lernæan hydra, which Hercules slew, were asses of Arcadia, and other adjacent countries of Morea: (for Mænalus and Erymanthus were hills in Arcadia, Stymphalus a lake in Arcadia, Nemæa a wood in Argolis, and Lerna a fen in Argolis, another shire of Morea): that the serpent with the golden crest, which kept the rich fountain of Mars, in Greecc, and was slain of valiant Cadmus, was an ass of Boëtia, so called *above*, where the prophet Amphiaraus breathed oracles: that the huge serpent, Python *de monte*, engendered shortly after Deucalion's deluge, which the Arcadian God of Wisdom killed with his arrows, the first founders of the Pythian Games, was a mighty ass of the mountains: that the mounting eagle, into which king Jupiter turned not himself but Ganymedes, whom he took with him as his flying page, and used as his standing cup-bearer, was a faithful servant and a perpetual Ass: that the hundred-eyed Argus, whom queen Juno appointed the keeper of Io, the fairest creature of the Arcadian herd, and whom Mercury lullabied asleep with a sweet Syriux, or Arcadian

pipe, (many stratagems and mysteries in that Arcadian pipe) was a blind ass of Arcadia. I skip a thousand memorable histories, that all they, by whatsoever noble or glorious names intitled, that, having charge of greatest importance and inestimable value committed to their vigilant and jealous custody, did at once forego their treasure, their honour, and their life (as many great personages for want of circumspection have done) were notorious arch-asses. If I cannot substantially prove all this, and, for a need, evict by necessary and immediate demonstration, that the great world is a great ass, as well *actu* as *potentia*, and the microcosm a little ass, as well *habitu* as *affectione*; say I am a notable ass, as well *re* as *nomine*. The philosopher, that seeking about with a candle at high noon, could not find a man in a populous market, without a candle would soon have pointed at a fair of asses, and could quickly have discovered a fruitful generation in every element; in the water, on the earth, about the fire, in the air. And the wise man that said, without exception, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, might easily have been entreated to have set it down for a sovereign maxim, or general rule, *Asinorum plena sunt omnia*.

The thundering orator, Demosthenes, was not afraid to taunt Minerva, the armed goddess of fine Athens, for exhibiting favour to three unreasonable beasts, the owl, the dragon, and the people; counting the people the most importunate and intolerable beast of the three, by whose appointment he was banished the dainty city, the only seat of his reigning eloquence. If the people of fine Athens were such a barbarous and senseless brute as their excellentest orators, philosophers, captains, counsellors, and magistrates found to their cost, and if the people of brave Rome, the lady and empress of the world, were such a bellowing beast of many heads, as Horace called it, Tully proved it, Scipio felt it, and Cæsar himself rued it, what may be said of other people? Flourishing Greece in many hundred years acknowledged but seven wise men of special note; as

the ancient world acknowledged but seven miracles, or magnificent spectacles, worth the seeing; and Callimachus, a sweet poet, recording the memorable and wonderful things of Peloponnesus, termed them paradoxes. Virtuous Italy, in a longer term of dominion, with much ado bred two Catos and one Regulus: but how many Sylyios, Porcios, Brutos, Bestias, Tauros, Vitellios, Capras, Capellas, Asinios, and so forth? Other singularities, meet matter for Tully's paradoxes. The world was never given to singularities; and no such monster as excellency. He that speaketh as other use to speak, avoideth trouble; and he that doth as most men do, shall be least wondered at. The ox and the Ass are good fellows: the libbard and the fox quaint wizzards: whatsoever above the common capacity, or usual ability, a paradox. I will not bethink myself of the rigorous sentences of Stoical philosophers, or the biting apothegs of seditious malcontents, or the angry sayings of froward Saturnists, or the tumultuous proverbs of mutinous people: (I have small affection to the reasons that are drawn from affection:) but, were not the world an universal Ox, and man a general Ass, how were it possible that so many counterfeit slights, crafty conveyances, subtle sophistications, wily cozenages, cunning impostures, and deep hypocrisies should overflow all: so many opinions, paradoxes, sects, schisms, heresies, apostasies, idolatries, atheisms should pester the church: so many frauds, shifts, collusions, covins, falsifications, subornations, treacheries, treasons, factions, commotions, rebellions, should disturb the commonwealth?

It is a world to consider what a world of follies and villanies possesseth the world, only because the world is a world, *id est* an Ass. And would the press suffer this scribbling Ass to domineer in print, if it were not a press, *id est* an Ass? Might it please his confuting Asship, by his favourable permission, to suffer one to rest quiet, he might, with my good leave, be the grand general of Asses, or reign alone in his proper dominion, like the mighty Assyrian king,

even Phul-Assur himself, the famous son of the renowned Phul-Bullochus; for so the gentlewoman hath intitled him, in a place or two that have vowed the canonization of *Nash's S. Fame*, in certain discourses of regard, already dispatched to my satisfaction, and almost accomplished to her own intention. It may, peradventure, be his fortune to leave as glorious a nephew behind him as ever was the renowned Lob-assar-duck, another noble king of Assyria, not forgotten by the said excellent gentlewoman, but remembered with such a grace as beautifieth divine wits: *Kind-heart* hath already offered fair for it: and, were it not that the great Phul-Assur himself had forestalled and engrossed all the commodities of Assyria, with the whole encomium of Asses, into one hand, it should have gone very hard, but this redoubted Lob-assar-duck would have retailed and regrated some precious part of the said commodities and advancements. He may, haply, in time, by especial favour and approved desert, (what means of preferment to especial favour and approved desert?) be entertained as a chapman of choice, or employed as a factor of trust, and have some stables of Asses at his appointment, as may seem meetest for his carriages and conveyances. For mine own part, I must be contented to remain at his devotion that hath the whole generation of Assyrians at commandment, with a certain personal privilege, or rather an imperial prerogative, to create and instal Asses at pleasure.

Had I not lately re-visited the Assyrian history with the said virtuous gentlewoman, one of the gallantest ornaments of her sex, I mought, perchance, have omitted the small parcel of his great honour, and left the commendation of the Ass more unperfect; which, notwithstanding, I must still leave most unperfect, in respect of his unspeakable bean-desert. Unto whom, for a farewell, I can wish no more than accomplished honour, nor no less than athletical health. A short exhortation will serve Socrates to continue like himself. A roach not sounder than a haddock, or the stock-fish that Pliny termed *Asellus*: and nothing so unkindly hurteth an Ass, as the

two melancholy beasts, cold and the drowsy sickness; the cause why Asses cannot abide to inhabit the most cold and frozen territories of Scythia, but are glad to seek their fortunes in other countries, and to colonize in warmer seats. Blame him not, that saith, *the weather is cold, and I am weary with confuting*; and in another place, *had I my health, now I had leisure to be merry; for I have almost washed my hands of the Doctor*. Now I see thou art a good fellow by thine own confession, and wilt not give the Ass's head for the washing. Cold, and the drowsy sickness, are thy two mortal enemies: when they are fled the country, the fugitive and dismal birds, let us have a flitch of mirth with a fiddle of the purest Ass bone; only I bar the cheek-bone, for fear of Sampson's tune, more than heroical. But the spring-tooth in the jaw will do us no harm, although it were a fountain of Muscadel or a conduit of Ypocrase. Many are the miracles of right Virtue; and he entereth an infinite labyrinth, that goeth about to praise Hercules or the Ass: whose labours exceed the labours of Hercules, and whose glory surmounteth the top of Olympus. I were best to end before I begin, and to leave the author of Asses, where I found the Ass of authors. When I am better furnished with competent provision, (what provision sufficient for so mighty a province?) I may haply essay to fulfil the proverb by washing the Ass's head, and setting the crown of highest praise upon the crown of young Apuleius, the heir-apparent of the old Ass, the most glorious old Ass.

I have written in all sorts of humours privately, I am persuaded, more than any young man of my age in England. They be the words of his own honourable mouth: and the golden Ass, in the superabundance of his rich humours, promiseth many other golden mountains, but hath never a scrat of silver. Had Aristophanes' Plutus been outwardly as liberal, as *Greene's Mercury* was inwardly prodigal, he must needs have been the only oriental star of this language; and all other writers, old or new, in prose or verse, in one humour or other, but sorry occidental stars. Only external defects,

quoth himself, are cast in his dish : for internal graces, and excellent perfections of an accomplished mind, who but he?

Come divine poets and sweet orators, the silver streaming fountains of flowingest wit, and shiningest art; come Chaucer and Spenser, More and Cheek, Ascham and Astely, Sidney and Dyer; come the dearest sister of the dearest brother, the sweetest daughter of the sweetest Muses, only one excepted, the brightest diamond of the richest eloquence, only one excepted; the resplendentest mirror of feminine valour, only one excepted; the Gentlewoman of Courtesy, the Lady of Virtue, the Countess of Excellency, and the Madam of immortal Honour: come all the daintiest dainties of this tongue, and do homage to your Vertical Star that hath all the sovereign influences of the eloquent and learned constellations at a beck, and paradiseth the earth with the ambrosial dews of his incomprehensible wit.

But what should I dally with honey-bees, or presume upon the patience of the gentlest spirits that English humanity affordeth? Pardon me, excellent minds, and I will here dismiss my poor milk-maid, nothing appliant to the delicate humour of this minion humorist, and courtesan secretary. Shall I say, Fie upon arrant knavery, that hath never sucked his fill of most odious malice? or Out upon scurrilous and obscene villainy, nursled in the bosom of filthiest filth, and hugged in the arms of the abominablest hags of Hell? Be it nothing to have railed upon doctors of the university, or upon lords of the court, (whom he abuseth most infamously, and abjecteth as contemptuously as me): but what other desperate varlet of the world durst so villainously have defamed London and the court, as he notoriously hath done in these rascal terms? *Tell me, is there any place so lewd as this Lady London? not a wench sooner creeps out of the shell, but she is of the religion. The court I dare not touch, but surely there may be many falling stars, and but one true Diana. Not a wench, a very universal proposition, in so large*

and honourable a city; and *but one*, a very short exception to a general rule of the court. Flourishing London, the staple of wealth, and madam-town of the realm, *is there no place so lewd as thyself?* and Noble Court, the palace of honour and seat of majesty, hast thou *but one true Diana?* Is it not nigh hand time the young haddock were caught, that can already nibble so prettily? Was he, think you, lodged in Cappadocia, for sleeping by the sun, and studying by the moon? Whom or what will not she shortly confute with an overrunning fury, that so bravely adventureth upon London, and the court all at once? Honour, regard thy good reputation, and staunch the rank blood of this arrant author; as honest a man as some honest woman I could name, that keepeth her honesty as she doth her Friday fast. Suffer him to proceed as he presumeth, and to end as he beginneth; and look for a rarer beast in England than a wolf, and a stranger monster in print than the divine ruffian, that intituled himself *Flagellum Principum*, and proved *pestis Rerumpublicarum*. My tongue is an infant in his idiotism; and I had rather bless my pestilentest enemy than curse any: but some little plain dealing doth not otherwhiles amiss, where nothing but flat and rank grossness blotteth the paper, infecteth the air, depraveth the good, encourageth the bad, corrupteth youth, accloyeth age, and annoyeth the world.

Good faith is my witness, I neither affect to obscure any light in an adversary, nor desire to quench any honest courage in an enemy; but wish every gift of heaven or earth, of mind or body, of nature or fortune, redoubled in both, even in the *greenest* adversary and wildest enemy; in whom I honour the highest, and love the lowest degree of excellency; but am not easily cozened by imperfection, branded with the counterfeit mark of perfection. I am over ready to pardon young oversights, and forgive inconsiderate offences; but cannot flatter folly, or fawn upon vanity, or cocker ignorance, or sooth up untruth, or applaud to arrogancy, either in

foe or friend. It concerneth every man to look into his own estate with his own eyes: but the young man, that will neither know himself, nor acknowledge other, must be told in brief what the common opinion reporteth at large. He hath little wit, less learning, least judgment; no discretion, vanity enough, stomach at will, superabundance of self-conceit; outward liking to few, inward affection to none; (his defence of GREENE a more biting condemnation than my reproof); no reverence to his patrons, no respect to his superiors, no regard to any, but in contemptuous or censorious sort, hatred or disdain to the rest; continual quarrels with one or other, (not such another mutterer or murmurer, even against his familiarest acquaintance); an ever grudging and repining mind, a ravenous throat, a gluttonous maw, a drunken head, a blasphemous tongue, a fisking wit, a shittle nature, a revolting and runagate disposition, a broking and huckstering pen, store of rascal phrases, some little of a brabbling scholar; more of a raving scold; most of a roisterly serving-man, nothing of a gentleman, less than nothing of a fine or cleanly artist. And as for terms of honesty or civility (without which the sharpest invention is unsavoury, and the daintiest elocution loathsome,) they are gibridge unto him, and he a Jewish rabbin, or a Latin dunce with him, that useth any such form of monstrous terms.

Aretine, and the Devil's orator, would be ashamed to be convicted or indicted of the least respective or ceremonious phrase, but in mockage or cozenage. They neither fear Goodman Satan, nor Master Belzebub, nor Sir Reverence, nor My Lord Government himself. O wretched Atheism! Hell but a scare-crow, and Heaven but a wonder-clout in their doctrine: all vulgar, stale, and simple, that is not a note above Gods-forbid. Whom durst not he appeach, revile, or blaspheme, that forged the abominable book in the world, *De tribus impostoribus mundi?* and whom will he forbear, in any reason or conscience, that hath often protested in his

familiar haunts to confute the worthy Lord Du Bartas, and all the famousest modern writers, saving him only who only meriteth to be confuted with unquenchable volumes of Heaven and Hell-fire? Perionius decyphereth the foul precepts and reprobate examples of his moral philosophy, in an invective declamation, generally addressed unto all the princes of Christendom, but especially directed unto the most Christian French king, Henry the Second. Agrippa detesteth his monstrous veneries, and execrable sodomies. Cardan blazoneth him the most impudent ribald that ever took pen in hand. Manutius investeth him the ringleader of the corruptest bawds and miscreantest rake-hells in Italy. His familiar acquaintance, Sansovino, doth him never a whit more credit than needeth. Tasso disdaineth his insolent and insupportable affectation of singularity. Jovius, in his Elogies, vouchsafeth him not the naming. Doubtless he was indued with an exceeding odd wit; and I never read a more surpassing-hyperbolical style. Castilio's Courtier, after a pleasurable sort, graceth him with a deep insight in the highest types and ideas of human perfections, whereunto he most curiously and insatiably aspired. His wanton disciples, or vain conceited favourites (such crows, such eggs) in their fantastical letters, and Bacchanal sonnets, extol him monstrously, that is, absurdly; as the only monarch of wit, that is, the prodigal son of conceit; and the mortal God of all virtue, that is, the immortal Devil of all vice.

Oh, what grandiloquous epithets, and super-eminent titles of incredible and prodigious excellency, have they bestowed upon the arch-miracle of the world, Signior Unico! not so little as the huge Gargantua of prose, and more than the heaven-surmounting Babel of rhyme. But what approved man of learning, wisdom, or judgment ever deigned him any honour of importance, or commendation of note, but the young darling of *S. Fame*, THOMAS NASH, alias *Pierce Penniless*, the second Leviathan of prose, and another Behe-

moth of rhyme? He it is that is born to glorify Aretine, to disgrace Bartas, and to undo me. Say I, write I, or do I what I can, he will haunt and trounce me perpetually with spritish works of *Supererogation*, incessant tormentors of the civilian and divine. Yet somebody was not wont to indite upon aspen leaves of paper; and take heed, sirrah, of the fatal quill, that scorneth the sting of the busy bee, or the scratch of the kittish shrew. A bee? a drone, a dorse, a dor-beetle, a dormouse. A shrew? a drab, a hag, a flibber-gibbet, a make-bait, the pick-thank of vanity, the pick-pocket of foolery, the pick-purse of all the palteries and knaveries in print. She doth him no wrong that doth him right, like Astrea, and hath styled him with an immortal pen the *baw-waw* of scholars, the *tutt* of gentlemen, the *tee-heegh* of gentlewomen, the *fie* of citizens, the *blurt* of courtiers, the *poogh* of good letters, the *faph* of good manners, and the *whoop-hoo* of good boys in London streets.

Nash, Nash, Nash, (quoth a lover of truth and honesty) vain Nash, railing Nash, cracking Nash, bibbing Nash, baggage Nash, swaddish Nash, roguish Nash, Nash the bell-wether of the scribbling flock, the swish-swash of the press, the bum of impudency, the shambles of beastliness, the pole-cat of Paul's Church-yard, the screech-owl of London, the toad-stool of the realm, the scorning-stock of the world, and the horrible *confuter of Four Letters*. Such an antagonist hath fortune allotted me, to purge melancholy and to thrust me upon the stage; which I must now load, like the old subject of my new praise. There is no warring with destiny; and the lord of my leisure will have it so. Much good may it do the puppy of *S. Fame* so to confute, and so to be confuted. Where his intelligence faileth (as God wotteth it faileth often) he will be so bold, without more inquiry, to check the common sense of reason with the proper sense of his imagination, infinitely more high in conceit than deep in understanding; and where any phrase or word presumeth to approach within his swing, that was not before enrolled in the common-places of his paper book, it is presently mere inkhornism:

albeit he might have heard the same from a thousand mouths of judgment, or read it in more than an hundred writings of estimation. Pythagoras' silence was wont to be a rule of ignorance or immaturity (no better bit for unlearned or unexpert youth, than Pythagoras' silence); but understand, or not understand, both are one; if he understand, it is duncery; if he understand not, it is either cabalism in matter, or inkhornism in form; whether he be ripe or unripe, all is raw or rotten that pleaseth not his imperial taste. Had he ever studied any Pragmatical Discourse, or perused any treaties of confederacy, of peace, of truce, of intercourse, of other foreign negotiations (that is specially noted for one of my inkhorn words); or researched any acts and monuments, civil or ecclesiastical; or looked into any laws, statutes, injunctions, proclamations (nay, it is one of his witty flouts, *He begins like a proclamation*: but few treatises better penned than some proclamations); or had he seen any authentical instruments, pragmatic articles, or other politic tracts, he would rather have wondered I should use so few formal terms (which I purposely avoided, as not so vulgarly familiar), than have marvelled at any which I used.

He is of no reading in comparison, that doth not acknowledge every term in those letters to be authentical English, and allow a thousand other ordinary pragmatical terms more strange than the strangest in those letters, yet current at occasion. The ignorant ideot (for so I will prove him in very truth) confuteth the artificial words which he never read; but the vain fellow (for so he proveth himself in word and deed), in a fantastical emulation presumeth to forge a mishapen rabblement of absurd and ridiculous words, the proper bodes of his new-fangled figure, called Foolrisme: such as *inkhornism, Absonism, the most copious Carminist, thy Carminical art, a Providitore of young scholars, a Corrigidore of incongruity, a quest of Cavalieros, Inamoratos on their works, a Theological Gimpnado, a Dromidote Ergonist, sacrilegiously contaminated, decrepit capacity, fictionate person, humour unconvertible, merriments unexilable, the horrison-*

ant pipe of inveterate antiquity; and a number of such inkhornish phrases, as it were a pan of outlandish collops, the very bowels of his profoundest scholarship. For his eloquence passeth my intelligence, that clepeth himself a *Calimunco*, for pleading his companion's cause in his own apology; and me a *Pistlepragmos*, for defending my friends in my Letters; and very artificially *interfuseth finicality, sillogistrie, disputative right, hermaphrodite phrases, declamatory stiles, censorial moralizers, unlineal usurpers of judgment, infamizers of vice, new infringement to destitute the indictment, deriding dunstically, banging abominationly, unhandsoming of divinityship, absurdifying of phrases, ratifying of truthable and eligible English, a calm dilatement of forward harmfulness, and backward irefulness*, and how many sundry dishes of such dainty fritters? rare junkets, and a delicate service for him that compiled the most delicious commentaries, *De optimitate triparum*. And what say you boys, the flatteringest hope of your mothers, to a *porch of panim pilfries, pestred with praises*? Dare the pertest, or deftest of you hunt the letter, or hawk a metaphor, with such a *Tite-tute-tate*? He weeneth himself a special penman, as he were the headman of the pamphletting crew, next and immediately after *Greene*; and although he be a harsh orator with his tongue (even the filed *Suada* of *Isocrates* wanted the voice of a Siren, or the sound of an echo), yet would he seem as fine a secretary with his pen, as ever was *Bembus* in Latin, or *Machiavel* in Italy, or *Guevara* in Spanish, or *Amiot* in French; and with a confidence presseth into the route of that humorous rank, that affecteth the reputation of supreme singularity.

But he must crave a little more acquaintance at the hand of art, and serve an apprenticeship of some nine or ten years in the shop of curious imitation (for his wild phantasy will not be allowed to maintain comparison with curious imitation), before he will be able to perform the twentieth, or fortieth part of that sufficiency, whereunto the crankness of his imagination already aspireth, as

more exquisite than the Atticism of Isocrates; or more puissant than the fury of Tasso.

But how insolently soever gross ignorance presumeth of itself (none so haughty as the basest buzzard), or how desperately soever fool-hardy ambition advanceth his own colours (none so fool-hardy as the blindest Hob), I have seldom read a more garish and piebald style, in any scribbling inkhornist; or tasted a more unsavoury slaump-paump of words and sentences, in any sluttish pamphleteer, that denounceth not defiance against the rules of oratory, and the directions of the English Secretary, which may here and there stumble upon some tolerable sentence, neighbourly borrowed, or featly picked out of some fresh pamphlet; but shall never find three sentences together worth any allowance; and as for a fine or neat period, in the dainty or pithy vein of Isocrates or Xenophon, marry, that were a perriwig of a Siren, or a wing of the very bird of Arabia, an inestimable relic. Tush a point; neither curious Hermogenes, nor trim Isocrates, nor stately Demosthenes, are for his tooth; nor painting Tully, nor carving Cæsar, nor purple-dying Livy, for his humour. It is for Cheeke, or Ascham to stand leveling of colons, or squaring of periods, by measure and number; his pen is like a spigot, and the wine-press a dullard to his ink-press.

There is a certain lively and frisking thing, of a quaint and capricious nature, as peerless as nameless, and as admirable as singular, that scorneth to be a bookworm, or to imitate the excellent artificiality of the most renowned work-masters that antiquity affordeth. The wit of this and that odd modernist is their own; and no such mineral of richest art as pregnant nature, the plentifullest womb of rare invention, and exquisite elocution. Whuist art; and nature advance thy precious self in thy most gorgeous and magnificent robes, and if thy new descant be so many notes above old Ela, Good-now be no niggard of thy sweet accents and heavenly harmony, but teach the antic Muses their right Leripup.

Desolate eloquence, and forlorn poetry, thy most humble supplicants *in forma pauperum*, clad in mournful and dreary weeds, as becometh their lamentable case, lie prostrate at thy dainty foot, and adore the idol excellency of thy monstrous singularity. O stately Homer, and lofty Pindarus! whose wit mounteth like Pegasus, whose verse streameth like Nilus, whose invention flameth like Etna, whose elocution rageth like Sirius, whose passion blustereth like Boreas, whose reason breatheth like Zephyrus, whose nature savoureth like Tempe, and whose art perfumeth like Paradise! O! the mightiest spirits of courageous vigour, of whom the delicate Grecian, worthy Roman, and gallant vulgar Muses, learned their shrillest tunes, and hyperbolical notes! O the fiercest trumpets of heroical valour, that with the strange sympathy of your divine fury, and with those same piercing motions of heavenly inspiration, were wont to ravish the affections, and even to melt the bowels of bravest minds! see, see what a wonderful quaimé——

But peace, milkmaid, you will be shaming yourself and your bringing up. Hadst thou learned to discern the fairest face of eloquence from the foulest visage of barbarism, or the goodliest frame of method from the ill-favoured shape of confusion, as thou canst descry the finest flour from the coarsest bran, or the sweetest cream from the sourest whey, peradventure thou wouldst deat indeed upon the beautiful and dainty feature of that natural style, that appropriate style; upon which himself is so deeply enamoured. I would it were out of peradventure; no man more greedy to behold that miraculous art of improved nature. He may malapertly brag in the vain ostentation of his own natural conceit, and, if it please him, make a golden calf of his wooden stuff, but shew me any half page without piperly phrases, and tinkerly composition, and say I am the simplest artist that ever looked fair rhetoric or sweet poetry in the face.

It is the destiny of our language to be pestered with a rabblement of botchers in print; but what a shameful shame is it for him

that maketh an idol of his own pen, and raiseth up an huge expectation of paper miracles (as if Hermes Trismegist were newly risen from the dead, and personally mounted upon *Danter's* press), to emprove himself as rank a bungler in his mightiest work of *Supererogation*, as the starkest patch-pannel of them all, or the grossest hammer-drudge in a country. He disdaineth Thomas Delone, Philip Stubbs, Robert Armin, and the common pamphleteers of London, even the painfulest chroniclers too ; because they stand in his way, hinder his scribbling traffic, obscure his resplendishing fame, or have not chronicled liim in their catalogues of the renowned modern authors, as he meritoriously meriteth, and may peradventure be remembered hereafter. But may not Thomas Delone, Philip Stubbs, Robert Armin, and the rest of those misused persons, more disdainfully disdain him, because he is so much vainer, so little learned, so nothing eleganter, than they ; and they so much honest, so little obscurer, so nothing contemptibler, than he ? Surely, Thomas, it were policy to boast less with Thomas Delone, or to achieve more with Thomas More.

If vaunting or cracking may make thee singular, thy art is incomparable, thy wit super-excellent, thy learning omni-sufficient, thy memory infinite, thy dexterity incomprehensible, thy force horrible, thy other gifts more than admirable : but when thou hast gloried thy uttermost, and struggled with might and main to seem the Great Turk of secretaries, if thy eyesight be any thing in the art of inditing (wherein it hath pleased favour to repute me something), upon my credit for ever, thou hast nothing in thee of valour but a railing gall, and a swelling bladder. For thy pen is as very a gentleman foist as any pick-purse living ; and that which is most miserable, not a more famous neck-verse than thy choice ; to thyself pernicious, to youth dangerous, to thy friends grievous, to thy adversaries pitiful, to virtue odious, to learning ignominious, to humanity noxious, to divinity intolerable, to authority punishable, to the world contemptible.

I longed to see thy best amendment, or worst avengement; but thy gay best, *ut supra*, proveth nothing; and thy main worst, *ut infra*, less than nothing. Never silly man's expectation so deluded with contrary events upon the stage (yet fortune sometimes is a quaint comedian, far beyond the *Supposes* of Ariosto), as these *Strange News* have *coney-caught* my conjecture, more deceived than my *Prognostication* of the last year, which happened to be a true prophet of some dismal contingents. Though I never fancied tautologies, yet I cannot repeat it enough: I looked for a treaty of pacification, or imagined thou wouldst arm thy quill like a stout champion, with the complete harness of wit and art; nay, I feared the brazen shield, and the brazen boots of Goliath, and that same hideous spear, like a weaver's beam; but it is only thy fell stomach that blustereth like a northern wind. Alas! thy wit is as tame as a duck, thy art as fresh as sour ale in summer, thy brazen shield in thy forehead, thy brazen boots in thy heart, thy weaver's beam in thy tongue, a more terrible lance than the hideous spear, were the most of thy power equivalent to the least of thy spite. I say not: what aileth thy *Gorgon's* head? or what is become of thy Sampson's locks? (yet, where miracles were promised, and achievements of *Supererogation* threatened, they had reason that dreaded unknown forces): but O blasts of divine fury, where is your supernatural prowess? and O horn of abundance, what meaneth this dearth of plenty, this penury of superfluity, this infancy of eloquence, this simplicity of cunning, this stupidity of nimbleness, this obscurity of bravery, this nullity of omni-sufficiency?

Was Pegasus ever a cow in a cage, or Mercury a mouse in a cheese, or Industry a snail in a shell, or Dexterity a dog in a doublet, or Legerdemain a slow-worm, or Vivacity a lazy-bones, or Entelechy a slug-plum? Can lively and winged spirits suppress the divinity of their etherial and seraphical nature? Can the thunder tongue-tie, or the lightning smother, or the tempest calm, or love quench,

or zeal lukewarm, or valour manacle, or excellency mew up, or perfection geld, or *Supererogation* comb-cut itself? Is it not impossible for humanity to be a spittle man, rhetoric a dummierell, poetry a tumbler, history a bankrupt, philosophy a broker, wit a cripple, courage a jade? How could the sweet mermaids, or dainty nymphs, find their tender hearts to be so far devoured from their quaintest and galiardest minion?

Art, take heed of an eager appetite, if a little greedy devouring of singularity will so soon get the hiccup, and make thee, as it were, belch the sloven's oratory, and, as a man would say, parbreak the slut's poetry. Pure singularity, wrong not thy arch-excellent self, but embrace him with both thy arms, that huggeth thee with his five wits, and cowl him with thy two coral bracelets, that buss-eth thee with his two ruby lips, and his three diamant powers, natural, animal, and vital. Precious singularity, how canst thou chuse but doat upon his alabaster neck, whose inventive part can be no less than a sky-coloured sapphire, like the heavenly devises of the delicious poetess Sappho, the godmother of the azure gem; whose rhetorical figures, sanguine and resplendishing carbuncles, like the flamy pyrops of the glistening palace of the sun; whose alluring persuasions, amethysts; whose cutting girds, adamants; whose conquering ergos, loadstones; whose whole conceit as *green* as the greenest jasper; whose orient wit, the renowned Achates of King Pyrrhus, that is, the tabernacle or chancel of the Muses, Apollo sitting in the midst, and playing upon his ivory harp most enchantingly.

Is it possible those powerful words of antiquity, whose mighty influence was wont to debase the miraculous operation of the most virtuous stones, herbs, and stars (philosophy knoweth the incredible force of stones, herbs, and stars), should be to seek, in a panting inspired breast, the closet of revealed mysteries, and garden of infused graces? What locks, or bars of iron, can hold that quick-

silver mercury, whose nimble figure disdaineth the prison, and will display itself in his likeness, maugre whatsoever impeachment of iron Vulcan, or wooden Dædalus? I hoped to find that I lusted to see, the very singular subject of that invincible and omnipotent eloquence, that, in the worthiest age of the world, entitled heroical, put the most barbarous tyranny of men, and the most savage wildness of beasts, to silence, and arreared wonderful admiration in the heart-root of obstinatest rebellion, otherwise how untractable? Had I not cause to platform new theoricks, and ideas of monstrous excellency, when the parturient mountain of miracles was to be delivered of his mighty burden of *Supererogation*? Who would not ride post to behold the chariot of his triumph, that glorieth as if he had won both Indies from the Spaniard, or Constantinople from the Turk, or Babylon from the Sophi? But, holla, brave gentlemen, and alack, sweet gentlewomen, that would so fain behold *S. Fame*, in the pomp of her majesty; never poor suckling hope so incredibly crossbitten with more than excessive defection. I looked, and looked for a shining sun of singularity, that should amaze the eyes, and astonish the hearts of the beholders, but never poor shimmering sun of singularity so horribly eclipsed. I perceive one good honest acre of performance may be more worth than a whole land of promise.

Take heed, aspiring minds, you that deem yourselves the paragon wits of the world, lest your hills of jollity be converted into dales of obscurity, and the pomp of your glory become like this pump of shame. Even when envy boiled his ink, malice scorched his pen, pride parched his paper, fury inflamed his heart: *S. Fame* raged, like S. George's dragon; mark the conclusion: the weather was cold, his style frost-bitten, and his wit nipped in the head. Take away the flaunting and huffing braveries of his railing tropes, and cracking figures, and you see the whole galiard of his rhetoric, that flouteth the poor Philippics of Tully and Demosthenes,

and mocketh him that chanced to name them once in *Four Letters*, as he used their word Entelechy (now a vulgar French and English word) once in four and twenty Sonnets. The wise priest could not tell whether Epiphany were a man saint, or a woman saint, or what the devil it was. Such an Epiphany, to this learned man, is Entelechy, the only quintessence of excellent and divine minds, as is above mentioned, shewing whence they came by their heavenly and perpetual motion. What other word could express that noble and vigorous motion quicker than quicksilver; and the lively spring, or rather the vestal fire of that ever-stirring virtue of Cæsar, *Nescia stare loco*: a mystery, and a very chimera to this swad of swads, that beginneth like a bull-bear, goeth on like a bullock, endeth like a bullfinch, and hath never a sparkle of pure Entelechy.

Gentlemen, now you know the good nature and handsome art of the man, if you happen upon a feather, or some morsel of your liking (it is a very sorry book that yieldeth nothing for your liking), thank the true author, of whose provision you have tasted, and say not but *Thomas Nash* hath read something, that, affecting to seem an university of sciences, and a royal exchange of tongues, would be thought to have devoured libraries, and to know all things, like Iarchas and Sysarion, nay, like Adam and Solomon, the arch-patrons of our new omniscians. If he did so in verity, it were the better for him, and not the worse for me; but you see his doing, and my suffering. Neither I nor my betters can please all; nor he nor his punies will displease all; but as in the best something remaineth that may be amended without derogation to their credit, so in the worst there may appear something worth the allowance, with no great commendation to their person. Were I disposed to discourse, as sometime I have been forward upon less occasion, for the only exercise of my style, and some practice of my reading, I could with a facility declare at large that may briefly be touched. Among so many notable works of divine wits, excepting the works

of God's own finger, where is not any so absolutely excellent, wherein some blemish of imperfection may not be noted; nor amongst so many contemptible pamphlets, any so simply base, but may yield some little fruit of advertisement, or some few blossoms of discourse.

In the sovereign workmanship of Nature herself, what garden of flowers without weeds? What orchard of trees without worms? What field of corn without cockle? What pond of fishes without frogs? What sky of light without darkness? What mirror of knowledge without ignorance? What man of earth without frailty? What commodity of the world without discommodity? Oh! what an honourable and wonderful creature were perfection, were there any such visible creature under heaven? But pure Excellency dwelleth only above; and what mortal wisdom can acclear itself from error? or what heroical virtue can justify, I have no vice? The most precious things under the sun have their defaults; and the vilest things upon earth want not their graces. Virgil could enrich himself with the rubbish of Ennius: to how many rusty-dusty names was brave Livy beholding? Tully, that was as fine as the Crusado, disdained not some furniture of his predecessors, that were as coarse as canvas; and he that will diligently seek, may assuredly find treasure in marl, corn in straw, gold in dross, pearls in shell-fishes, precious stones in the dunghill of Esop, rich jewels of learning and wisdom in some poor boxes.

He that remembereth Humphrey Cole, a mathematical mechanician; Matthew Baker, a ship-wright; John Shute, an architect; Robert Norman, a navigator; William Bourne, a gunner; John Hester, a chemist, or any like cunning and subtle empiric (Cole, Baker, Shute, Norman, Bourne, Hester, will be remembered when greater Clerks shall be forgotten), is a proud man if he contemn expert artizans, or any sensible industrious practitioner, howsoever unlectured in schools, or unlettered in books. Even the Lord Vulcan himself, the supposed god of the forge, and the thunder-smith of

the great King Jupiter, took the repulse at the hands of the Lady Minerva, whom he would in ardent love have taken to wife. Yet what wit or policy honoureth not Vulcan? and what profound mathematician, like Digges, Harriot, or Dee, esteemeth not the pregnant mechanician? Let every man in his degree enjoy his due; and let the brave engineer, fine Dædalist, skilful Neptunist, marvellous Vulcanist, and every Mercurial occupationer, that is, every master of his craft, and every doctor of his mystery, be respected according to the uttermost extnt of his public service, or private industry.

I cannot stand to specify particularities. Our late writers are as they are; and albeit they will not suffer me to balance them with the honourable authors of the Romans, Grecians, and Hebrews, yet I will crave no pardon of the highest, to do the simplest no wrong. In Grafton, Holinshed, and Stowe; in Heywood, Tusser, and Gowge; in Gascoigne, Churchyard, and Floide; in Ritch, Whetstone, and Munday; in Stanyhurst, Fraunce, and Watson; in Kiffin, Warner, and Daniel; in a hundred such vulgar writers, many things are commendable, divers things notable, some things excellent. Fraunce, Kiffin, Warner, and Daniel, of whom I have elsewhere more especial occasion to entreat, may haply find a thankful remembrance of their laudable travails. For a polished and garnished style, few go beyond Cartwright; and the chiefest of his confuters, furnished writers. And how few may wage comparison with Reynolds, Stubbes, Mulcaster, Norton, Lambert, and the Lord Henry Howard? whose several writings the silver file of the workman recommendeth to the plausible entertainment of the daintiest censure. Who can deny but the Resolution, and Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears, are penned elegantly and pathetically? Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft dismasketh sundry egrègious impostures, and in certain principal chapters, and special passages, hitteth the nail on the head with a witness; howsoever I could have wished he had

either dealt somewhat more courtcously with Monsieur Bodine, or confuted him somewhat more effectually.

Let me not forget the Apology of sundry Proceedings by Jurisdiction Ecclesiastical, or the Answer to an Abstract of certain Acts of Parliament, Injunctions, Canons, Constitutions, and Synodals Provincial; unless I will skip two of the most material and most formal treatises that any English print hath lately yielded. Might I respectfully presume to intimate my slender opinion, without flattery or other indecency, methought ever Doctor Whitgift (whom I name with honour) in his sermons was pithy; Doctor Hutton profound; Doctor Young piercing to the quick; Doctor Chaderton copious; M. Curtes elegant; M. Wickam sententious; M. Drant curious; M. Deering swcet; Doctor Still sound; Doctor Underhill sharp; Doctor Matthew fine; M. Lawherne gallant; M. Doove eloquent; M. Andrews learned; M. Chaderton methodical; M. Smith pathological; sundry other in their proper vein notable, some exquisite, a few singular. Yct which of the best hath all perfections? (*nihil omni ex parte beatum*) or which of the meanest hath not some excellency? I cannot read over all: I have seldom heard some: (it was never my hap to hear Doctor Cooper, Doctor Humfry, or Doctor Fletcher, but in Latin): and I would be loath to injury or prejudice any that deserveth well, *viva voce*, or by pen.

I deem him wise that maketh choice of the best, avoideth the worst, reapeth fruit by both; despiseth nothing that is not to be abhorred; accepteth of any thing that may be tolerated; entertaineth every thing with commendation, favour, contentment, or amendment. Lucian's Ass, Apuleius' Ass, Agrippa's Ass, Machiavel's Ass, myself, since I was dubbed an Ass by the only monarch of Asses, have found savoury herbs amongst nettles, roses amongst prickles, berries amongst bushes, marrow amongst bones, grain amongst stubble; a little corn amongst a great deal of chaff. The *abjectest naturals* have their specifical properties, and some won-

drous virtues ; and philosophy will not flatter the *noblest or worthiest naturals* in their venoms or impurities. True alchymy can allege much for her extractions and quintessences ; and true physic more for her corrections and purgations. In the best I cannot commend the bad, and in the baddest I reject not the good, but precisely play the alchymist in seeking pure and sweet balms in the rankest poisons. A pithy or filed sentence is to be embraced, whosoever is the author ; and for the least benefit received ; a good mind will render dutiful thanks, even to his greatest enemy. Oh, humanity, my Lullius ! or oh, divinity, my Paracelsus ! how should a man become that piece of alchymy, that can turn the ratsbane of villany into the balm of honesty, or correct the mandrake of scurrility with the myrrh of courtesy, or the saffron of temperance.

Conceive a fountain of contentation, as it were of oil, or a bath of delight, as it were of nectar ; and prefer that saffron or myrrh, that odoriferous saffron or aromatical myrrh, before this sovereign oil ; and that balm, that divine balm, before this heavenly nectar. No natural restorative like that saffron or myrrh, the very death of contention ; nor any artificial cordial like that balm, the very life of humanity, or should I rather say, the very life of life.

We have many new methods and platforms, and some no doubt as exquisite as scrupulous ; but assuredly it were an excellent method, and singular platform, to honour the wise and moderate the fool ; to make much of the learned, and instruct the ignorant ; to embrace the good, and reform the bad ; to wish harm to none, and do well to all ; and finally (for that is the scope of this and some other discourses) to commend the Fox and praise the Ass. Martin himself is not altogether a wasp ; nor Brown altogether a canker-worm ; nor Barrow altogether a scorpion ; nor haply Kett altogether a cockatrice. Take heed of the snake in the grass, or the pad in the straw, and fear no bugs. Be Martin a Martin Guerra, Brown a brown-bill, Barrow a wheelbarrow, Kett a kite, H. N. an O. K.

If any sound judgments find themselves beholding unto them in any point of advisement or consideration, (singular men, and, namely, schismatics and heretics, were ever wont to have something or other extraordinary and remarkable), they may without my contradiction confess their beholdingness, and for so much profess a recognisance of their debt.

I thank Nash for something; *Greene* for more; Pap-hatchet for much more; Perne for most of all. Of him I learned to know him, to know my enemies, to know my friends, to know myself, to know the world, to know fortune, to know the mutability of times, and slipperiness of occasions; an inestimable knowledge, and incomparably more worth than Doctor Gregorie's *Ars mirabilis*, or Politian's *Panepistemon*. He was an old soaker indeed; and had more wit in his hoary head than six hundred of these flourishing green heads and lusty curled pates. He would either wisely hold his peace, or smoothly flatter me to my face, or smoothly pay home with a witness; but commonly in a corner, or in a maze, where the author might be uncertain, or his packing intricate, or his purpose some way excusable. No man could bear a heavy injury more lightly; or forbear a learned adversary more cunningly; or bourd a wilful friend more drily; or circumvent a dangerous foe more covertly; or countermine the deepest underminer more subtly; or lullaby the circumspectest Argus more sweetly; or transform himself into all shapes more deftly; or play any part more kindly. He had such a patience, as might soften the hardest heart; such a sober mood as might ripen the *greenest* wit; such a sly dexterity as might quicken the dullest spirit; such a scrupulous manner of proceeding, in doubtful cases, as might put a deep consideration into the shallowest fantasy; such a suspicious jealousy, as might smell out the secretest complot, and defeat any practice; such an inextricable sophistry, as might teach an Agathocles to hypocrise profoundly, or a Hieron to tyrannise learnedly. Whereas other carried their hearts

in their tongues, and their heads in their pens; he liked no such simplicity, but, after a smug and fleering guise, carried his tongue in his heart, his pen in his head, his dagger in his sleeve, his love in his bosom, his spite in his pocket; and when their speech, writing, or countenance bewrayed their affection, (as the manner is), nothing but his fact discovered his drift; and not the beginning, but the end, was the interpreter of his meaning. Some of us, by way of experiment, assayed to feel his pulse, and to tickle his wily veins in his own vein, with smoothing and glosing as handsomely as we could; but the bottom of his mind was a gulf of the main, and nothing could sound him deeply but the issue. Iwis elder men had been too young to manage such an enterprise with success; and the finest intelligencer, or sagest politician in a state, would undoubtedly have been gravelled in the execution of that rash attempt. He could speak by contraries as quaintly as Socrates, and do by contraries as shrewdly as Tiberius; the master of Philip de Comines, Louis the French king, one of the busiest, jealousyest, and craftiest princes that ever reigned in that kingdom, might have borrowed the Fox's satchel of him: and, peradventure, not only Æsop's or Archilochus' Fox, but even Lysander's Fox, Aristomenes' Fox, Pisistratus' Fox, Ulysses' Fox, Chiron's Fox, and Proteus' own Fox might learn of him to play the Fox in the hole. For Stephen Gardiner's Fox, or Machiavel's Fox, are too young cubs to compare with him; that would seem any thing rather than a Fox, and be a Fox rather than any thing else. Legendaries may record wonderments; but examine the subtlest counsels, or the wiliest practices of Gargantua himself, and even Gargantua himself, albeit his gown were furred with two thousand and five hundred Foxes' skins, might have been his pupil. And I doubt not but he that worshipped *Solem in Leone*, after some few lectures in his astronomy, would have honoured *Solem in Vulpe*. He once kept a cub for his pleasure in Peter-house in Cambridge, (as some keep birds, some squirrels,

some puppies, some apes, and so forth), and ministered notable matter to S. Mary's pulpit, with stories of the Cub and the *Fox*, whose *Acts and Monuments* are notorious: but had the young one been as cunning an artist for his part as the old one was for his, I believe all the colleges in both Universities, or in the great University of Christendom, could not have patterned the young man with such another bachelor of sophistry, or the old master with such another doctor of hypocrisy.

Men may discourse at pleasure, and feed themselves with carps and pikes; but I have known few of so good a nature, so devoid of obstinacy; so far alienated from contumacy; so contrary to frowardness or testiveness; so tractable, so buxom, so flexible; so applicable to every time, place, and person; so curious in observing the least circumstance of importance or advantage; so conformable to public proceedings and private occasions; so respectful to every one of quality; so courteous to men of worship; so dutiful to men of honour; so ceremonious in tendering his devotion to his good lords or good ladies; so obedient to authority; so loyal to majesty; so indifferent to all, and in all. He was gentle without familiarity (for he doubted contempt); severe without rigour (for he feared odiousness): pleasant without levity (for he regarded his estimation); grave without solemnity (for he curried popular favour); not rash, but quick; not hasty, but speedy; not hot, but warm; not eager in shew, but earnest in deed; no barker at any, but biter of some; round and sound.

The clergy never wanted excellent fortune-wrights; but what bishop or politician in England so great a temporiser as he, whom every alteration found a new man, even as new as the new moon? And, as he long yawned to be an archbishop or bishop in the one or other church, (they wronged him that termed the image of both churches a neuter), so did he not arch-deserve to be installed the puling preacher of humility, humility, humility; and the gaping

orator of obedience, obedience, obedience? Was not ever *Pax vobis* one end of his gasping sermon, and the very foot of his warbling song? Be it percase a small matter to temporise in four alterations of kings and queens; but what an ambidexterity, or rather omnidexterity, had the man, that at one and the same meeting had a pleasing tongue for a protestant, a flattering eye for a papist, and a familiar nod for a good fellow? It was nothing with him to temporise *in genere*, or *in specie*, according to Machiavel's ground of fortunate success in the world, that could so formally and featly personise *in individuo*.

He must know all the sinews of commodity, and acquaint himself with all the joints of advantage, that will live and teach other to live. *O fœlix Cato, tu solus nosti vivere.* Or if Cato were over peremptory and Stoical to enjoy that felicity, *O fœlix Perne, tua solius Ars vivendi.* Doubtless it were better for the world, by infinite masses of millions, could the barbarous and tragical tyrants, Saturn and Mars, two devilish gods, moderate their fury as he could do; or the hypocritical and comical tyrants, Jupiter and Mercury, two godly devils, temper their cunning as he could do. It was in him to give instructions unto Ovid, for the repenning of his Metamorphoses anew; and he better merited the name of Vertumnus than Vertumnus himself. His designments were mysteries; his counsels oracles; his intentions like Minotaur in the labyrinth; his actions like the stratagems of Fabius; his defiance like the welcome of Circe; his menaces like the songs of the Sirens; his curses like the blessings of those witches in Africa, that forspoke what they praised, and destroyed what they wished to be saved.

I have seen spaniels, mongrels, libbards, antelopes; scorpions, snakes, cockatrices, vipers, and many other serpents in sugar work; but to this day never saw such a standing dish of sugar work as that sweet-tongued Doctor, that spake pleasingly, whatsoever he thought, and was otherwhiles a fair prognostication of foul weather.

Such an authenthical irony engrossed, as all oratory cannot eftsoons counterpane.

Smooth voices do well in most societies, and go currently away in many reckonings, when rough-hewn words do but lay blocks in their own way. He found it in a thousand experiences, and was the precisest practitioner of that soft and tame rhetoric that ever I knew in my dealings. And in case I should prefer any man of whatsoever quality before him, for a stayed government of his affections, (which he always ruled as Homer's Minerva bridled Pegasus), or for an infinite and bottomless patience, sib to the patience of Anaxarchus or Job, I should injury him and mine own conscience exceedingly.

Were he handled as London kennels are used of sluts, or the Thames of slovens, he could pocket it up as handsomely as they; and complain in as few words as any channel or river in England, when they are most contumeliously depraved. His other virtues, were colours in grain; his learning, lawn in starch; his wisdom, napery in suds; his conscience, the weather in April, when he was young; the weather in September, as he grew elder; the weather in February, towards his end; and not such a current prognostication for the fifty years wherein he flourished, as the ephemerides of his conscience. For his smug and canonical countenance certainly he might have been St. Boniface himself; for his fair and formal speech St. Benedict, or St. Eulaly; for his merry conceits St. Hilary; for his good husbandry (he was merry and wise) St. Servatius; for his invincible sufferance, St. Vincent the Martyr; for his retracting or recanting, St. Augustine; for his not seeing all things, St. Bernard; for his preaching to geese, St. Francis, or St. Fox; for his praying, a St. Pharisee; for his fasting, a St. Publican; for his chastity, *a Sol in virgine*; for his pastoral devotion, a Shepherd's Calendar; for his fame, an Almanack of Saints. But if ever any were patience incorporate, it was he; and if ever any were hypo-

crisy incarnate, it was he; unto whom I promised to dedicate an eternal memorial of his immortal virtues, and have paid some little part of my vows. I twice or thrice tried him to his face, somewhat saucily and smartly; but the picture of Socrates, or the image of St. Andrew, not so unmoveable; and I still reverence the honourable remembrance of that grave and most eloquent silence as the sagest lesson of my youth. Had Nash a dram of his wit, his answer should have been mum, or his confutation the sting of the scorpion. Other *Strange News*, like Pap-hatchet's rap with a bable, are of the nature of that same snout-horned rhinoceros, that biteth himself by the nose; and bestir them like the doughty fencer of Barnwell, that played his taking up with a recumbentibus, and his laying down with a broken pate in some three or four corners of his head. He must revenge himself with a learned discourse of deepest silence, or come better provided than the edge of the razor, that would be valued as wise as that Apollo Doctor; whose epitaph none can display accordingly, but some spirit of the air or the fire. For his zeal to God and the church was an airy triplicity; and his devotion to his prince and the state a fiery Trigon. And surely he was well advised, that comprised a large history in one epithet, and honoured him with the title of the *Thrice-learned Dean*. Only I must needs grant one such secret, and profound enemy, or shall I say, one such thrice secret, and thrice profound enemy, was incomparably more pernicious than a hundred Hatchets or Country-cuffs, a thousand *Greenes* or *Coney-catchers*, an army of *Nashes* or *Pierces Penniless*; a forest of wild beasts, or whatsoever Ilias of professed evils.

It is not the threatener, but the underminer, that worketh the mischief; not the open assault, but the privy surprise, that terrifieth the old soldier; not the surging flood, but the low water, that affrayeth the expert pilot; not the high, but the hidden rock, that endangereth the skilful mariner; not the busy pragmatistical, but the

close politician, that supplanteth the puissant state; not the proclaimed war, but pretended peace, that striketh the deadly stroke. What historian remembereth not the subtle stratagems of King Bacchus against the Indians; of King Midas against the Phrygians; of King Romulus against the Sabines; of King Cyrus against the Lydians; of many other politic conquerors, against sundry mighty nations, principalities, seigniories, cities, castles, fortresses? Brave valour may sometimes execute with fury; but prowess is weak, in comparison of other practices: and no puissance to policy, no rage to craft, no force to wit, no pretence to religion, (what spoils under colour of religion?) no text to the gloss; what will not the gloss maintain, by hook or crook? It was not Mercurius' wood-knife that could so easily have dispatched Argus, the lieutenant of Queen Juno, had not his enchanting pipe first lulled him asleep. And was not Ulysses in greater jeopardy by the alluring Sirens, charming musicians, than by cruel Polyphemus, a boisterous giant? Undoubtedly Cæsar was as singularly wise as unmatchably valiant, and rather a Fox than a Lion; but, in his wisdom, he was more afraid of Sylla than of Marius; of Cato than of Catiline; of Cassius than of Antony; of Brutus than of Pompey; to be short, of Saturn than of Mars; of Mercury than of Jupiter himself. It were a long discourse to survey the wily trains and crafty fetches of the old and new world: but whosoever is acquainted with stratagems, ancient or modern, knoweth what an hoard of policies lurketh in the shroud of dissimulation; and what wonders may be achieved by unexpected surprises. The professed enemy rather incumbereth himself and annoyeth his friends, than overthroweth his adversary, or opposeth his foes. *Alexander's* and *Cæsar's* sudden irruptions made them the lords of the world, and masters of kings: whilst great threatners get nothing but greatest loss and greater shame. What should I speak of the first founders of monarchies, *Ninus* and *Cyrus*? of the venturous *Argo-pilots*? of the worthy *Heroes*? of the

doughtiest *Errant-Knights*? of the *bravest men* in all ages? whose mightiest engine (notwithstanding whatsoever hyperbole of valour or fury) was *Scarborough warning*; and whose conquests were as soon known abroad as their invasions.

No power like the unlikely assault; nor any mischief so peremptory as the unlooked-for affliction. He that warneth me armeth me, and it is much that a prepared mind and body may endure: but unsuspected accidents are hardly remedied; and, in the fairest weather of security, to offer the foulest play of hostility, is an incredible advantage. So Cæsar Borgia, the sovereign type of Machiavel's prince, won the dukedom of Urbin in one day. So the Emperor Charles the Fifth's army, passing through Rome, occursively sacked the city, and enriched themselves exceedingly. So many invincible states have been suddenly ruined, and many puissant personages easily vanquished. Brave exploits, where the cause as honourable, as the effect admirable. But honourable or dishonourable policy was ever a privy-council, whose posy *Dolus an Virtus*: glory a ravishing oration; ambition a courser; love a hotspur; anger a firebrand; hope a grain of mustard-seed; courage an errant knight; covetise a merchant venturer; fury a fierce executioner, whose word the sword, and whose law, *Non qua, sed quo*.

As monarchies, principalities, and conquests, so petty governments, seigniories, lieutenantships, magistracies, masterships, fellowships have their colourable practices; and nothing is cunning that is apparent. The fox preacheth *pax vobis*, to the capons and geese; and never worse intended than when the best pretended. Horace's, or rather Borgia's,

Astuta ingenium Vulpes imitata Leonem;

the deepest ground of highest policies, and the very stratagem of stratagems. The glorious Indian conquests are famously known to the world: and what was the valorous Duke of Parma, in his bravest victories, but *Vulpes imitata Leonem*, and a new compound

of old stratagems? Jovius Fox, in his Militar, and amorous Em-press, may call himself a Fox: but some learned clerks and judicious censors, profound politics, like Machiavel or Perne, (for Machiavel never deceived with his pen as Perne devised with his mind) would go very nigh to call him a goose, that gave for his motto *Simul astu, et dentibus utor*. And his Gryphon, in some opinions, was never a whit the more terrible for that lusty posy, a jolly heroicall verse in a grammar-school:

Unguibus, et rostro, atque alis armatus in hostem.

I never read that Alexander's Bucephalus, or Cæsar's courageous horse, had any such or such glorious posies: and I believe Bevis's Arundel was no great braggart with motts.

The Trojan Horse, or rather the Grecian Horse, was not such an Ass to advance himself with any such proud impress, as *Scandit fatalis machina muros*; but ministered ruthful and tragical matter of that haughty posy to the stately poet. Did the flying Pegasus of the redoubted Bellerophon, before his adventurous expedition against the hideous lion-dragon Chimæra, that is, against the fierce savages which inhabited the fire-vomiting mountain in Lycia, provide to arm himself with a brave posy; or boast of his horrible mother Medusa, or of his own Gorgonean wings? Did the fiery Horse of the Sun, that is, of the hottest East countries, threaten Prince Phaeton, or the world, with a dreadful verse?

Tunc sciet ignipedum Vires expertus Equorum.

May not, peradventure, the proudest horse be counter-motted with a poor fragment of Statius? *Serviet asper Equus*. Or may not haply the doughtiest Ass be emblomed with a good old device? *insulso tribulus sapit asper asello*. The roughest net is not the best catcher of birds; nor the finest policy a professed termagant. Although Lysander's oxen said nothing, yet the Fox Lysander could tell which of them was a sluggard, and which laborious. It is not the verbal mott, but the actual impress that argueth a generous

or noble mind. Children and fools use to craike: action the only emblem of Jugurtha, and the notablest fellows, whose manner is *plurimum facere; minimum de se loqui*; the honourablest device that worthy valour can invent.

The tree is known by the fruit, and needeth no other posy: the gallantest mott of a good apple-tree, is a good apple-tree; of a good warden-tree, a good warden; of a good lemon-tree, a good lemon; of a good palm, a good date; of a good vine, a good grape; and so forth: their leaves their prognostications; their blossoms their boasts; their branches and boughs their bravery; their fruit their arms, their emblems, their nobility, their glory. I dare not say that Pittacus was as wise as he, that beginneth like front-tufted occasion, (for occasion is bald behind) and endeth like Ovid's lover, (for Ovid's lover must not attempt but where he will conquer): few resoluter motts than *Aut nunc aut nunquam*: and what valianter posy than *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice*: but Pittacus was one of the seven famous masters, and in his sage wisdom thought it a sober lesson, Foretel not what thou intendest to achieve, lest, peradventure, being frustrate, thou be laughed to scorn, and made a notable flouting-stock. Perhaps he was an Ass, and speaketh like a fool: (for who is not an Ass and a fool with this Thomas Wisdom?) but some place-men are of his opinion, and will hardly believe that the frankest braggarts are the doughtiest doers. Were I a collector of witty apophthegms, like Plutarch, or of pithy Gnomes, like Theognis, or of dainty emblems, like Alciat, surely Pittacus should not be the last, at the least, in that rhapsody. Meanwhile, it is nothing out of my way to praise the close or suspicious Ass, that will not trouble any other with his privy counsel, but can be content to be his own secretary.

There be more quaint experiments in an university, than many a politic head would imagine. I could nominate the man, that could teach the Delphical Oracle and the Egyptian Crocodile to

play their parts. His civil tongue was a riddle, his ecclesiastical tongue a hieroglyphic, his face a visard, his eyes cormorants, his ears martyrs, his wit a maze, his heart a juggling-stick, his mind a mist, his reason a veil, his affection a curb, his conscience a mask, his religion a triangle in geometry, his charity a syllogism in Cædarent; his hospitality, eleven months in the year, as good as Good Friday; for one month, or very near, he was resident upon his deanery, and kept open house in the Isle, like Ember-week. Of another man's, no man more liberal: of his own, no man more frugal. He deeply considered (as he did all things) that good œconomy was good policy: that learning was to be commended, but lucre and preferment to be studied: that he soweth in vain, which moweth not his own advantage: that nothing was to be bestowed without hope of usance: that love or hatred avail not, but where they may prevail: that affections were to be squared by occasion, and reasons to be framed by profit: that names of partialities, sects, and divisions, either in civil or religious causes, were but foolish words or pelting terms; and all were to be estimated by their valuation in *esse*: that the true square and right geometrical compass of things is hability, the only thing that by a sovereign prerogative deserveth to be called *substance*: that, according to Chaucer's English, there can be little *adling* without much *gabbing*, that is, small getting without great lying and cogging: that it was more wisdom to borrow, than to lend *gratis*: that the raven's croaking loseth him many a fat prey: that the forestalling and engrossing of privy commodities was a pretty supply of privy tithes: that many a little, by little and little maketh a mickle: that often return of gain amounteth: that the Fox never fareth better than when he is cursed most: that a silver pick-lock was good at a pinch, and a golden hook a cunning fisher of men: that every man was nearest to himself, and the skin nearer than the shirt: that there were many principles and precepts in art, but

one principal maxim, or sovereign cautel in practice, *si non castè, tamen cautè*: that there was no security in the world without Epicharmus' incredulity, Dion's Apistie, or Heywood's Fast-bind and fast-find: that Bayard in the stable, and *Legem pone*, were substantial points of law: that many things are hypothetically to be practised, which may not categorically be revealed: that two friends or brethren may keep counsel when one of the two is away: that *unum necessarium*; and so forth. For *vincit qui patitur* would go nigh hand to open the whole pack, and tell wonderful tales out of school.

Pap-hatchet talketh of publishing *a hundred merry tales* of certain poor Martinists: but I could here dismask such a rich mummer, and record such *a hundred wise tales* of memorable note, with such a smart moral, as would undoubtedly make this pamphlet the vendiblest book in London, and the Register one of the famoussest authors in England. But I am none of those that utter all their learning at once: and the close man (that was no man's friend but from the teeth outward, no man's foe but from the heart inward) may percase have some secret friends, or respective acquaintance, that, in regard of his calling, or some private consideration, would be loath to have his coat blazed, or his satchel ransacked. Beside, what methodical artist would allow the encomium of the Fox in the praise of the Ass, unless I would prove by irrefragable demonstration that the false Fox was a true Ass; as I once heard a learned physician affirm, if a goose were a Fox, he was a Fox? Yet surely, by his favour, who could sharply judge and durst freely speak, he was a Fox and a half, in his whole body, and in every part of his soul: albeit, I will not deny but he might in some respects be a Goose, and after a sort (as it were) an Ass: especially for defeating one without cause, and troubling the same without effect, that, for aught he knew, might possibly have it in him to requite him alive and dead.

Let the wronged party not be injured ; and I dare avow he never did, nor ever will, injury or prejudice any, in deed, word, or intention : but if any whosoever will needs be offering abuse in fact, or snip-snapping in terms, sith other remedy shrinketh, he may peradventure not altogether pass unanswered. He thinketh not now on the booted fool, that always jetteth in his stirrups, with his stilliard hat in his drowsy eyes ; but of another good ancient gentleman, that mought have been his father for age, his tutor for learning, his counsellor for wisdom, his creditor for silver, his cate-chist for religion, and his ghostly father for devotion. He once, in a scold's policy, called me Fox, between jest and earnest : (it was at the funeral of the Honourable Sir Thomas Smith, where he preached, and where it pleased my Lady Smith and the co-executors to bestow certain rare manuscript books upon me, which he desired) : I answered him, between earnest and jest, I might haply be a Cub, as I might be used ; but was over young to be a Fox, especially in his presence. He smiled, and replied, after his manner, with a cameleon's gape, and a very emphatical nod of the head.

Whosoever or whatsoever he was, certes, my old back friend, of Peter-house, was the lock of cunning conveyance : but such a lock as could not possibly be opened with any key but the key of opportunity and the hand of advantage. If opportunity were abroad, Jodocus was not at home : where occasion presented advantage, policy wanted no dexterity ; and the light-footed Fox was not so swift of foot, as nimble of wit and quick of hand. Some, that called him the luke-warm Doctor, and likened him to milk from the cow, found him at such a fit over warm for their ferventest zeal : and I remember a time, when one of the hottest furnace, shewing himself little better than a cow ; he, in a quavering voice, and a lightning spirit, taught the wild roe his lesson. Haste was not so forward to run to a commodity, but Speed was swifter to fly to an advantage ; and where Haste somewhat grossly bewrayed his forwardness, Speed

very finely marched in a cloud, and found the Goddess Hypocrisy as sly a conductress as ever was fair Venus to Æneas, or wise Minerva to Ulysses, in their quaint passages. We may discourse of natural magic and supernatural cabal, whereof the learnedest and crediblest antiquity hath recorded wonderful histories: but it is the rod of Mercury and the ring of Gyges that work miracles; and no mathematician, magician, or cabalist may countervail him, that in his heroical expeditions can walk in a cloud, like a vapour, or in his divine practices go invisible, like a spirit. Brave minds and venturous hearts, thank him for this invaluable note, that could teach you to achieve more with the little finger of policy, than you can possibly compass with the mighty arm of prowess. Or else, in my curious observation of infinite histories, Hypocrisy had never been the great tyrant of the world, and the huge Antichrist of the Church. The weapon of the fire and air is lightning: the weapon of the earth and water, cunning. Was not he shrewdly encountered, that was prestigiously besieged, and invisibly undermined with that weapon of weapons? What other supply could have seconded or rescued him, but Death; that had often been the Death of his life in his worthiest friends, and what eftsoons the death of his Death in his wiliest enemy? Whose spite was intricate, but detected; and whose subtlety marvellous, but disveiled: and he that disclosed the same, is perhaps to leave an immortal testimonial of his Indian discovery. In the mean time, as the admirable geometrician, Archimedes, would have the figure of a cylinder or roller engraved upon his tomb: so, it were reason, the thrice famous Divine should have the three-sided figure, or equilater triangle, imprinted upon his sepulchre; with this, or some worthier epitaph, devised according to the current method of *Tria sequuntur Tria*.

THE COFFIN SPEAKETH.

- { Ask not, what news? that come to visit wood:
- { My treasure is, Three Faces in one Hood:
- { A changling Triangle: a Turn-coat rood.

- { A luke-warm Trigon: a three-edged tool:
- { A three-oar'd galley: a three-footed stool:
- { A three-wing'd weathercock: a three-tongu'd school.

- { Three-headed Cerberus, woe be unto thee:
- { Here lies the only Trey, and Rule of Three:
- { Of all Triplicities the A. B. C.

Somebody oweth the three-shapen Geryon a greater duty, in recognisance of his often-promised courtesies, and will not be found ungrateful at occasion. He were very simple that would fear a conjuring Hatchet, a railing *Greene*, or a threatening Nash: but the old dreamer, like the old dog, biteth sore, and no foe to the flattering *Perne* or pleasing *Titius*: that have sugar in their lips, gall in their stomachs, water in one hand, fire in the other; peace in their sayings, war in their doings; sweetness in their exhortations, bitterness in their canvasses; reverence in their titles, coercion in their actions; notable men in their kind, but pitch-branded with notorious dissimulation; large promisers; compendious performers; shallow in charity, profound in malice; superficial in theory, deep in practice; masters of sophistry, doctors of hypocrisy; formal friends, deadly enemies; thrice excellent impostors. These, these were the only men that I ever dreaded; especially that same odd nian, *Trium Litterarum*, that for a linsey-woolsey wit, and a cheverel conscience, was A perse A: other braggarts or threateners, whatsoever, I fear, as I fear Hobgoblin and the bugs of the night. When I have sought up my day charms and night spells, I hope their power to hurt shall be as ridiculously small, as the desire to affright is outrageously great. I never stood stiffly in defence of mine own ability or sufficiency: they

that impeach me of imperfection in learning or practice, in discoursing or enditing, in any art or profession, confute me not, but confirm mine own confession. It is only my honesty and credit that I endeavour to maintain: other defects I had rather supply by industry than cloak by excuse; and refer the decision of such points to the arbitrement of indifferency: to which also I prefer the praises of my dispraisers, and beseech equity to render them their due, with a largess of favour. Judgment is the wisest reader of books: and no art of distinctions so infallible as grounded discretion, which will soon discern between white and black; and easily perceive what wanteth, what superaboundeth; what becometh, what misbecometh; what in this or that respect deserveth commendation; what may reasonably or probably be excused; what would be marked with an asterisk, what noted with a black coal. As in metals, so in styles, he hath slender skill that cannot descry copper from gold, tin from silver, iron from steel, the refuse from the rich vein, the dross from the pure substance. It is little of value, either *for matter or manner*, that can be performed in such perfunctory pamphlets on either side: but, how little soever it be or may appear, for mine own part, I refuse not to underly the verdict of any courteous or equal censure, that can discern betwixt chalk and cheese.

Touching the matter, what wanteth or might be expected here, shall be particularly and largely recompensed, as well in my Discourses, intituled *Nash's S. Fame*, which are already finished, and attend the publication, as also in other supplements thereof, especially those of the above-mentioned gentlewoman, whom, after some advisement, it pleased to make the *Strange News* of the railing Villain the cussionet of her needles and pins. Though my scribblings may fortune to continue awhile, and then have their desert, according to the laudable custom, (what should toys or dalliances live in a world of business?) yet I dare undertake with warrant, whatsoever she writeth must needs remain an immortal work; and

will leave in the activest world an eternal memory of the silliest vermin, that she shall vouchsafe to grace with her beautiful and alllective style, as ingenious as elegant.

Touching the manner, I take it a nice and frivolous curiosity for my person, to bestow any cost upon a trifle of no importance ; and am so overshadowed with the flourishing branches of that heavenly plant, that I may seem to have purposely prevented all comparison, in yielding that homage to her divine wit, which at my hands she hath meritoriously deserved. Albeit, I protest she has neither bewitched with entreaty, nor juggled with persuasion, nor charmed with any corruption ; but only moved with the reason which the equity of my cause, after some little communication, in her unspotted conscience suggested. They that long to advance their own shame, (I always except a phœnix or two) may bravely enter the lists of Comparison, and do her the highest honour in despite, that they could possibly devise in a serviceable devotion. She hath in my knowledge read the notablest histories of the most singular women of all ages, in the Bible, in Homer, in Virgil, (her three sovereign books, the divine Archetypes of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman valour) ; in Plutarch, in Polyen, in Petrarch, in Agrippa, in Tyraquell, in whom not, that have specially tendered their diligent devoir, to honour the excellentest women that have lived in the world ; and commending the meanest, extolling the worthiest, imitating the rarest, and, approving all, according to the proportion of their endowments, envieth none, but Art in person, and Virtue incorporate, the two precioussest creatures that ever flourished upon earth. Other women may yield to Penelope ; Penelope to Sappho, Sappho to Arachne, Arachne to Minerva, Minerva to Juno, Juno to none of her sex : she to all that use her and hers well : to none, of any sex, that misuse her or others. She is neither the noblest, nor the fairest, nor the finest, nor the richest lady : but the gentlest, and wittiest, and bravest, and invinciblest gentlewoman that I know. Not

such a wench in Europe, to unswaddle a fair Baby, or to swaddle a foul puppy. Some of you may aim at her personage; and it is not the first time that I have termed her style the tinsel of the daintiest Muses and sweetest Graees: but I dare not particularise her description, according to my conceit of her beau-desert, without her licence or permission, that standeth upon masculine, not feminine terms, and is respectively to be dealt withal, in regard of her courage rather than her fortune. And what if she can also publish more works in a month, than Nash hath published in his whole life, or the pregnantest of our inspired Heliconists can equal? Could I dispose of her recreations, and some other exercises, I nothing doubt but it were possible (notwithstanding the most curious curiosity of this age) to breed a new admiration in the mind of Contempt, and to restore the excellentest books into their wonted estate, even *in integrum*. Let me be notoriously condemned of partiality and simplicity, if she fail to accomplish more in gallant performance, (now she hath condescended to the spinning up of her silken task) than I ever promised before, or may seem to insinuate now. Yet she is a woman; and for some passions may challenge the general privilege of her sex, and a special dispensation in the cause of an affectionate friend, devoted to the service of her excellent desert, whom he hath found no less than the handmaid of Art, the mistress of Wit, the gentlewoman of right Gentleness, and the lady of right Virtue. Howbeit, even those passions she hath so ordered and managed, with such a witty temper of violent, but advised motions, full of spirit and blood, but as full of sense and judgment, that they may rather seem the marrow of reason, than the froth of affection: and her hottest fury may fitly be resembled to the passing of a brave career by a Pegasus, ruled with the reins of a Minerva's bridle. Her pen is the very Pegasus indeed, and runneth like a winged horse, governed with the hand of exquisite skill. She it is that must return the mighty famous work of *Super-*

rerogation with Benet and Collect. I have touched the booted Shakerley a little, that is always riding, and never rideth; always confuting, and never confuteth; always ailing something, and railing any thing: that shamefully and odiously misuseth every friend or acquaintance, as he hath served some of his favourablest patrons (whom, for certain respects, I am not to name), M. Apis Lapis, Greene, Marlow, Chettle, and whom not? that saluteth me with a *Gabrielissime Gabriel*; which can give him the farewell with a *Thomasissime Thomas*; or an *Assissime Ass*; yet have not called him a filthy companion, or a scurvy fellow, as all the world, that knoweth him, calleth him: that in his *Pierce Penniless* and *Strange News*, the bull-beggars of his courage, hath omitted no word or phrase of his railing dictionary, but only *Tu es Starnigogolus*; and hath valiantly vowed to have *The Last Word*, to die for it.

Plaudite Victori, Juvenis hic quot quot adestis:

Nam me qui vicit, doctior est Nebulo.

The best is, where my answer is, or may be deemed insufficient (as it is commonly over tame for so wild a bullock), there she with as visible an analysis as any anatomy, strippeth his art into his doublet, his wit into his shirt, his whole matter and manner into their first principles; his matter *in materiam primam*; his manner *in formam primam*; and both *in privationem ultimam, id est, his last Word*, so gloriously threatened.

I desire no other favour at the hands of courtesy, but that art and wit may be her readers, and equity my judge; to whose impartial integrity I humbly appeal in the premises, with dutiful recommendation of *Nash's S. Fame*, even to S. Fame herself, who, with her own flourishing hands, is shortly to erect a maypole in honour of his victorious *Last Word*. Doubt ye not, gallant gentlemen, he shall find the guerdon of his valour, and the meed of his meritorious work. Though my pen be a slug-plum, look for a quill

as quick as quicksilver ; and pity the sorry swain that hath incurred the indignation of such a quill, and may everlastingly be a miserable spectacle for all libelling rakehells, that otherwise might desperately presume to venture the foil of their crank folly.

The stay of the publication resteth only at my instance : who can conceive small hope of any possible account, or regard of mine own discourses, were that fair body of the sweetest Venus in print, as it is redoubtably armed with the complete harness of the bravest Minerva. When his necessary defence hath sufficiently accleared him, whom it principally concerneth to acquit himself, she shall no sooner appear in person, like a new star in Cassiopeia, but every eye of capacity will see a conspicuous difference between her and other mirrors of eloquence, and the woeful slave of *S. Fame* must either blindfold himself with insensible perversity, or behold his own notorious folly with most shameful shame. It will then appear as it were in a clear urinal, whose wit hath the *green-sickness* : and I would deem it a greater marvel than the mightiest wonder, that happened in the famous year 88, if his cause should not have the *falling sickness*, that is encountered with an arm of such force.

M. Stowe, let it be enchronicled for one of the singularities or miracles of this age, that a thing lighter than Tarleton's toy, and vainer than Shakerley's conceit, that is, *Nash* should be the subject of so invaluable a work ; and be it known to impudency by these presents, that his brazen wall is battered to pindust, and his iron gate shaken all to nothing. It is in the least of her energetical lines to do it ; more easily than a fine thread cracketh a jangling bell : a pretty experiment, and not unlike some of her strange inventions, and rare devises, as forcible to move, as feat to delight. The issue will resolve the doubtfullest mind : and I am content to refer incredulity to the visible and palpable evidence of the term probatory. When either the light of nature and the sun of art must be in

eclipse, or the shining rays of her singular gifts will display themselves in their accustomed brightness, and discover the base obscurity of that mischievous planet, that, in a vile ambition, seeketh the exaltation of his fame by the depression of their credit that are able to extinguish the proudest glimpse of his lamp. Her rare perfections can liveliest blazon themselves; and this pen is a very unsufficient orator to express the heavenly beauties of her mind: but I never knew virtue a more inviolable virgin than in her excellent self; and the day is yet to come, wherein I ever found her wit a defective or ecliptic creature. She knoweth I flatter not her fortune; and I honour her virtue, whose confirmed modesty I could never see disguised with any gloss of commendation, who can blame me for discharging some little part of a greater duty? She hath in mere gratuity bestowed a largess upon her affectionate servant, that imputeth the same as an excessive favour to her hyperbolical courtesy, not to any merit to himself; but the lesser my desert, the greater her liberality, whom I cannot any way reacquit, farther than the zeal of a most devoted mind may extend; as incessantly thankful, as infinitely debtful. For to address a plausible discourse, or to garnish a panegyric oration in her praise, as occasion may present, will appear to be a task of civil justice, not any piece of civil courtesy; when her own silver Tracts shall publish the precious valour of her golden virtues, and decypher the inestimable worth of the author by her divine handiwork.

At the first view whereof, as at the piercing sight of the amiablest beauty, who can tell how sudden passions may work? or what a string some tickling interjection may leave in the heart and liver of affection? I am ever prone to hope as I wish, even the best of the worst: and although wilful malice be a stiff and stubborn adversary to appease; yet I have seen a greater miracle than the pacification of paper wars, or the atonement of inkhorn foes. There she standeth, that with the finger of industry, and the tongue of

affability, hath achieved some stranger wonders, upon as rough and harsh fellows as

*The noddy Nash, whom every serving Swash;
With pot-jests dash, and every whip-dog lash:*

(for the rhyme is more famous than was intended) and with the same causes improved, why may she not directly or violently accomplish the same effects? or what is impossible to the persuasive and pathological influence of reason and affection? It is a very dismal and caitiff planet that can find in his heart to encounter those two gracious stars with malicious aspects, which he must despitefully encounter, that will obstinately oppose his peevish rancour to her sweet civility. In case nothing else will prevail with insatiable envy and unquenchable malice (for so I am eftsoons informed, whatsoever course be taken for the mitigation of his rage), yet I am vehemently persuaded in physic, and resolved in policy, that the oil of scorpions will finally heal the wounds of scorpions.

I know one that experimentally proved what a rod in lye could do with the curstest boy in a city; and found the imperative mood a better orator than the optative. It may fortune, the same man hath such a whipsy-doxxy in store for a jack sauce, or unmannerly puppy, as may school him to turn over a new leaf, and to cry the pitifullest peccavi of a woeful penitent. For my part, whom at this instant it smartly behoveth to be resolute, I confess I was never more entangled and intricated in the discourse of mine own reason, than since I had to do with this desperate Dick, that dareth utter, and will cog any thing, to serve his turn. Not to confute him, in some respects were perhaps better; to confute him is necessary. Were it possible to confute him in not confuting him, I am of opinion it would be done: (for insolency, or any injury, would be repressed by order of law, where order of law is a sufficient remedy; and silence, in some cases, were the finest eloquence, or scorn the fittest answer); and haply I could wish, not

to confute him in confuting him (for the discovery of *Coney-catchers* doth not greatly edify some bad minds); but seeing he is so desperate, that he will not be confuted with not confuting, I must desire his patience to be a little content to be confuted with confuting, rather after his or others guise, than after my manner. *Answer not a fool according to his foolishness, lest thou also be like him: answer a fool according to his foolishness, lest he be wise in his own conceit.* They are both proverbs of the wisest master of sentences, of whom also I have learned, that to the horse belongeth a whip, to the ass a snaffle, to the fool's back a rod. Let no man be wiser than Solomon. The fool's head must not be suffered to coy itself; the colt must feel the whip or the wand; the ass the snaffle or the goad; the fool's back the rod or the cudgel. Let the colt, the ass, the fool, beware in time, or he may peradventure feel them indeed, with such a *Tu autem* as hath not often been quavered in any language. If peace or treaty may not be heard, war shall command peace; and he muzzle the mouth of rankest impudency, or fiercest hostility, that can do it; and do it otherwise than is yet imagined; and yet nothing like that inspired gentlewoman, whose pen is the shot of the musket, or rather a shaft of heaven, swifter than any arrow, and mightier than any hand weapon, when courtesy is repulsed, and hostility must enforce amity; but otherwise how graciously amiable, how divinely sweet!

Gentlemen, look upon the lovely glistening star of the morning; and look for such an oriental star, when she displayeth the resplending beams of her bright wit and pure bounty. Meanwhile, if some little shimering light appear at a little crevice, I have my request, and some pretty convenient leisure to take order with another kind of *Strange News* in Westminster Hall. It is some men's fortune to have their hands full of unneedful business at once; and, for myself, I should make no great matter of two or three such glowing irons in the fire, were it not some small grief or discouragement to con-

sider, that nothing can be perfectly or sufficiently performed by halves or fragments; which necessary interruption hath been the utter disgrace of the premises, and a great hinderance to my larger discourses, more ample trifles. I can but crave pardon, and prepare amends, as leisure and occasion may afford opportunity. Learned wits can skilfully examine, and honest minds will uprightly consider circumstances with courteous regard of favour, or due respect of reason; in whose only indifferency, as in a safe and sweet harborough, I repose my whole affiance and security, as heretofore. And so for this present I surcease to trouble your gentle courtesies, of whose patience I have (according to particular occasions) sometime unmannerly, but modestly; often familiarly, but sincerely; most-what freely, but considerately; always confidently, but respectfully; in every part simply, in the whole tediously presumed under correction.

I write only at idle hours, that I dedicate only to *Idle Hours*; or would not have made so unreasonably bold, in no needfuller discourse, than *the praise or Supererogation of an Ass*.

This 27th of April, 1593.

Your mindful debtor,

G. H.

FINIS.

LETTERS AND SONNETS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,
M. DOCTOR HARVEY.

GOOD M. Doctor Harvey, promise I account debt, especially to so especial a friend; and therefore I have now again laboured to discharge myself of it. I would I were of desert to set forth your long deserved praise, and of ability to express your singular abilities in style, knowledge, and other most commendable virtues. What is in my power, the least of your friends shall command; what is not, I can but wish; which I would most earnestly wish, if that might serve, though I never should wish more. I will not trouble your graver studies, but pray for your health's continuance; and will most willingly perform more, if occasion serve.

Yours ever to command,

JOHN THORIUS.

Oxford, this 10th of July, 1593.

SONNET.

DEFAM'D by one who most himself defameth,
Write, worthy Harvey, for the wise applaud thee:
Shame be his hire, that foully himself shameth,
And would of thy deserved right defraud thee.

And if you force the undeserved wrong
 Wherewith some simple Ignorant distains thee,
 You in your Wisdom may exceed as long
 As he in folly foolishly disdains thee:
 For sharp-eyed Equity hath descried to all
 Th' injurious vein, that sets his pen to school;
 Whose railing tends unto your Wisdom's fall,
 And proves all fond, to prove himself a Fool.
 Which monstrous Folly would be left in haste,
 As Wisdom's age will make him know at last.

JOHN THORIUS.

Inclosed in the same Letter.

AND that I might not be held last in remembrance, though absent, that in your presence have sought the self-proffering cause of after memory, I have once more (as he that devoteth himself and his poor labours to your good liking), how badly you may see, but how heartily, I would you could see, or I could say, writ these my pure devotions, and zealous lines; with as true desire to honour yourself according to your worth, as I have been wanting the desert which your courteous nature hath afforded me. I request, Sir, but your acceptance and your favour, which if I gain, I have got more than my due: and so wishing your continual bliss, I end, as one with oft prayers desiring to be held

Your bound by much desert,

ANTONY CHEWT.

SONNET.

PROCEED, most worthy lines, in your disdain
 Against the false Suggestions you abuse ;
 Whose rascal style deserved hath to gain
 The hateful title of a railing Muse.
 Doubtless, the wisest that shall chance to read you
 In true judicial of a quiet thought,
 Will give applause unto the wit that bred you,
 And you shall win the good that you have sought.
 Win more : and since the fool defames you still,
 The fool whom Shame hath stained with foul blot,
 Perform on him your discontented will :
 Fame shall be your meed : Shame shall be his lot.
 And so proceeding, you shall so redeem
 The name that he would drown in black esteem.

Subscribed Sh. Wy. for Shore's Wife.

*Sur l'Apologie de Monsieur le tres-docte et tres-eloquent Docteur
 Harvey : par le Sieur de Fregeuille du Gaut.*

CELUI qui provoqué public sa defence,
 Peut avecques raison sa cause déployer ;
 La Loi de Talion ne peut moins, qu' ottroyer
 Juste permission de repayer l'offence.
 Mais celui qui enflé, à escrire commence,
 A deffamer autrui, tachant a s'employer :
 De droit ne peut pretendre adueu ou bon loyer,
 Ainsi l'inflame intenté lui vient pour recompense.

J'aime pourtant par tout un stile moderé,
Mêmes si on respond au sot demesuré,
Car on n'a point raison d'imiter sa sottise.

Marri sui mon d'Harvey de te voir prouoqué,
Mais tres-aise qu' est ant indignement piqué ;
Ta Docte response est eloquente et rassise.

*His Sonnet that will justify his word, and dedicateth Nash's S. Fame
to Immortality.*

" A DAME more sweetly brave than nicely fine,
Yet fine, as finest gentlewomen be ;
Brighter than diamond in every line,
Is *Pemiless* so witless still?" quoth she.
*If Nash will felly gnash, and rudely slash ;
Snip-snap a crash, may lend S. Fame a gash.*

Skill read thy Rhyme, and put it in 'Truth's purse ;
(Experience kisseth Reconcilement's hand) ;
If warning peace be scorn'd, Spite may hear worse :
Though Love no warrior be, Right leads a band.
How fain would Courtesy these jars surcease?
How glad would Charity depart in peace?

*But if Sir Rash continue still Sir Swash,
He lives that will him dash, and lash, and squash.*
Hæc quoque culpa tua est: hæc quoque pæna tua est.

Another occasional Admonition.

FAME rous'd herself, and 'gan to swash about ;
 Boys swarm'd, youths throng'd, bloods swore, brutes rear'd
 the howt ;
 Her meritorious work, a wonderclout ;
 Did ever Fame so bravely play the lout ?
 I chanc'd upon the rhyme, and wond' red much,
 What courage of the world, or Mister wight,
 Durst terrible S. Fame so rashly touch,
 Or her redoubtable bull-begging knight.
 Incontinent I heard a piercing voice,
 Not Echo's voice, but shriller than a lark ;
Sith Destiny allots no wiser choice,
Pastime appose the pickle-herring Clarke.
 Quiet thy rage, imperious Swish-swash,
 Or woe be to thy horrible trish-trash.
Est bene, non potuit dicere: dixit, Erit.

An Apostrophe to the Health of his abused Friends.

LIVE, Father sweet, and miscreant varlets die,
 That wrong my parent heart and brother eye ;
 Dearest of eyes, condemn thy caitiff foes ;
 Kindest of hearts, enjoy thy firm repose.
 Sky, with a patron eye aspect that eye ;
 That eye espoused to the virgin sky.
 Art, with a lover heart preserve that heart ;
 That heart devoted to the heavenly art.

Blessings, descend from your empyreal throne,
 And lend a bounteous ear to suppliant moan.
 Ambrosial springs of clearest influence,
 Fountains restorative of cordial bliss,
 Deign zeal prostrate your tenderest indulgence,
 And sovereignly redress that is amiss.

L'Envoy.

Volumes of thanks and praise your store combine,
 In passionatest hymns and psalms divine.

The Printer's Postscript.

SWEET gentlemen, having committed the premises to the press, and acquainting certain learned and fine men with some other of the commendatory Letters and Sonnets of M. Florius and M. Chewt; there was such an especial liking conceived of two other their writings, that I was finally entreated, or rather over-treated, to give them also their welcome in print, as not the unfittest lines that have been published to entertain lazy hours, or to employ drowsy eyes. Sometime in the bravest shows there is little performed; and sometime a poor publican may work as great a work of *Supererogation*, as a proud Pharisee. I am not the meetest to blaze other men's arms; and they are best furnished to be their own tongues, that can so well plead for themselves and their friends. I can but recommend their learned exercise, and mine own unlearned labour, to your gentle acceptance.

*To the right worshipful, my very assured friend,
M. Doctor Harvey.*

MY silence thus long, good M. Doctor Harvey, was not occasioned either by forgetfulness or by negligence ; but rather for want both of convenient leisure and of sufficient argument : being very unwilling to spend time often in writing of unmaterial lines, or to trouble any especial friend with reading them. Yet, because amity is maintained by this loving kind of intercourse, and because custom hath allowed that affection induced, to express a careful memory of the continuance of friendship, by writing even upon small or no occasion, though the Letter were signed with nothing else but *si vales bene est, ego valeo* : lest longer silence might cause me to incur just reprehension, and that you may receive some slender token of my often thinking on you, I send you inclosed three *Stanzas*, though simple in conceit or other regard, yet were they equal to my good will they would undoubtedly excel, and should be some way suitable to your right excellent gifts. If they please, or not displease you, and may seem worthy, or not altogether unworthy to serve as foils with my other Sonnets, which you received before, to those much worthier verses which you have of much happier poets than myself, you may therein do your pleasure, whereto only they are consecrated. Thus, hoping that you are persuaded of me as of one affectionately your own to use, and command at your appointment, I leave you with my most hearty and humble recommendations.

Oxford, the 3d of August, 1593.

Yours, always at command,
JOHN THORIUS.

STANZAS.

AMONG the Greeks, sweet Homer's copious verse
 Foregoing times to Fame's swift wings commended :
 The Latins Virgil's noble work rehearse ;
 Nor yet in these were ancient praises ended.
 Demosthenes' rich style through Greece was blazed,
 And 'Tully's forcing tongue made Rome amazed :
 Our modern age, to equal with the passed,
 The Italian pleasing Muse hath done her best :
 The learned French pens have themselves surpassed ;
 And worthy English wits have banish'd rest.
 'Midst whom, who not emblazon Harvey's name,
 Wrong him, themselves, and England's growing fame.
 Yielding, fond Nash, thy glory shalt not stain,
 But rather shalt increase thy praise hereby :
 Thy friends shall know thy judgment not so vain,
 But thou discerns where true desert doth fly.
 And thy desert by so much shall seem greater,
 By how much thou art known to know thy better.

JOHN THORIUS.

Sir,

SUCH a pathetic Ass have I found decyphered in your
 learned and witty discourse of that poor creature, as I know will
 prove the eternal memorative of one M. Nash. Yet I by expe-
 rience have found more : that it is the nature of a true Ass, (to which
 Ass peradventure this was dedicated) that a *green fig* being hand-
 somely tied to his chops, he no sooner smelleth it but he follows

his nose so far that he 'scapeth fair in uneven ground if he breaketh not his neck. And this note I would not but impart unto you, as a Caveat worthy to be remembered amongst other secrets of that beast. For doubtless your philosophical Ass will make Alchymy upon it. I pray you dispose of it at your best pleasure. When any other such memorandum fortunes into my hand you shall see it; and so in haste, recommending you to your better studies, I rest, sir,

At your service,

AN. CH.

THE ASS'S FIG.

So long the Rhenish fury of thy brain,
 Incens'd with hot fume of a Stilliard Clime,
 Loud-lying Nash, in liquid terms did rain,
 Full of absurdities, and of sland'rous rhyme.
 So much thy pot-jests in a Tapster humour,
 (For that's the quintessence of thy Newgate fashion)
 Thy toss-pot majesty, and thy Fame did rumour,
 In wond'rous agonies of an Ale-house passion.
 So well thy wide-mouth'd, or thy oyster-whore phrase
 (Yet Gentry brags her of thy lousy degree)
 Aptly have known thine Armory to blaze
 In terms peculiar unto none but thee.
 So soon five-pennyworth of thy grosser wit
 (Yet thou art witty, as a wood-cock would be)
 More than authentical, hath learn'd to get
 Thy Muse entitled as it truly should be.

And now so neatly hath thy railing merit
 (I should have said Ram-alley meditations)
 Procur'd applause unto thy claret spirit,
 And sack-sopt miseries of thy Confutations.
 That now each Ivy-Bush weeps her tears in Ale;
 The fish-wives' Commonwealth, alack, forlorn,
 Mourns in small drink, sharp, single, sour, and stale:
 And thy long-booted gentry, ragged and torn,
 Wails new petitions to the Devil's good grace:
 Although the last, God knows, got little meed.
 But thou'lt to Hell, when shifts can have no place,
 Perhaps to Hanging too, when time shall need.
 Yet first wilt ride, rail, rhyme me down to Hell:
 (O, but beware! strange bugs at such a game):
 I have a trick, to teach a Goose to spell
 Himself an Ass, out of his Ass's name.

AN. CH.

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

GABRIEL HARVEY'S PIERCE'S SUPEREROGATION.

Page 1.—BARNABE BARNES was a younger son of Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, and author of *A Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets*, 1595, and of *Parthenophil* and *Parthenope*, &c. He was a student of Brasen-nose College, Oxford, but left the university without a degree.—*Wood's Ath.* I. 350.

Ibid.—JOHN THORIUS was son of John Thorius, Doctor of Physic, and born in London; entered of Christ Church, Oxford, 1586, aged about 18. "He was," says Wood, "well skilled in certain tongues, and a noted poet of his time." He published a *Spanish Dictionary*, 1590, 4to. added to his translation of Anth. de Corro's *Spanish Grammar*. He also translated from Spanish into English a book called *The Councillor*, 1589, 4to. and another called *The Serjeant Major*, 1590, 4to.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 273.

Ibid.—ANTHONY CHUTE, a writer, of whose history nothing is known. He was the author of *Beawtie dishonoured, written under the title of Shore's Wife*, 1593, 4to. which Harvey says "has eternized him," (see p. 9;) (but Churchyard complains that "he had been robbed of the fame of a poem so called;") and, according to Nash, wrote *Procris and Cephalus*. On the same authority he was "dead and rotten" in 1596.—See *Ritson's Bibl. Poet.* 170.

Page 9.—JOHN DOVE, a noted preacher, of Christ Church, Oxford, 1580, aged 18, proceeded in divinity 1596, being at that time well beneficed, if not dignified. He died 1618.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 432.

Ibid.—"CLARENTIUS." This was before the time of the celebrated *Camden*, who was not appointed Clarencieux, King of Arms, till Oct. 23, 1597.

Page 16.—Of SIR PHILIP SYDNEY it is unnecessary to give any particulars.

Ibid.—THOMAS HATCHER, son of Doctor Hatcher, Royal Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge, educated at Eton, and thence elected Fellow of King's College,

Cambridge, about 1555. He then studied the law in Gray's Inn, and afterwards applied to the study of medicine. He was eminent as an antiquary, and compiled a *List of the Provosts, Fellows, and Scholars of King's College, from its foundation*. He collected and published the *Orations, Epistles, and Poems of Walter Haddon*. Lond. 1567, 4to. &c. He died in Lincolnshire.—See *Tanner's Bibl.* 384, *Biogr. Dict.* xvii. 223, and *Harwood's Alumn Eton*.

Page 16.—WILLIAM LEWIN, L.L.D. of Christ's College, Cambridge, was one of the ordinary Masters of the High Court of Chancery, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Chancellor of Rochester, Commissary of the Faculties, and one of her Majesty's High Commissioners for Causes Ecclesiastical. He died 15th April, 1598, and was buried at Shoreditch. A superb cenotaph to his memory was erected in the church of Otterden, in Kent, of which parish he enjoyed the principal seat, which descended to his son, Sir Justinian Lewin, Knight, who died there 1620, leaving an only daughter and heir, Elizabeth, who carried it in marriage to Richard Rogers, of Brianston, in Dorsetshire, Esq. Gabriel Harvey dedicates his *Ciceronianus* “Gulielmo Levino, Doctori Jureconsulto, et Oratori Præstantissimo.”—See *Restituta*, iii. 349.

Page 17.—THOMAS WILSON, L.L.D. a Lincolnshire man; scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1541; tutor to Henry and Charles Brandon, Dukes of Suffolk; afterwards ordinary Master of the Requests, Master of St. Catharine's Hospital, near the Tower; ambassador several times from Queen Elizabeth to Mary, Queen of Scots, and into the Low Countries in 1577; and in 1579 Dean of Durham. He was famous, while Secretary, for quick dispatch and industry, for constant diligence, and a large and strong memory. He died 1581. His most celebrated work is *The Art of Rhetoric*, 1553, 1560, 1567, &c. He left male descendants at Sheepwash, in Lincolnshire, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Winter, Knight.

Page 30.—SIR THOMAS MORE, a name that requires no elucidation.

Page 32.—THOMAS HARDING, born at Beconton, in Devonshire, educated at New College, Oxford, A.M. 1542, made Hebrew Professor by King Hen. VIII. became a protestant under King Edw. VI. wheeled about again with Queen Mary, and was made treasurer of the church of Salisbury; was deprived by Queen Elizabeth, and flying beyond sea to Louvain, became a noted controversialist in his *Answers to Bishop Jewell*, &c. He died at Louvain, æt. 60, in 1572.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 175.

Ibid.—JOHN JEWELL, one of the greatest lights the Reformed Church of England has produced, born at Buden, in Devonshire, in 1522; sent to Oxford 1535; fled during Queen Mary's reign, and the year after her death was made BISHOP OF SALISBURY, being about that time appointed one of the Protestant divines to encounter those of the Romish persuasion, when Queen Elizabeth was about to settle a reformation in the Church of Eng-

land. He died at Monkton Farley, in 1571. His most famous work is his *Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. Lond. 1562, 8vo.—But see a long list of his writings in *Wood* and *Tanner*, &c.

Page 17.—WALTER HADDON, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and L. L. D. at Cambridge; educated at Eton, scholar of King's College, Cambridge, 1533, King's Professor of Civil Law there, and much esteemed for his eloquence and learning. Queen Elizabeth made him Master of her Requests, and employed him in one or several embassies. He died 21st Jan. 1571, leaving behind him the character of *Orator dulcis et facundus*.—See the titles of his works in *Wood*, *Tanner*, &c. His *Poemata*, 1567, 4to, were collected by Thomas Hatcher, already mentioned.

Ibid.— — BALDWIN. There was a *Francis Baldwin*, L. L. D. Public Reader at Bourges, whom *Wood* (I. 218,) calls an “ill-natured, troublesome, and turbulent man;” but whether the person here meant I know not.

Ibid.—WALTER TRAVERS, A. M. of Cambridge, was educated at Trinity College, and afterwards travelled to Geneva, where he became acquainted with Beza; and at his return took the degree of B. D. Soon after he went to Antwerp, and was ordained minister there in the Presbyterian way, and returning became lecturer in the Temple, while Richard Hooker was master, when he took the opportunity to engage in a celebrated controversy with that great man. Fuller termed him “the neck,” as he termed Cartwright “the head, of the Presbyterian party.” In 1594 Dr. Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, made him Provost of Trinity College there.—See *Wood's F. I.* 114, *Walton's Life of Hooker by Zouch*, 4to. p. 254.

Ibid.—DR. MATTHEW SUTCLIFFE was author of *An Answer to Cartwright*, the puritan, 1592, (see *Restituta*, I. 465); a *Treatise of Ecclesiastical Discipline*, 1591, &c. &c.—See Catalogue of the Library of Brit. Mus.

Ibid.—WILLIAM WHITAKER, B. D. a celebrated divine for learning and life, born at Holme, in Burnley, in Lancashire. Becoming famous for theology, he was made King's Professor in that faculty, and stood up in defence of the Protestant religion and church against Edmund Campion, Nicholas Saunders, William Rainolds, Robert Bellarmine, Thomas Stapleton, &c. He died 1595, aged 47. His works are printed in Latin, in 2 vols. fol. at Geneva, 1610.—See *Wood's F. I.* 118, *Tanner*, &c.

Ibid.—RICHARD BANCROFT, Archbishop of Canterbury, born 1544, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. About 1592 he distinguished his zeal for the Church of England by a learned and argumentative sermon against the ambition of the Puritans: made Bishop of London 1597, and appointed Archbishop of Canterbury on the death of Whitgift, 1604. In his famous sermon against the Puritans there is a clearness, freedom, and manliness of

style which shew him to have been a great master of composition.—*Chalmers's Biogr. Dict.* iii. 408.

Page 33.—SIR JOHN CHEEKE died 1557, and was buried in the church of St. Alban, Wood-street, London. On his monument there were the two first verses,

Doctrinæ Checus, Linguæque utriusque magister,
Aurea naturæ fabrica morte jacet.

Ibid.—ROGER ASCHAM, born 1515, died 1568.

Page 38.—WILLIAM ELDERTON, the Ballad-maker. About 1568 he was an attorney in the Sheriff's Court, London, and afterwards master of a company of comedians.—See *Ritson's Bibl. Poet.*

Ibid.—GEORGE GASCOIGNE, a celebrated poet, died 1577.

Ibid.—RAPHAEL HOLINSHED, the historian, A. B. of Cambridge, 1544, died 1580, in the house of the Burdet family, at Bramcot, in Warwickshire.

Page 48.—Of M. CHRISTOPHER BIRD and EMANUEL DEMETRIUS no account occurs in Wood, Tanner, or other collections of biography.

Page 55.—THOMAS WATSON, a poet, author of *Hecatompethia, or passionate Century of Love*, a collection of short poems in 16 lines, improperly called sonnets. Several of his verses are in the miscellanies of those days. He died before 1596.—See *Ritson, &c.*

Ibid.—DANIEL ROGERS, an accomplished gentleman of his time, son of John Rogers, son of another John, of Derytend, in the parish of Aston, Co. Warwick, became one of the clerks of the council to Queen Elizabeth, was often employed by her in embassies, as into the Netherlands, 1577, and to Denmark, 1588. He died in Feb. 1590. Wood says, "he was a very good man, excellently well learned, a good Latin poet, and particularly beloved by the famous Camden." He was author of several Latin odes, epigrams, &c.—*Wood's Ath. I.* 246.

Ibid.—DR. GRIFFIN FLOYD, the Queen's Professor of Law at Oxford, does not appear to have been a writer. He was afterwards King's Professor of Civil Law, and Chancellor to the Bishop of Oxford. He died 1586.

Ibid.—DR. PETER BARO, a learned and worthy divine, was born at Estampes, in France, and fled to England for his religion; succeeded Dr. Still in the Margaret Professorship, at Cambridge, in which office he was involved in controversies with the Calvinists and Puritans. About 1596 he was removed from his professorship by the means of Archbishop Whitgift, and retiring to London, died there in Crutched Friars, and was buried in the church of St. Olave, Hart-street. A list of his writings may be seen in *Wood, F. I.* 114.

Page 55.—DR. BARTHOLOMEW CLARKE was scholar of King's College, Cambridge, 1554, afterwards Proctor of that university, Dean of the Arches, and a wise and eloquent man. He wrote *De Curiali sive Aulico*. Lond. 1571, 8vo. being at this time patronized, by Lord Buckhurst; and afterwards an Answer to Nicholas Saunders, 1573, in Latin.—*Wood's F. I.* 109.

Ibid.—SIR THOMAS SMITH, of Saffron Walden, in Essex, the celebrated author of *The Commonwealth of England*. Lond. 1583, 4to. &c. &c. He died 1577. He was the patron and relation of Gabriel Harvey.—See *Restituta*, iii. 351.

Ibid.—SIR WALTER MILDMAI, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, died 1585.—See *Dyer's History of Cambridge*, II. 347.

Ibid.—The Lord Bishop of Rochester was at that time John Young.

Ibid.—Lord Treasurer, LORD BURLEIGH.

Ibid.—The Earl of Leicester was ROBERT DUDLEY.

Page 62.—GEORGE TURBERVILLE, a poet. He translated *The Epistles of Ovid*, 1567.—See *Chalmers's Poets*.

Ibid.—THOMAS DRANT, Archdeacon of Lewes, translated *Horace's Satires*, &c.—See *Ritson's B. P.* and *Restituta*, vol. 1.

Ibid.—RICHARD TARLTON, a celebrated comedian and buffoon.—See *Ritson's B. P.*

Page 63.—RICHARD HAKLUYT, of Eytou, Co. Hereford, Esq. His Collection of Voyages is well known, and has been lately reprinted by Mr. Evans.

Ibid.—Of WILLIAM BORROUGHS I am unable to give any account.

Page 64.—SIR ROGER WILLIAMS wrote *The Actions of the Low Countries*, and *A Brief Discourse of War*. Lond. 1590, 4to. He died 1595. He was an eminent commander in the Netherlands under Duke D'Alva.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 281, and *Restituta*, vol. I.

Page 65.—THOMAS DIGGES, Esq. son of Leonard Digges, Esq. of Wootton Court, near Canterbury. Both father and son were very eminent mathematicians. The latter died in 1595, and was buried in the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, London, having sold his lordship of Wootton. His eldest son was the celebrated Sir Dudley Digges, of Chilham Castle.

Ibid.—MR. JOHN ASTELEY, of the Court, Master of the Jewel Office. He was seated at the palace at Maidstone, and lies buried in the church there. His second wife was Margaret Grey. See the *Wizard, a Kentish Tale*, in *Censura Literaria*. His son Sir John Asteley, of the same place, was Master of the Revels, and died 1639, having married Katharine, daughter of Anthony Brydges, brother to Edmund, Lord Chandos. The book on horsemanship is mentioned by Tanner by the title of *The Art of Riding*. Lond. 1584, 4to. But it is so rare that I never met with any one who had seen the book. He has an

Epistle to Roger Ascham prefixed to his book on *German Affairs*, dated from Hatfield, 19th Oct. 1552. He died 28th Feb. 30th Eliz.—See *Tanner*, p. 54.

Page 65.—THOMAS BLUNDEVILLE, lived at Newton Flotman, in Norfolk. He wrote *The true Order and Method of writing and reading histories*, 1574; and translated from the Spanish *Of Counsels and Counsellors*, 1570. He also wrote *A Description of Universal Maps and Cards*, 1584, and edited Dr. Gilbert's *Inventionem, ope solis, lunæ et stellarum latitudinem inveniendi mari*, 1602, 4to. But *Tanner* does not mention his *Book on Horsemanship*.

Ibid.—Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*. This is a curious character of that celebrated work.

Page 67.—K. JAMES I. The passages that here occur regarding the poetry of this royal pedant are well worthy of notice.

Page 75.—CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, a well known poet, died 1598.

Page 81.—JOHN LILLY, born in the Weald of Kent, about 1553; educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; was living 1597. In his book called *Euphues*, 1580, he pretended to reform the English language, and to write and talk like him, which became fashionable, was called *Euphuism*. He was author of the famous pamphlet against *Martin Mar-prelate*, called *Pap with a Hatchet*, about 1589.

Page 85.—“*Dranting of verses and Euphuing of sentences.*” The former relates to Thomas Drant, the translator of Horace.

Page 86.—“*Scoggin, Skelton, Elderton, and Will. Sommer,*” well known jesters and buffoons.

Page 91.—M. MELVIN. Could this be Sir James Melville, the Scotch statesman and historian, who died 1606?

Ibid.—M. CARTWRIGHT, a celebrated puritan divine, and leader of his sect.

Page 97.—JOHN PENRY, called *Martin Mar-Prelate*, the pest of the prelates, born in Brecknockshire: A. B. at Cambridge 1583: hanged at Stepney for sedition, 29th May, 1593.

Ibid.—HENRY BARROW, a leader of the Brownists, ended his life at Tyburn, 6th April, 1593.

Page 102.—DR. LAWRENCE HUMPHRY, of Oxford, A. M. 1552, a celebrated non-conformist, and voluminous writer in theological controversy, a great and general scholar, an able linguist, a deep divine, died 1589, aged 63.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 242.

Ibid.—DR. WILLIAM FULKE, a Londoner, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, died Margaret Professor, 1589.—See *Tanner*, 301, and *Wood's F. I.* 96.

Page 106.—ROBERT BROWN, founder of a sect of Puritans, who took their name from him, died in prison 1630, æt. 80.—See *Walton's Life of Hooker*, by Zouch, 297.

Page 106.—“KETT, and his Sectaries, a similar leader of schisms.”

Ibid.—Of DAVID GORGE no account occurs to the editor's recollection. His character may be guessed by his company.

Page 109.—KNOX, the Scotch reformer.

Ibid.—DUDLEY FENNER, a noted puritan divine, died at Middleburgh, in Zealand, 1589. He was of a good Kentish family.—See *Tanner's Bibl.* 277.

Page 110.—ASCHAM, WATSON, Sir John Cheeke, and Sir Thomas Smith, here praised, have been already mentioned.

Page 112.—EDWARD DERING, a native of Kent, A. B. of Christ's College, Cambridge, 1568, rector of Pluckley, Kent, 1569, adhered to the Non-conformists, died 1576.—See *Tanner*, and *Fuller's Abel Redivivus*.

Page 124.—ROGER KELKE, B. D. archdeacon of Stowe, 1563.

Page 126.—GRAFTON, STOWE, and HOLINSHEAD, well known historians.

Page 134.—JOHN UDALL, a celebrated Puritan, minister of Kingston on Thames, died in prison about 1588.—See *Tanner*.

Ibid.—JOHN GREENWOOD, a preacher of the Brownists, hanged with Barrow at Tyburn, 6th April, 1593.—*Tanner*.

Ibid.—DR. CHAPMAN. Qu. Dr. Edw. Chapman, B. D. of Cambridge?

Page 139.—“*Worshipful Clerks of the Whetstone, Dr. Clare, Dr. Bourne, M. Scoggin, M. Skelton, M. diverse late historiologers.*” There was a WILLIAM BOURNE, an almanac-maker and mathematician, 1567, 1588.—See *Tanner*.

Ibid.—PARSON DARCYE and WAKEFIELD seem by Harvey's context to have been of Elderton's class.

Page 159.—RICHARD CLARKE, a jester, as seems by the context.

Page 160.—LORD CROMWELL (afterwards Earl of Essex), and SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, characters well known in English history.

Page 165.—*Greene's Arcadia* is here spoken of with contempt, as opposed to *Sydney's*; being called “its very funeral.”

Page 167.—THOMAS TUSSEY'S *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* underwent many editions, and has been lately again edited by Dr. Mavor. Tusser died in 1580.

Page 171.—“*Kind Heart.*” Does this relate to *Henry Chettle's Kind Hart's Dream*?

Page 173, l. 3.—We have here Harvey's Roll of Fame: *Chancer and Spenser; More and Cheeke; Ascham and Asteley; Sydney and Dyer*; with the *Countess of Pembroke*. These testimonies of pre-eminence uttered by a contemporary are curious and valuable.

Page 182.—THOMAS DELONE, PHILIP STUBS, ROBERT ARMIN, are here called “the common pamphleteers of London.” Nash calls *Delone* “the balleting silk-weaver.”—See *Ritson's B. P.*

Philip Stubbs was author of *The Anatomy of Abuses*, 1583. He was a Calvinist, and a bitter enemy to popery, and though not in sacred orders, yet the books he wrote related to divinity and morality. *John Stubbs*, of Lincoln's Inn, author of *The Discovery of the Gaping Gulph*, levelled at Queen Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou; for which pamphlet the author had his right hand cut off, was his near relation, if not father or brother. This *John Stubbs* married the sister of *Thomas Cartwright*, the puritan divine, already mentioned.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 282.

Robert Armin was a player, living 1611. He sometimes performed the fool, or clown, in Shakespeare's plays. He wrote two plays.—See *Biogr. Dram.*

Page 187.—*Humphry Cole*, *Matthew Baker*, *John Shute*, *Robert Norman*, *William Bourne*, *John Hester*, are here named as the scientific artists of the age.

Page 188.—This page and the next are particularly interesting for the long list of authors that they contain, with the separate merits ascribed to each.

Grafton, *Holinshead*, and *Stowe*, the historians, have been already named. The poetical bibliographer will be pleased with this array of poets: viz.

1. *JOHN HEYWOOD*, the epigrammatist, died 1565.

2. *THOMAS TUSSEER*.

3. *BARNABE GOOGE*, a celebrated translator.

4. *GEORGE GASCOIGNE*.

5. *THOMAS CHURCHYARD*, a voluminous versifier, died 1604.

6. *FLOIDE*. I presume *Lodovick Lloyd*, Serjeant at Arms to Queen Elizabeth.

7. *BARNABE RICHE*, a fertile writer of pamphlets, but whose poetry is little known.—

See *Preface to New Edit. of England's Helicon*.

8. *GEORGE WHETSTONE*, a writer of *Emblems*, &c.—See *Ritson's B. P.*

9. *ANTHONY MUNDY*, author of *The Banquet of Conceits*, &c. &c. died 1633, aged 80.

10. *RICHARD STANYHURST*, the absurd and pedantical translator of *Virgil's Æneis*, 1583, died at Brussels 1618.

11. *ABRAHAM FRAUNCE*, author of *The Countess of Pembroke's Yvichurch*, 1591, &c.

12. *THOMAS WATSON*, already named.

13. *MAURICE KYFFIN* wrote *The Blessedness of Brytaine*, 1588.

14. *SAMUEL DANIEL*, died 1619. He is included among *Chalmers's Poets*.

15. *WILLIAM WARNER*, author of *Albion's England*, 1586, died 1608.

Of these the preference is given to *France*, *Kyffin*, *Warner*, and *Daniel*.

Ibid.—*THOMAS HERRIOT*, born at Oxford, 1560; an eminent mathematician, and friend of Sir *Walter Raleigh*, with whom he went to Virginia, died 1621.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 459.

Page 188.—JOHN DEE, a celebrated mathematician, and great enthusiast, who with the vulgar obtained the character of a conjuror, died 1608, aged 80.—See a full life of him in *Biogr. Dict.* xi. 378.

Ibid.—REYNOLDS. This was too early for *John Reynolds*, the epigrammatist, whose Latin Epigrams were first printed 1611. There was, before, a Dr. Reynolds, of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Ibid.—STUBBES, probably *Philip S.* already mentioned.

Ibid.—RICHARD MULCASTER, first of Cambridge, afterwards of Oxford, and then Master of St. Paul's School, a celebrated scholar, died 1611.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 369.

Ibid.— — NORTON. Thomas Norton was the celebrated coadjutor of Lord Buckhurst, author of *Gorboduc*, &c.

Ibid.—LAMBERT. Qu. *William Lambert*, the Kentish antiquary and topographer?

Ibid.—LORD HENRY HOWARD, afterwards Earl of Northampton, a pedantic pretender to genius and learning.

Ibid.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, a poet, was the author of *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*.—See Part III. of *Archaica*.

Ibid.—REGINALD SCOTT, the author of *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, was of the family of Scott, of Scott's Hall, in Kent. He died at Smeeth, in Kent, in 1599.

DIVINES.

Page 189.—DR. WHITGIFT, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Ibid.—DR. HUTTON. Dr. *Leonard Hutton*, an eminent scholar and divine, vicar of Flower, in Northamptonshire, died 1632, aged 75. His daughter married Bishop Corbet, the poet.—*Wood's Ath.* I. 570.

Ibid.—DR. YOUNG, probably the same who was Bishop of Rochester.

Ibid.—DR. LAWRENCE CHADDERTON, a calvinistic disputant.

Ibid.—M. CURTES. Dr. Richard Curteis, a Lincolnshire man, was elected Bishop of Chichester, 1568. Qu.?

Ibid.—M. WICKAM. William Wickham was made Bishop of Winchester 1594, and died 1595. Qu.?

Ibid.—M. DRANT, the poet and divine, has been already mentioned, as has

Ibid.—M. DERING.

Ibid.—DR. STILL, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, elected Bishop of Bath and Wells 1590, died 1607.

Ibid.—DR. JOHN UNDERHILL, elected Bishop of Oxford 1589, died 1592.

Ibid.—DR. TOBIE MATTHEW was a native of Bristol, about 1546; educated at Oxford; elected Public Orator there 1569; obtained the character of *Theologus Præstantissimus*; and in 1595 was made Bishop of Durham. He died 1628.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 730.

Page 189.—Of M. LAWHERNE I know nothing.

Ibid.—M. DOVE, born 1562, educated at Westminster and Christ's Church, died 1618.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 432.

Ibid.—M. ANDREWS. Dr. Lancelot Andrews was made Prebendary of Westminster 1597, then Dean 1601, and soon after Bishop of Chichester, and translated first to Ely, and lastly to Winchester in 1618. He died 1626. He was the most eminent divine of our nation in his time.—See *Wood's F.* I. 122.

Ibid.—M. CHADERTON has been already mentioned.

Ibid.—M. SMITH. The name is so common that it is difficult to identify the person alluded to by this general designation.

Ibid.—DR. THOMAS COOPER, a native of Oxford, and student there 1539; Bishop of Lincoln 1570; translated to Winchester 1584; died 1594. He wrote a celebrated answer to *Martin Marprelate*, who replied by a bantering book, called *Ha' ye any work for a Cooper?* &c.—See *Wood's Ath.* I. 265.

Ibid.—DR. HUMFRY, already mentioned.

Ibid.—DR. FLETCHER. I suppose *Dr. Richard Fletcher*, Bishop of London, who died 1596. His son, John Fletcher, was the celebrated dramatic poet; and his nephews, Phineas and Giles Fletcher (sons of his brother Giles), were also distinguished for their poetical productions.—See *Wood's F.* I. 107.

Page 191.—DR. ANDREW PERNE. See *Note* at the end of the *Advertisement to Part IV. of Archaica*. Gabriel Harvey seems to have been at constant enmity with this divine, who was educated at Peter House, Cambridge, and in 1557 made Dean of Ely. He died 1589. Wood says he was a mutable man in his religion, and of a facetious nature, yet a great Mécenas of literature.—*Wood's F.* I. 80.

Page 209.—GREENE, MARLOW, CHETTLE, already mentioned, the first *passim*.

FINIS.

The first of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one, but a
 complex one, involving many factors
 which are not yet fully understood.
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From the Private Press of
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.
Printed by T. DAVISON, Whitefriars, London.

A
NEW LETTER
OF
NOTABLE CONTENTS:

WITH
A STRANGE SONNET,

INTITLED
Gorgon; or, The Wonderful Bear.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY JOHN WOLFE.
1593.

THE FIFTH

BOOK

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

ROMAN EMPIRE

BY THE REV. JOHN BISHOP

TO
MY LOVING FRIEND
JOHN WOLFE,

PRINTER TO THE CITY.



R. WOLFE, good news was ever a welcome guest unto me, and you do well in the current of your business to remember the Italian proverb, "Good tidings would be dispatched to ride post, as ill tidings may have good leave to be a footman."

The nimblest bee is a slow-worm in expeditions of importance or congratulation; and the dullest snail the meetest ambassador to be employed in messages of damage or condolence. You have lately (as appeareth by your indices of the sickness, and so many other novels) very tidily played the bee's part; and so continue, as you love me or yourself: unto whom I wish a rich hive and many honey-moons.

Since I received *Parthenophil*¹, *Shore's Wife*², and the *Articles of Accord*, or *Truce in France*, (for which I render you as many thanks as there be Articles), I have now also, this instant of September, perused your quaint and cunning Discourse of *Remonstrances* to the *Duke de Maine*, with that other new-new pamphlet of the late Turkish assiege of Sysseck in Croatia, the old Liburnia,

¹ *Parthenophil* and *Parthenope*, by Barnaby Barnes; printed in 1593.

² *Beawtie dishonoured*; written under the title of *Shore's Wife*, by Ant. Chewt. 1593.

famous for serviceable ships; and take no less pleasure in the sound declaration of the plain German, a credible historiographer, than delight in the sly information of the fine French, a glicking remembrancer. It is not the external, but the internal form, (call it the pith, or the marrow, or the life-blood, or what you list) that edifieth; and undoubtedly the Christian world hath pregnant cause to prostrate the ferventest zeal of their devotions to his Almighty Majesty, that hath brought France and Croatia to those terms of truce and triumph. A happy truce if a happy truce; and an honourable triumph, if durable. I say *if* and *if*, because I have known many a truce like scammony, that weakeneth the liver; or cassia, that enfeebleth the reins; or agarick, that overthroweth the stomach; the stomach that must work the feat. And who hath not, either by experience, or by hear-say, or by reading, known many a triumph like sena, that breedeth wind; or rhubarb, that drieth overmuch; or euforbium, that inflameth the whole body; the body, that must strike the stroke?

Take away the overthrowing or weakening property from truce, and truce may be a divine scammony, cassia, or agarick, to purge noisome and rebellious humours. Oh, that it might be such a purge in France! Correct that ventosity or inflammation, that accompanieth triumph; and lo, the gallantest physick that nature hath afforded, wit devised, or magnanimity practised, to abate the pride of the enemy, and to redouble the courage of the friend. No tobacco or panacea so mightily virtuous as that physic. Oh, that it might be such a physic in Croatia, in Hungary, in Alman, in the whole Christian world.

Immensum calcar Gloria; the golden spur of the brave Grecian and the worthy Roman. Policy is politic, and will not easily be cozened with the musk of the perfumer, though musk be a sweet courtesan; or allured with the sugar and honey of the cook, though sugar and honey be dainty hypocrites; or enveigled with

the gold leaves of the goldsmith, though gold leaves be eloquent and bewitching orators ; or deluded, that is, betrayed by any colourable counterfeitsance, howsoever smoothly enticing or gloriously pretending. Private medicines are often adulterate, but public medicines will admit no sophistication ; and policy must be well advised, before it swallow down the gilded pills of flattering pretext. France hath been taught to be cautelous in truce, which hath eftsoons sucked the sweetness of a *Judas' kiss* ; and Croatia may learn to be provident in triumph, which hath often felt the joyfulness of a *Sampson's post*. Neither France can be too jealous ; nor Croatia too pressed, nor Hungary too fierce, nor Almany too hardy, nor any nation too circumspect, that is beleaguered with such puissant and obstinate foes. The house of *Guise* hath long hawked and practised for a great crown ; the *Duke de Maine* hath chopped upon a main chance : Opportunity is a marvellous warrior ; the King of Spain, a mighty enemy ; the Pope, an unreconcilable adversary to a Protestant prince ; the Turk, a horrible foe to Christian states, and not to be daunted or dismayed with two or three petty foils.

Petty foils incense choler and enrage fury ; not allay courage or disarm power. Were not man a man in himself, and God above all, alas ! what security in a fallible truce ? or what repose in a momentary triumph ? Yet every truce is respectively welcome ; and every triumph a pageant of manful valour, and a jubilee of divine favour. For my poor part, (a single interest in so great affairs), I am as affectionately glad to find victory on the better side, as I have often been compassionately sorry, (or shall I say, stomachously angry ?) to read how piteously the Christian host hath been beaten by the Turkish army ; a brave army, but Turkish : whose puissance hath long been, and still is, the dishonour of Christendom ; and whose empire cannot wax, according to their aspiring design, but Christ's kingdom must wane, according to some lamentable examples.

Surcly the Only-Wise (for whosoever is comparatively wise, He is absolutely wise) ordaineth all for the best; and they perish for or through their own folly, that perish: Homer in humanity hath affirmed it, and the Bible in divinity hath confirmed it. Howbeit, true wisdom is valiant in adversity, and right valiancy wise in prosperity; both ever like themselves, and unlike the puffs or bubbles of the world, that know how to disguise or afflict, but not how to redress or solace themselves. Hope never despaireth, and no such resolution as the resolution of Faith; a virtue of more wonderful improvement by thousands, than the most miraculous grain of mustard-seed, or whatsoever Nature engendereth, Art frameth, or Exercise achieveth most powerable. Zeal hath been, and may be a marvellous conqueror, even beyond the bravest confidence or fiercest fury; and faith was ever the wonder of wonders, where it was. Christ favoureth a stout and invincible constancy in any good cause; and in his own cause (maugre the mainest forces or subtlest policies of Mahomet or the Devil) he will finally make them victorious with triumphs of joy and trophies of honour, that fight his battles with the heart of zeal and the hand of courage.

Who honoureth not the glorious memory and the very name of the renowned *Lepanto*? the monument of Don John of Austria, the security of the Venetian state, the hallelujah of Christendom, and the welaway of Turkey? Christ bless his standard-bearers with many *Lepantos* and *Syssecks*, and make his militant church an host triumphant! It hath often been the meditation of one, that with a politic and divine analysis hath looked into the successive proceedings and fatal overthrows of tyrannies, if Mahomet and his Alcoran cannot stand, but Christ and his Evangely must fall: when the great Turk, continually encroaching, (according to his grand intendiments and ambitious design,) is busiest in his hottest harvest of engrossing and coheaping kingdoms, and with a most greedy appetite runneth headlong to devour the Christian world at a bit.

Lord have mercy upon thee, oh, little, little Turk! Pride may exalt his haughty presumptions, and Prowess advance his terrible bravery, but there is a God in heaven; and they cannot laugh long, that make the Devil laugh and Christ weep. Meanwhile, it were pity *Sysseck* should want the glory of such an immortal memorial as some noble and royal wits have bestowed upon the ever-renowned *Lepanto*¹. Excellent virtue, for a due reward; deserveth excellent honour; and brave valour, for worthy imitation, would be bravely extolled; as Orpheus glorified Jason; Homer, Achilles; Virgil, Eneas; Ariosto, Charlemagne; Tasso, Godfrey of Bouillon; and so forth. Especially at such an encountering and surprising time, as must either flourish like the palm of the mountain, or fade like the lily of the valley.

You know I am not very prodigal of my discourse with every one; but I know unto whom I write; and he that hath read and heard so many gallant Florentine discourses as you have done, may the better discern what is what: and he that publisheth so many books to the world as you do, may frame unto himself a private and public use of such conference. Few they are that are qualified to surpass or equal those singular precedents; but they few would be retained with a golden fee, or entertained with silver courtesy. Some I know in Cambridge, some in Oxford, some in London, some elsewhere, dyed in the purest grain of art and exercise; but a few in either, and not many in all, that undoubtedly can do excellently well, exceedingly well. And were they thoroughly employed according to the possibility of their learning and industry, who can tell what comparison this tongue might wage with the most flourishing languages of Europe? or what an inestimable crop of most noble and sovereign fruit the hand of Art and the spirit of Emulation might reap in a rich and honourable field?

¹ The *Lepanto* was printed in the "Poeticall Exercises" of King James VI. at Edinburgh, 1591; with a French version by the Seigneur Du Bartas.

Is not the prose of Sir Philip Sidney, in his sweet *Arcadia*¹, the embroidery of finest Art and daintiest Wit? Or is not the verse of M. Spencer, in his brave *Fairy Queen*, the virginal of the divinest Muses and the gentlest Graces? Both delicate writers; always gallant, often brave, continually delectable, sometimes admirable. What sweeter taste of Suada than the prose of the one, or what pleasanter relish of the Muses than the verse of the other? Sir John Cheeke's style was the honey-bee of Plato; and M. Ascham's period, the syren of Isocrates. His, and his breath, the balm and spikenard of the delightfulest Tempe. You may guess whose metre I would entitle the harp of Orpheus, or the dulcimers of Sappho. And which of the golden rivers floweth more currently than the silver stream of the English² Ariosto? Oh, that we had such an English Tasso! and oh, that the worthy Du Bartas were so endenisoned! The sky-coloured Musc best commendeth her own heavenly harmony; and who hath sufficiently praised the hyacinthine and azure dye but itself? What colours of astonishing rhetoric or ravishing poetry, more deeply engrained, than some of his amazing devices; the fine ditties of another Petrarch, or the sweet charms of pure enchantment? What *Dia-Margariton*, or *Dia-Ambre*, so comfortative or cordial as *her Electuary of Gems*, (for though the furious tragedy *Antonius* be a bloody chair of estate, yet the divine *Discourse of Life and Death* is a restorative clectuary of gems), whom I do not expressly name³, not because I do not honour her with my heart, but because I would not dishonour her with my pen, whom I admire and cannot blazon enough.

Some other paragons of beautifullest cloquence, and mirrors of brightest wit, not so much for brevity's sake, as for like honour's sake, I overskip; whose only imperfection is, that they are touched with no imperfection. Yet Hope is a transcendent, and

¹ First printed in 1591.

² By Sir John Harington.

³ The Countess of Pembroke. See R. and N. Authors, vol. ii. last edit.

will not easily be imprisoned or impounded in any predicament of ancient or modern perfection; which it may honour with due reverence, but will not serve with base homage. Excellency hath in all ages affected singularity; and Ambition, how impetuously buckled for that mastery. And albeit, Wit have a quick scent that will not be cozened; and Judgment a sharp eye that cannot be bleared; (the morning star of Discretion, and the evening star of Experience, have a deep insight in the merits of every cause): yet still Hope hath reason to continue hope, and is a white angel sent from heaven, as well to enkindle vigorous zeal, as to awaken lazy sloth. A vain or windy hope is a notable break-neck unto itself; but the grounded and winged Hope, (which I some way perceive in a few other, no way conceive in myself,) is the ascending scale and milk-way to heavenly excellency.

When I bethink me of any singular or important effect, I am presently drawn into a consideration of the cause; and deem it a childish vanity to dream of the end, without means. The prompt and pliant Nature is the dawning of the crimson morning; the right Art, as fine a workman as Dædalus, and as nimble a planet as Mercury; aspiring Imitation may climb high: how oft hath fiery Emulation won the golden spurs, and run his victorious race, like the shining sun in his resplendishing chariot? Pregnant and incessant Exercise hatcheth miracles. Practice was ever a curious platformer of rare and quaint theoricks; and is it not still possible for Practice to devise as exquisite patterns as ever were invented, and even to contrive new ideas of singularity? The encounter of Virtue is honourable; and what more commendable than the conflict of Art? It is only that divine Hope, embellished with those ornaments of skill, and inspired with those blessings of heaven, that must excel itself; and advance the worthiest Valour that ever achieved heroical exploits, or levied Argonautical prizes, by land or sea. Peerless wits may hoard up the precious

treasure of their invention, and store up the gorgeous furniture of their eloquence, till Prowess hath accomplished mightier wonders upon earth. At this present, what can admiration find, either more resolute for courage, or more puissant for valour, or more honourable for success, or more wonderful for imitation, than the small bands of the brave Rupertus against the Turk, or the little troops of the braver French king against his domestical and foreign enemies?

I might say more were the place fit; but what written token shall I return for so many printed tokens? one hand washeth another; and it appertaineth unto him that taketh something, to give something. I am reasonably furnished with choice of other store at this instant; but I will not accloy you at once; and my least, but *Newest Trifle* (for that is the meetest name) shall serve in supply of a small requital for your greater news. I term it a trifle for the *manner*, though the *matter* be, in my conceit, superexcellent; in the opinion of the world, most admirable; for private consideration, very notable; for public use, passing memorable; for a point or two, exceeding monstrous. And that is the very disgrace of the *Sonnet*, that the style nothing countervaileth the subject, but debaseth a strange body with vulgar attire, and disguiseth a superlative text with a positive gloss. As it is, it is your own to dispose or cancel at pleasure; and albeit the writer promise nothing (for promise he accounteth an obligation), yet if he fortune to surprise you with a sorry amends, let it not be unwelcome, that cometh in the name of good-will; and such a good-will as is less afraid of the plague than of unthankfulness. He that is desirous with the first, to be continually made acquainted with your public intelligences, from, or of, whatsoever kingdoms or states, will have a mutual regard of friendly correspondence, by some return of private novels, or other recompense, as any his vacation yieldeth leisure, or any his opportunity presenteth occasion.

Touching his present exercises, or other actions, you know enough, that know why the Ass sleepeth, and the Fox winketh. Or recal to mind our sweet table-philosophy of the *fordead Libbard*, a very gentle and silent creature; and you need no other inkling. Peradventure, somebody may find that the roughest and awkest things are not so cumbersome to other, as they may prove irksome to themselves. There is a learned kind of fear, that preventeth many mischiefs; and they are judiciously wise, (howsoever valiant, rich, or powerable) that dare not use other otherwise than themselves would be used. Men may stand upon braving terms, and puff up their own swelling veins: but when Wilfulness is in the tide, Discretion is in the ebb. Some have repented them no less than four and twenty hours, in a day and a night, for one froward word. Surely a man were better shift his footing, than stand stiffly in his own light: and who would not rather say to his tongue, *tongue thou art a liar*; or to his pen, *pen thou art a fool*; than undo himself utterly, and shame himself everlastingly? You might hear of the new Treaty or motive; and it is not the first time that I have discovered a brood of wits like the famous well in Idumea, whose water, one quarter of the year, was as muddy as the muddiest kennel; another quarter, as bloody as the bloodiest slaughter-house; the third, as green as the greenest grass; the fourth, as clear as the clearest conduit. Every exchange for the better doth well: and it is a good sign when puddle-waters grow clear, and disordered wits become tractable, if they become tractable. Have they not cause to doubt, that know the variable nature of that Syrian-well, and have seen so many dogged things return to their vomit? A good bargain and a gentle offer would not be refused: but he that considereth the fits of April, and the pangs of September, hath reason for a demurrer; and he that hath seen as lunatic creatures as the moon, must be pardoned, though he suffer not himself to be cozened with the legerdemain of a juggling convert.

Did I never tell you of a graver man, that wore a privy coat of interchangeable colours; and for the art of revolting, or recanting, might read a lecture to any retrograde planet in heaven or earth? Is it not possible for a wild Ass, of a fugitive and renegade disposition, in such a point to resemble the tamest Fox? Or are not books, with unstayed readers and running heads, like unto those wonderous waters that, being drunk of birds, as Theophrastus reporteth; or of sheep, as Seneca writeth; changed them from white to black, and from black to white? After a stern and ruthless tragedy, solemnly acted, who deeplier plunged in sober and melancholy dumps, then some good fellows, that from a pleasant and wanton comedy, lively played, return as merry as a cricket, and as light as a feather? When the sweet youth haunted Aretine and Rabelais; (the two monstrous wits of their languages) who so shaken with the furious fevers of the one, or so attainted with the French pox of the other? Now he hath a little mused upon the Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen, and is egged on to try the suppleness of his pathetic vein, in weeping the compassionatest and divinest tears that ever heavenly eye rained upon earth. Jesu! what a new work of Supererogation have they achieved? Riotous Vanity was wont to root so deeply, that it could hardly be unrooted; and where reckless Impudency taketh possession, it useth not very hastily to be dispossessed. I was saying, what say you to a spring of rankest villany in February, and a harvest of ripest divinity in May? May they not surcease to wonder, that wonder how Machiavel can teach a prince to be, and not to be religious? Another question or two, of a sharper edge, were at my tongue's end.

But what should we hereafter talk any more of paradoxes or impossibilities, when He, that penned the most desperate and abominable pamphlet of *Strange News*, and disgorged his stomach of as poisonous rancour as ever was vomited in print, within few months is won, or charmed, or enchanted, (or what metamorphosis

should I term it?) to astonish carnal minds with spiritual meditations upon one of the most sacred and godful arguments that the holiest devotion could admire, in the profoundest trance of rapt and seraphical zeal? I will not stay to marvel at the miracles of predominant causes: the Holy Ghost is an omnipotent Spirit, that can mollify the flintiest mind, and breathe a soul of Heaven into a heart of Hell. If unfeignedly he hath stripped off the snake's-skin, and put on the 'new man,' as he devoutly pretendeth; let him be constant, and not blaspheme his most reverend Saviour with counterfeit Tears¹. If he playeth at fast and loose, (as is vehemently suspected, by strong presumptions) whom shall he coney-catch or crossbite but his cast-away self, as holy as a holy-hock?

But, I thank God, I have something else to dispute: and if young Apuleius be not still the son of old Apuleius, and *Pierce* still as divine as a wild vine, I have said nothing; but commend the sweet art of relenting humanity, and embrace the good nature of a good nature, that sheddeth the pure Tears of Repentance. The more notorious the offence, and the more unsatisfiable the injury was, the more favourable and liberal he is that, with honest terms and reasonable conditions, may easily be entreated to pardon the same; that is, to bestow a great benefit instead of a great revenge, and to lose the exercise of many weeks to gain the recovery of one lost son. The best is, I am not yet a Fly in the cobweb of the Spider; and, in a mating age, none are free from the check but kings. Or if kings, peradventure, find themselves somewhat shrewdly mated, alas! we, poor subjects, must be content to be checked; and may daily learn of our betters, to smother with patience that we cannot quench with order, and will not extinguish with disorder.

Socrates professed nothing, and I profess less than Socrates: yet this I profess—he that neither cockereth himself, nor loveth to be

¹ Alluding to Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, by T. Nash. See *Archaica*, Part VII.

lulled or smoothed up of friends, can lightly put up the heaviest load of an enemy : and he can hardly be daunted with nipping words, that is not easily dismayed with pinching deeds. An unguilty mind knoweth not what the trembling of the heart meaneth ; and a sound conscience is a brazen wall against the mainest battery of spite or feud. Were there no other philosophy but experience, and a settled resolution to proceed according to reason in general, and occasion in special, every guiltless eye, that seeth any thing, seeth his own confirmation in the confutation of his guilty adversary ; whose vain railings are sib to other vanities that cannot endure ; but either vanish, like smoke in the air, or melt away, like snow in the sun ; or grow stale, like disguised fashions ; or dissolve themselves into their *materiam primam*, that is, into vanity and shame. Had I found any one material article or substantial point against me, I must have imputed some part of the blame to myself ; but finding nothing, in all those pestilent and virulent sheets of waste paper, but mere mere forgeries, and the Devil in the horologe ; might I not justly say, I have cause to use as I am used ? or have I not reason to stand upon terms of consideration ? Did I not intend to deal a bountiful alms of courtesy, who, in my ease, would give ear to the law of oblivion, that hath the law of *talion* in his hands ? or accept of a silly recantation, as it were a sorry plaister to a broken shin, that could knock malice on the head, and cut the wind-pipe of the railing throat ?

Pierce's Supererogation (that was an arrow in my hand, a elog in your,) is least beholden to the pen-knife. *Nash's S. Fame* hath somewhat more of the launcelet. The *Reply* of the excellent *Gentlewoman* is the fine razor, that must shave away every rank hair of his great courage and little wit. I was long since aweary with beating the air, and take small pleasure in washing the Ass's head ; or what should I term that bootless and irksome business ? But it is that heavenly creature (for so she will approve herself) that can conjure down the

mouth of villany into hell-mouth; and will do it as resolutely as she can do it peremptorily, unless a competent satisfaction be speedily tendered to my contentment. It were pity that divine handy-work should be employed but to a divine piece of service, either to gain a relenting soul, or to cast away an obstinate body. If she be prevented, by a voluntary submission of the offender, to do a thing done were a superfluous labour; and to undo a man undone, an unmerciful cruelty: a thing as contrary to the shining loveliness of her mild disposition, as the bitterest bitter seemeth repugnant to the sweetest sweet.

The bravest man is such a personage as I have elsewhere described; a lion in the field, a lamb in the town: a Jove's eagle in feud, an Apollo's swan in society: a serpent in wit, a dove in life: a Fury in execution, an Angel in conversation. What hath the bravest man that she hath not? excepting the lion in the field of Mars, which she hath in the field of Minerva; whose war she wagemeth with a courageous mind, an invincible hand, and the cunning array of the worthy old man in Homer. His talk was sweet, his order fine, and his whole menage brave; and so is hers: but for a dainty wit, and a divine humanity, she is such a paragon as may compare with the excellentest of Homer's women, and pledge the honourablest of his goddesses. She is a right bird of Mercury's winged chariot; and teacheth the liveliest cocks of the game to bestir them early, to consort kindly, and to live in any estate honourably. No flower more flourishing than her wit: no fruit more mature than her judgment. All her conceits are illuminate with the light of reason: all her speeches beautified with the grace of affability: all her writings seasoned with the salt of discretion: all her sentences spiced with wittiness, perfumed with delight, tempered with profit: no leaven of experience more savoury than all her platforms and actions; nothing more mellow than the whole course of her life. In her mind there appeareth a

certain heavenly logic ; in her tongue and pen a divine rhetoric ; in her behaviour a refined moral philosophy ; in her government a sovereign policy ; in every part of her proceeding a singular dexterity : and what pattern of skill or practice more admirable than the whole ? Let it not seem incredible that shall enact and accomplish more than is signified. The manner of her wrath or disdain, (yet I believe she was never froward with any, nor ever angry but with *one* ; whom only she scorneth, and before whom she never contemned any), is somewhat like the counter-tenor of an offended Syren ; or not much unlike the progress of the resplendent sun in the Scorpion. Her favour is liker triacle for the heart, than hipocras for the mouth : her disfavour, like the moon withdrawing the cheerly beams of her bounteous light in a cloud. Her hatred (if she can hate, for I verily think she never hated but one) like the fiery weapon of the fiery air. She is not lightly moved : but what she resembleth, or representeth, when she is moved, could I as visibly declare as she can vigorously utter, I would deem myself a piece of an orator. And I were more than Tully's perfect orator, if I could display her excellent perfections, whose mind is as full of rich gifts, and precious jewels, as New-year's day¹. Yet her goodliest ornament, and greatest wonder, is the sweet humility of that brave courage. But, in remembering her, I forget myself : and what a tedious Letter is here for him, that maintaineth a chargeable family by following his business ?

Had I not found you desirous of some particularities, touching *Nash's S. Fame*, and the *Gentlewoman's Reply*, when you delivered unto me *Pierce's Supererogation* in print, I had dispatched ere now. But now you must lend me patience until I have disballased my mind. Concerning her enditing, whereof I have already given you a taste, or smack, in *Pierce's Supererogation* ; as in the harmony of

¹ See, in the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, a muster-roll of the rich gifts of New-years days.

the mind, so in the melody of her verse, I seldom or never descry any note out of tune; and it is not the first time I have termed her prose the tinsel of finest art and sweetest nature. What notes I find about Ela in the one, and what counter-points of exquisite workmanship I admire in the other, it shall elsewhere appear, in a dialogue intitled *Pandora*, or the Mirror of Singularity. Might I see the finest Art, and the sweetest Nature in person, I would report me to the censure of their own sovereign mouths; the best judges in their own peerless faculty. There falleth not a sentence from her quill, without sap and pith; and every period of her style carrieth marmalade and sucket in the mouth; and every argument of her invention savoureth of most savoury reason. No chain so linked as her conclusions; nor any crystal so conspicuous as her method. Her whole discourse is the cream of the milk, the comb of the honey, the juice of the grape, and the marrow of the bone. The bestowing of her perfections, at occasion, a dainty choice, and fine marshalling of every excellency, curiously sorted in their proper places, like the gorgeous wardrobe of Helena, or the precious jewel-house of Cleopatra, or the cunning still-house of Medea, or the comely distributing of the neatest and gallantest furniture in the richest œconomy.

What needeth more? Her beginning like the purest oil in the crown of the rondelet: her proceeding, like the sovereignest wine in the midst of the butt: her ending, like the sweetest honey in the bottom of the honey-pot. Her intention was defensive, not offensive; and had any thing been tolerable, in that scurrilous and villainous declamation, assuredly she would a thousand times rather have excused the matter, than accused the maker. Humanity is ever willing to love than to hate, and so is she: courtesy much forwarder to commend than to dispraise, and so is she: clemency infinitely proner to absolve than to condemn, and so is she. For she is a personal Humanity, a mere Courtesy, and

a Clemeney incorporate. But when she saw the foul mouth so shamefully run over, without all respect of manners or regard of honesty, or pretence of truth, or colour of reason: ‘Gentlemen, quoth she, though I laek that you have, the art of eonfuting; yet I have some suds of my mother-wit to souse such a dish-clout in; and, if sousing will not serve the turn, I may haply find a pair of pineers, as sharply conceited as St. Dunstan’s tongs, that led the Devil by the nose, *autem*, up and down the house, till the roaring beast bellowed out like a bull-beggar.

‘And as for his terrible cracks of gunpowder terms, never lend credit to the word of a gentlewoman, if I make not old mother Gunpowder of the newest of those rattling babies. And if steeping in aqua-fortis will infuse eourage into his goose-quill; why, man, I will douse thee over head and ears in such a doughty collyrium as will inspire the picture of snuff and fury into the image of St. Patience. I have not been squattering at my papers for nothing: and albeit I cannot paint with my pen like fine Sappho, yet I can daub with my ink, like none of the Muses; and am prettily provided to entertain S. Fame with a homely gallimaufrey of little art, to requite her dainty slaum-paump of little wit. A poor kitchen may be as good an artist for the stomach as a poor dairy, (alas! that ever S. Fame should be so whitled :) and it shall go hard in my cookery, but the syllabub of his stale invention shall be weleomed with a supping of a new fashion, and some strange syrup *in commendam* of his meritorious works. Though a railer hath more learning than a shrew, yet experience hath a fillip for a scholar, discretion a tuck for a fool, honesty a bob for a K, and my mortar a pestle for assafœtida. Let him be the falanta down-diddle of rhyme, the hayhohalliday of prose, the welladay of new writers, the eut-throat of his adversaries, the gallows of his companions, the only broker of pamphlets, or what he can for his sweltering heart: my battering instrument is resolute, and hath vowed to bray the braying creature to powder.

‘ We must have at least three *peccavies* of *Pierce Penniless*, and three *misereres* of the confuting toss-pot, or Lord have mercy upon thee, three thousand times woeful wight. I am loth to struggle for the moonshine in the puddled water; but if we must needs buckle for nifles, and grapple for naughts, though I cannot tell whether I can bounce him like a barn-door, or thump him like a drum of Flushing, yet I may chance rattle him like a baby of parchment, or knead him like a cake of dough, or churn him like a dish of butter, or jerk him like a hobbling gig, or tatter him like a thing forespoken, or some way have my pennyworths of his *Penniless* wit. Nay, if the princcock must be playing upon them that can play upon his warped sponce as upon a tabor or a fiddle, let himself thank himself, if he be kindly thumbed. Sirrah, I will stamp an unknown grape, that shall put the mighty Bourdeaux grape to bed; and may peradventure broach a new tun of such nippitaty, as with the very steam of the nappy liquor will lullaby thy five wits like the senses of the drunkenest sot, when his brains are sweetliest perfumed. I fit thee with a similitude for thy capacity, or belch a new Confutation against the long tongues of the Stilliard, and some twenty taverns in London. I could be content, a drunken prose and a mad rhyme were thy deadliest sins. But they are sweet youths that tipple their wits with quaffing of knavery, and carousing of atheism. If there be no other jollities at home, or braveries abroad, it is happy for them that were born with those prizes in their throats. And well fare a frolic courage, that will needs be the tower of Babylonian conceit; and with a mighty bulwark of *Supererogation* gloriously confound itself.’

The rest of her speeches and writings are to be recorded or suppressed, as it pleaseth the horn of these pelting sturres, who may haply find the trumpet of peace as sure a soldier, in case of necessary defence, as the drum of war, or the swash of feud. Some that have perused eloquent books, and researched most curious writings,

have not seen goodlier variety of varnished phrases, and burnished sentences, than in her style ; which was not so gorgeously decked, and so fairly limned, for nought. Howbeit, as in some public causes, better a mischief than an inconvenience ; so in many private cases, better an inconvenience than a mischief. Though an orient gem be precious, and worthy to be gazed upon with the eye of admiration, yet better an orient gem sleep, than a penitent man perish ; and better a delicate piece of art should be laid aside, or unwoven, like Penelope's web, than an immortal piece of nature be cast away. She loveth not to confute that confuteth itself ; and I hate to confound that confoundeth himself. She, in the court of civility, hath learned to embrace amendment with the arms of courtesy ; and I in the school of divinity am taught to kiss repentance with the lips of charity.

I affect not any colourable insinuation in glossing or smoothing terms of formal accord ; but misery accompany my actions, and the mercy of heaven be my unmerciful enemy, if I desire not with a longing heart to wreak my teene upon wild indiscretion, by requiting good for bad ; and converting the wormwood of just offence into the angelica of pure atonement. The only reason of my demurrer is my assurance, which consisteth rather in diffidence than in credulity ; and cannot warrantise itself what will be done, until it is done. He were very simple, that, having so heavy causes of diffidence, and so light causes of credulity, would run hastily into the trap, or suffer himself to be presently entangled in the snare. Parley is a subtle sophister, flattery a tickling solicitor, and persuasion an enchanting witch. I cannot but listen unto them with an itching ear, and conceive as it were a tang of pleasure in mine own displeasure : but without *legem pone*, words are wind ; and without actual performance, all nothing. Had I not more premises of distrust, than promises of trust ; or were he not ever to be presumed a bad fellow, that hath once played the bad

fellow with a witness, (nothing but contrary proof can reverse that judgment): yet lawyers love real cautions, and they that would be loth to be enticed by white, and defeated by black, are curious of their security. Truce was ever a redoubtable friend; and Suspicion hath cause to look upon Reconciliation with a jealous eye. Reconciliation is a sweet word; but entire reconciliation a rare thing, and a strange restorative; whose sweetness lieth not in the tip of the tongue, or the nib of the pen, but in the bottom of the heart, and in the bowels of the mind; the mind, that daily improveth itself the only deep politician and inscrutable hypocrite, whose inwardest secrets, notwithstanding, are not so profound or close, especially in the shallow breast of inconsiderate youth, but they may in sort be sounded and discovered by a cunning observation of circumstances.

Some essential points I reserve to myself. But Mr. Wolfe knoweth, (and who knoweth not?) great penmen, and pamphlet-merchants, play much upon the advantage of the time; and care not who be their enemy, so the Term be their friend. Which of us can tell, but there may lie the drift and great policy of the new motion? I have earnestly and instantly craved personal conference: but that should seem to make little for his purpose, or might have been granted with less suit. All must be done by the mediation of a third and a fourth, and such an intercourse as I may probably have in some jealousy, though I conceive well of the interposed persons. There hath already been a large expence of time, and charges continually run; and matters of more importance lie dead in the nest; and the burned finger hath reason to startle from the fire; and he that hath been once abused, would not willingly be abused twice; and security cannot be too precise or scrupulous; and I would there were no Coney-catchers in London. Till a public injury be publicly confessed, and print confuted in print, I am one of S. Thomas' disciples; not over pressed to believe, but as

cause causeth; and very ready to forgive, as effect effecteth. They that know the danger of truces, and the coven of treaties, *ut supra*, must beg leave to ground their repose upon more cautels than one, and to proceed in terms of suspense, or pause, till they may be resolved with infallible assurance.

For mine own determination, I see no credible hope of peace but in war; and could I not command that I desire, I am persuaded I should hardly obtain that I wish. I love *osculum pacis*, but hate *osculum Judæ*; and reverence the tears of Christ, but fear the tears of the crocodile. Shall I be a little plain? Methinks the ranging eyes under the long hair (which some would call ruffianly hair), should scarcely yet be bathed in the *heavenly tears of Christ*, or washed in the divine tears of penitence. Irish hair, and weeping Irish, are no white crows in these countries: and although there be no wolves in England, yet there be foxes in the hole. I would be loth to aggravate the least or greatest particular against a penitential soul: but still to haunt infamous or suspected houses, taverns, lewd company, and riotous fashions, as before, (for to this day his behaviour is no turn-coat, though his style be a changeling), is a greater liberty, in my small divinity, than accordeth with that devout and most holy profession. Lord, how curious was the wiser sort even of the Heathen philosophers, in the neat and exquisite choice of their pure diet, undefiled society, virgin-manners, unstained discourses, and unspotted actions? What so clarified as their wit, so purified as their mind, so sweetened as their conference, so virtuous as their instruction, so powerful as their experiments, so exemplary as their life, so unblemished as their fame? I know not who weeped the *funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen*¹: I would he that sheddeth the pathetical Tears of Christ; and trickleth the liquid tears of Repentance, were no worse affected

¹ *Mary Magdalen's Teares* are among the works of Robert Southwell, the jesuit; but no edition of them so early as 1593 is known.

in pure devotion, than those philosophers in moral conversation. Were I not content, in some little hope of his final recovery, either in deed or in shew, to do him a meritorious favour by concealing his utter discredit; I would easily, and would notoriously, make him ashamed of some of his late sayings and doings. O Lord, how unbecoming the *Tears of Christ*; and, alas, how likely to forerun a miserable destiny!

Let him reform his public, and redress his private enormities, and with a sincere vow I swear him friendship; or let him rest quiet, and I am quiet: otherwise, I may possibly be induced to pay him home with an immortal revenge, that hath plagued his own tongue with desperate blasphemies in jest. O Christ! of how horrible consequence, without tears in earnest? There is a great distance betwixt hell and heaven, the devil and God, rakehells and saints; the *Supplication to the Devil*, and the *Tears of Christ*; the strange news of villainy, and the miraculous news of repentance; the herald of war, and the ambassador of peace; the public notary of lies, and the register of truth; the devil's orator, and Christ's chancellor.

Though *Greene* were a Julian, and *Marlowe* a Lucian, yet I would be loth he should be an Aretine, that paraphrased the inestimable books of Moses, and discoursed the capricious dialogues of rankest bawdry; that penned one apology of the Divinity of Christ, and another of Pederastice, a kind of harlotry not to be recited; that published the Life of the blessed Virgin, and the Legend of the errant Putana; that recorded the History of S. Thomas of Aquin, and forged the most detestable black book, *De Tribus Impositoribus Mundi*. O monster of extremities! and O abomination of outrageous wit! It was his glory to be a hell-hound incarnate, and to spoil Origen of his egregious praise: *Ubi benè, nemo meliùs; Ubi malè, nemo pejùs*. Some surmounting spirits love to arrear a huge opinion of their excessive validity *pro* or *contra*. Hyperbolical virtues (it is Aristotle's epithet) are heavenly miracles, and hideous

excellency an heroical wonder, like the labours of Hercules, and the bounties of errant knights; but superlative knavery is a rank villain, and ugly blasphemy a foul devil, tormented with his own damnable mouth.

It is not puffing or blustering in bombasted terms, or Babylonian phrases, but the fine and sweet course of virtue, of industry, of beau desert, of valour, of true bravery, that performeth worthy actions, and purchaseth the honour of the world. If Humanity will needs grow miraculous, it must fly with the wing of Divinity, not flutter with the plume of Atheism, or hoise the sail of Presumption. Whosoever despiseth the Majesty of Heaven, or playeth the Democritus in God's cause, be his wit never so capon-crammed in vanity, or his heart never so toad-swoln in surquedry, is the abjectest vermin, and vilest pad, that creepeth on the earth. If there be no such matter in the world, all the better; if there be, woe be to the authors of their own confusion; and blessed they that take forth a good lesson from other men's miscarriage. Happy, and ten thousand times happy, that inspired Heraclitus, that poureth out the most tender affectionate Tears of Christ with the flowing eyes of zeal, and the melting eloquence of his bowels. Other oratory would be feed as it persuadeth, or thanked as it edifieth; or honoured, as it ravisheth hearts with a powerful impression; or admired, as it stealeth souls with a divine sacrilege. He is the perfect orator, that figureth and representeth every thing in art as it is in nature; that dispatcheth light points roundly, handleth weightier matters more substantially; in the gravest subject proceedeth with due reverence; and of faith discourseth faithfully, of heaven heavenly, of divinity divinely, of Christ like Christ. Dalliance, in the sagest and highest causes, is an absurdity; and like a ridiculous Vice in tragedy, or a poisonous Serpent in Paradise. *Non est bonum, ludere cum Sanctis: cum Christo ludere, execrabile.* Aretine was a reprobate ruffian; but even Castilio and Machiavel, that were not greatly

religious in conscience, yet were religious in policy; and there is no kingdom or commonwealth upon earth so profane or barbarous, but either in conscience is, or in policy seemeth religious; or cannot possibly maintain any durable state. I would every author that had done no better, had done no worse: and it were to be wished, that some desperate wits were not so forward to disbowel the entrails of their own impious minds.

Pliny's and Lucian's religion may ruffle and scoff awhile; but extreme vanity is the best beginning of that bravery, and extreme misery the best end of that felicity. *Greene* and *Marlow* might admonish other to advise themselves; and I pray God, the promised tears of repentance prove not the tears of the onion upon the theatre. If I knew no more than I utter, I would hope no less than I wish; but, hearing what I hear, and conceiving what I conceive, I would be unfeignedly glad he should exceed my expectation; and when he hath resolved my incredulity with a little actual performance, I will not fail to render him right with extensive favour. For my particular, let his professed *pœnitent* appear by any reasonable or tolerable satisfaction, without fraud or collusion, and I am no way rigorous in revenge, or obstinate in displeasure. Meanwhile, it is haply not amiss to consider by the way, that truth begetteth hatred; virtue, envy; familiarity, contempt; favour, pride; pardon, recklessness; and credulity, damage or danger. A strange case, that so good mothers should bring forth so bad daughters; but improbity, or iniquity, (or what should I term that naughty humour?) is the fifth element of the world; and consultation were better to sit safely between *yea* and *no*, than to fall suddenly with a hasty *no*, or stand weakly with a simple *yea*. My affection is ready to subscribe to any indifferent articles of accord (for, *bona fide*, I affect agreement), but my reason hath reason to pause awhile; and a scruple or two of some dependence may seem to say No. But even those two negatives (upon a firm and undefeasible security, *sine dolo malo*), would

be conformable enough to conclude an affirmative, and will not stick at any transaction or composition that is not unreasonable. To make short (for no jet or loadstone so attractive as lines, that draw unto them so many self-offering sentences ; and I have already unmeasurably exceeded my stint), he that longeth to enjoy the fruit of private amity and public favour, hasteth not to embrace the blossom, or to dote upon the shadow. His only final request, and affectionate prayer, is, that howsoever poor men be used, the dear Tears of Christ, and the cheap tears of Repentance, be not abused. All is well that endeth effectually well ; and for your instruction can assure you, he needeth not send to Athens for honey, or to Spain for sugar, or to Italy for aniseeds, or to the Orient for saunders or pearls, that may find as fine and dainty choice nearer hand. I can say nothing for myself, whose date is expired ; but I dare ascertain you, three drops of the oil of roses, or three drops of the mercury of bugloss, will enstrengthen the brain, or comfort the heart more, than six and six ounces of their common syrups. A greater difference betwixt artificial and rude styles, refined and drossy wits, skilful and ignorant judgments, available and unprofitable works, I commend to the consideration of the press, with a right hearty farewell !

Your assured, wherein he may pleasure you,

GABRIEL HARVEY.

This 16th of September, 1593.

SONNET.

GORGON, OR THE WONDERFUL YEAR.

ST. FAME dispos'd to coney-catch the world,
 Uprear'd a wonderment of Eighty-eight;
 The Earth adreading to be overwhirl'd,
 'What now avails,' quoth she, 'my balance-weight?'
 The Circle smil'd to see the Centre fear:
 The wonder was, no wonder fell that year.
 Wonders enhance their power in numbers odd:
 The fatal year of years is Ninety-three:
 Parma hath kist, De-maine entreats the rod:
 War wond'reth, Peace and Spain in France to see.
 Brave Eckenberg the doughty Bassa shames;
 The Christian Neptune Turkish Vulcan tames;
 Navarre woos Rome, Charlemagne gives Guise the phy:
 Weep Paul's, thy Tamerlane vouchsafes to die.

L'Encoy.

The hugest miracles remain behind,
 The second Shakerley Rash-Swash to bind.

A Stanza declarative: to the Lovers of admirable Works.

PLEASED it hath a Gentlewoman rare,
 With phoenix quill in diamond hand of Art,
 To muzzle the redoubtable bull-bear,
 And play the galiard championess's part.
 Though miracles surcease, yet wonder, see
 The mightiest miracle of Ninety-three.

Vis consilii expers, mole ruit sua.

*The Writer's Postscript; or, a friendly Caveat to the second
Shakerley of Paul's.*

SONNET.

SLUMBERING I lay, in melancholy bed,
Before the dawning of the sanguine light,
When Echo shrill, or some familiar sprite,
Buzzed an epitaph into my head.

Magnific minds, bred of Gargantua's race,
In grisly weeds his obsequies waiment¹;
Whose corps on Paul's, whose mind triumph'd on Kent,
Scorning to bate Sir Rodomont an ace.

I mus'd awhile; and having mus'd awhile,
Jesu! (quoth I) is that Gargantua mind
Conquer'd, and left no Scanderbeg behind?
Vowed he not to Paul's a second bile?

What bile, or kibe? (quoth that same early sprite)
Have you forgot the Scanderbegging wight?

GLOSS.

Is it a dream? or is the highest mind,
That ever haunted Paul's, or hunted wind,
Bereft of that same sky-surmounting breath,
That breath that taught the tympany to swell?

He and the Plague contended for the game:
The haughty man extols his hideous thoughts,

¹ i. e. Lament.

And gloriously insults upon poor souls,
That plague themselves : for faint hearts plague themselves.

The tyrant Sickness of base-minded slaves,
Oh how it domineers in Coward Lane?
So Surquedry rang out his larum bell,
When he had girn'd at many a doleful knell.

The grand disease disdain'd his toad conceit,
And, smiling at his Tamerlane contempt,
Sternly struck home the peremptory stroke.
He that nor feared God, nor dreaded devil,
Nor aught admired but his wond'rous self;
Like Juno's gaudy bird, that proudly stares
On glittering fan of his triumphant tail :
Or like the ugly bug, that scorn'd to die,
And mounts of glory rear'd in tow'ring wit :
Alas! but Babel pride must kiss the pit.

L'Envoy.

Paul's steeple, and a huger thing is down :
Beware the next bull-beggar of the town.

—— *Fata immatura vagantur.*

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY

JOHN F. JOHNSON

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